SHORT STORY MASTERPIECES

MARY E. WILKINS GEO. ADE
OPIE READ GEN. CHARLES KING
OCTAVE THANET E. PHIPPS TRAIN
AND OTHERS

Frank Lovett

1960

The upturned glove kept its mould of the vanished hand.

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BY

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MRS. GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT
IRVING BACHELLER JOHN HABBERTON
STANLEY WATERLOO MRS. WADE HAMPTON, JR.
GENERAL CHARLES KING, U.S.A.
ELIZABETH M. GILMER ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN
JULIA TRUITT BISHOP HELEN H. GARDENER
JEANNETTE HADERMANN WALWORTH
GEORGE ADE
AND MANY OTHERS

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BY UNCOMPREHENDED WAYS.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

THE two women had talked so long that the dusk had closed down on them and darkened the beautiful room. The dull richness of tapestry on the walls and rugs on the floor was duller; only a stray gleam showed the form of the mahogany rafters of the ceiling; and the glass of the water colors glittered in splintered shafts of light where it caught the flicker of the firelight; the pictures themselves looked spectral and dim. One picture alone, opposite the fireplace, sprang out of the shadows with living, almost startling, clearness. It was the life size oil portrait of a man's head. The subject was a man in the prime of life, with a face, not handsome, but informed, with an indescribable humanity and power, the face of a man who, in his day, had moved the world. He had been of such finely tempered courage that his very presence was cheerful; but in that unreal light, which was neither night nor day, unwonted lines showed in his features; they looked too patient. At least that was the fanciful thought of the woman watching the picture by stealth. The other woman did not look at it. Yet until a few months before she had never seen another's glance travel towards it,

that her own eyes had not found it first. Now, with an absent, faint smile on her lovely mouth, a soft haze veiling her lovely eyes, she listened to her friend and heard another voice.

The slightly smiling, absent-looking woman turned her charming profile while her eyes shone. "No, dear," she answered, "I know I am as silly as a love-sick youngster; but I have gained this much sense out of my years, that I don't resent your not taking my word for the man—the man I love." The Friend winced. "After all, you haven't said so much, Jenny. I daresay it seems a ferocious frankness to you, you poor dear, because it cost you a sleepless night to brace up to it——"

"More than that," said the Friend, quietly.

"But, really, you know, what have you said? You admit he has a stainless character——"

"I said I knew nothing disgraceful concerning him," said the Friend.

"Oh, don't be so grudging! Can't you see I am trying to be fair? But you do admit his charm?"

"Of course. He's attractive, to the last degree. And very handsome."

"You don't think, either, he is marrying me for my money?"

There was the merest instant of hesitation before the answer came: "I think he is as much in love with you as is possible to his nature. Why not? He is a man of exquisite taste."

"But he is—'ineffectual'—that's your word. Did it

never strike you that he has not effected anything noisy because he never found the effort worth while?"

"Ah, don't say that!" the Friend interrupted impulsively, "that's the way that poor Isabel talks in the 'Portrait of a Lady.' "

"And you think he is a heartless egotist, like worthless Osmond, Osburne—whatever his name was?"

Then, as the color burned in her friend's cheek by the firelight, a little red spot kindled on her own cheek. She spoke in the measured monotone that reins in a throb from the voice. "Whatever you think of him, he has saved my soul alive. Do you guess what it is to be interested in life again? After five years of waking up every morning, every single morning, to that awful weight of loneliness, thinking: 'He is gone, the children are gone; I shall never see them again,' to wake up and think, instead, of someone who will come! Oh, I am so grateful to him! Nothing interested me before—except you, dear; and you have your husband and children; and can't be pottering all the time about miserable me. Of course, I ought in five years to have gotten over it—even the shock of seeing one's husband and children all drowned before one's eyes. So my sister says. I think she calculates a year apiece for the two children, and three years for a husband is ample time for repairs. But I didn't get over it. Not until he came. I ought to have accumulated a store of nice womanly interests; taken my nieces and nephews to my empty heart, for instance, my sister and my sister-in-law

think; and got interested in clubs like you, or philanthropy like Addie. I can fill up a little time with clubs, but I can't fill my heart with them; and as for philanthropy, it's awful. I give my money. I give a little torpid and tepid compassion; but that's all."

"You do give a great deal more," said the Friend, smiling, "you do a lot of good."

"Well, my goodness doesn't do me any good. Those old women I have kept out of the poorhouse, and those red-headed, shambling young men I am educating——"

"Only one is red-headed, dear——"

"Well, he is so very red that I thought he was twins. They are all shambling, anyhow; and they all write me proper letters and, I know, dislike me almost as much as I dislike them. The relationship is entirely fictitious and debasing to them and—nasty all around; and I'm not going to educate any more when I get done with these. My sister-in-law would be shocked if she knew. But—I want to be happy! I want, even at forty-one to—to—to love. I want some one to love me. Yes, I want to be happy! Oh, how I have gone over and over those lines of Tennyson that seem so hackneyed when one hasn't suffered; and longed for the touch of a vanished hand. But he has gone forever——"

"No!" cried the Friend. She reached out to touch the other's hand. It was quite bare of rings; the very wedding ring was gone; and nothing gave

her the sense of chilling failure in her mission, like this one little sign of putting the past away.

"He used to promise me that he would come back," said Grace, wearily; "we often talked about it, but he never came. No, Jenny, when we die, it is all over. Oh, of course, in one way, everything is imperishable; but we turn into the clod; and the long procession begins again. We—we ourselves know nothing of it, any more than we know of the one before we were born. He isn't anywhere, nor can he care that I shall take the one chance to snatch a beautiful moment before I go out into the dark, in my turn. And —and I love, now, even more than before——"

"I deny it," cried the Friend, "you have forgotten! You are in a delirium. You are grasping at this new madness just to obtain oblivion for your pain. It is only a more subtle and more refined form of the same shrinking from pain, that makes people take to drink or to opium. It won't, it can't last; and then, your unhappiness will be so much worse. Grace, your husband was so good, so noble, so tender of you, such a clean, righteous man, do you think this other——"

"I think of nothing but how I love him," Grace burst out passionately; "if I knew he would beat me every day I would marry him. I don't care for the awakening; I don't care for the misery; for one little year of happiness—there, you see what a fool I am!"

The Friend arose with a sigh. She said that she ought to have gone before.

When she was gone, Grace, for the first time, looked

at the portrait. She met the painted eyes unflinchingly. "I wonder how many people," she said, "have warned me this last week that to marry him would be a folly. And now, poor Jenny! I suppose she thinks if her Carl were to go no one could ever replace him. But—she wouldn't believe that after he had gone. If I—if you had come back! You would if you could. Oh, you surely would, for you were kind, and you loved me, and you must have seen how horribly I suffered!"

She shivered, but, instantly she laughed, a grim, faint laugh which had no mirth in it. "Do you know, now, this evening is your last chance. For I shall send that letter on the table to him to-morrow. And then, then—isn't it ghastly for me to be talking to you this way! Such bad taste, to say nothing of feeling. But—I want to give you every chance. I have listened to every one quite patiently. It may be so, what they urge. Perhaps he is selfish; but he loves me; and I love him. He makes me forget. Perhaps he did seek me for the money, poor dear, he has so little; but, no matter, he loves me. And I love him. I have tried to remember; I have gone over every thing that used to move me in the past; but it doesn't move me now. I keep thinking of him. I suppose I haven't a faithful nature. But if you had come back, if I had had one token from you, only one, to keep my heart from starving! But you are gone, and he is here." She looked at the picture. "Poor boy," she said, and suddenly stroked the hair of the portrait. Then she kissed it. How many times, in what agonies

of impotent yearning, had she kissed it, in those woful five years! But now, almost coldly, she let her lips rest on either cheek. And then she turned away and blushed, for she had thought of the look in another man's eyes. "I suppose, to-morrow," she mused, and blushed again, hotly.

Yet, it was true, to the full measure of her strength she had tried to resist what her friends called (and she agreed) an infatuation. She had forced herself back to all the supreme moments of her married life, the memory of which had been too vivid for her to bear, before; but the picture left her as cold as her friends' entreaties, her kindred's sarcasm and anger. "It is fate," she murmured, "whatever may happen, I adore him and I cannot send him away!"

With the intention in her mind to take the letter lying on the table, and give it to a servant to post, she put out her hand. But she did not touch the letter. Why, she could not tell. She walked around to the other side of the table and opened a drawer. She did not know why she pulled it out its full length. But as she did so, she saw in the corner a pair of men's gloves. One lay upturned. The fingers curved liked a hand; there was about the whole glove that singular suggestion of personality which a worn glove emanates. More than five years ago they had been carelessly thrust into the drawer. They had been pushed further and further out of sight, when servants had cleaned the drawer (if they had cleaned it, for service does not usually seek the corners). Yet, after

all the time and forgetfulness, the upturned glove kept its mould of the vanished hand which had worn it, for it was her dead husband's glove. She touched it with a strange feeling; it was as if she touched his own living hand. And she remembered. The last time he had worn it, he had been going to make a speech and she had pulled off the glove herself because it was too shabby, she declared. He never had cared enough for his clothes. All at once, what her brother's wrath, her friends' prayers, her own reason had failed to do, this slight, intimate token from the past, did, as completely as a hole in a dyke lets free the flood. She was back in the past. She felt the thrill of her pride when vast audiences were hanging on his words, so simple and so strong. But that was not what moved her most; it was the vision of him, the man himself, with his great soul and his child's heart, whimsical, careless, infinitely tender. She saw him in his habit as he lived; and the love which had been her glory and unspeakable joy and her torment since he died, rushed like a spring flood back into her being and swept it clean. She threw up her arms and fell forward into a chair and wept and wept, like a broken-hearted child. Little sobbing sentences escaped her, unconsciously. "I forgot I loved you like that!" "I was mad with loneliness. . . . But now, now, I will never forget again." After a time, she rose and brushed the tears away. Opposite her, on the table, lay her letter. She rose. She looked at it, with a strange smile.

"I came to get that," she muttered, "to think that I was going to send it!" She shuddered as she flung the envelope from her into the fire. "But I didn't go, I couldn't go. What made me open the drawer instead?" She went back and looked again into the strong, gentle face. "Dearest," she said, "I wonder was it you? Are you somewhere? Do you know that you have saved me?"

An exceeding peace which none of the lonely days to come was ever to destroy, shone in her face as she watched the fire do its work on her false dream of delight.

ELIZA SAM.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

MY neighbors are mostly women. There used to be men enough years ago, when I was a boy and a young man, but they have all died out or moved away. Now you can go up and down the street, and it's nothing but women except in a few houses. And some of the men that's left are traveling week in and week out, and might as well not live here. And some are so old and feeble, like old man Ames and Abraham Jones, that they don't count for much. Sometimes when I think of it, it seems to me just like an Indian village that I've read about, when the men are all off hunting, and fishing, and fighting. I s'pose I'd have to do most of the defending hearth and home if the enemy came if there was an enemy, although I suppose I could count some on Eliza Sam.

Her real name ain't Eliza Sam; it is Eliza Hunt. She's called Eliza Sam to distinguish her from other Eliza Hunts. There are three in this village, and they have to have their fathers' and husbands' names tacked on to theirs to tell 'em apart. Eliza Sam wasn't never married and her father's name was Sam. He died about five years ago. He kept the sawmill.

Beside Eliza Sam there is Eliza John and Eliza Caleb. Eliza John is married to a man by the name of John, and Eliza Caleb ain't married, never was, and is never like to be, but they have tacked Caleb onto her name to tell her from the others. Nearly half this village is made up of Hunts. I am a Hunt, but I ain't related to the Elizas near enough to say so.

I don't believe anybody could trace out the relationship betwixt Eliza Sam and me. I know her father used to try to. He had a picture of a genealogical tree hanging up in his parlor, hangs there now, though he's dropped off in his grave. If ever a tree grew in a graveyard it's a genealogical one. He used to be fond of trying to point out to me whereabouts I came in, but he couldn't make out much. "It's here, or here, or here, Caleb," he used to say, pointing to one little twig after another, but he never knew which I was. He lost the trail at the divide of the branches somewhere back, where an Emmons come into the Hunt family. It never seemed much account to me, and I miss my guess if it did to Eliza Sam, but it pleased the old man, and we used to stand there and let him talk. I trimmed a long birch stick for him to use for a pointer when he talked about his tree. I never see that tree now, but it seems as if he must be standing in front of it, only there's something the matter with my own eyes.

However, I don't go in there very much now the old man is gone. Eliza Sam lives there alone and folks might talk, if we ain't as young as we might be.

I guess there ain't any age limit to tongues. I want to be careful, for I have always thought a good deal of Eliza Sam. She's too big and up-and-comin' lookin' to suit some, but I don't mind her being outspoken and wanting to have her own way. Women folks always want to have their own way, and I don't know as they are any the worse for owning right up to it, the way Eliza Sam does, than to sort of mince around and get at it sideways. I believe in broadsides and open assaults, and no sneaking under cover of bushes, whether it is a man, or a woman, or a nation. I don't like the Injun way of doing things. Whenever Eliza Sam has wanted anything she has always taken a bee-line for it, chin up and petticoats flying in the wind. And mostly she's got it, but not always. There's things that can't be got in this world, whether you work by hook or crook.

There's pricks for kickers and pricks for sidlers, and Eliza Sam has met hers as well as the rest of us. But she ain't cried out nor made any fuss about it, she ain't lost a pound of flesh nor an atom of the handsome red color in her cheeks. Eliza Sam is a heavy woman. She must weigh a hundred and seventy odd, though she ain't exactly stout. She has a large frame, and she has enough bone and muscle to take the wind out of a good many men in the village—and she has done it, too. I know one man who used to get up and sidle out of the grocery store of an evening whenever Eliza Sam's name came up. He's moved away now, out west, and all his folks. He's married

out there I've heard, and they're talkin' of runnin' him for Congress. Well, he'll get there if sticking to it, whether or no, without considering if folks want him or not, has anything to do with it. It never made any difference to him what other folks wanted, as long as he did, and generally he got his way, but once he didn't because he reckoned without Liza Sam.

It was after her father died, and she was known to own the place clear, and have a nice sum in bank beside some Old Colony railroad shares. He had never married, and had his mother and two old maid sisters on his hands, and it struck him he would do well to get Liza Sam. So he begun courting her. Liza Sam didn't want him, and acted dreadful offish from the very first of it, but that didn't make any difference to him. It wasn't what she wanted, but what he wanted. He'd made up his mind to marry her, and wasn't going to be stopped by any such little thing as her not wanting to marry him.

He lay in wait for her everywhere she went. She couldn't step into the postoffice nor the store, but there he was running along side her, looking up in her face with that everlasting smirk of his which seemed dreadful mild and gentle, but covered grit as sharp as needles. He was a good deal smaller than Liza Sam, and he wore his hair rather long, and his coat-tails lengthier than common, and they had a way of catching the wind and waving when everything else was still, and his hair always waved on account of a queer little teeter in his walk. Liza Sam, when he

used to appear beside her, would scarcely look at him, nor treat him decent, and any man with a mite of self-respect would have taken the hint, but he wouldn't. He kept on going to see her regular, though she got so she wouldn't go to the door to let him in; but that didn't make any difference; he just walked in anyhow. Once Liza Sam came downstairs an hour after she'd seen him coming in her gate, and there he was setting in her parlor smirking up at her. Finally she kept her door locked, and then he set on the doorstep. It got so Liza Sam couldn't go out the front door without stepping careful, and looking to be sure she wouldn't stumble over that man.

Well, finally she got to the end of her patience one Sunday night in November; an awful cold night, threatening snow—it did snow before morning. He used to wait every Sunday evening after meeting to go home with her. It didn't make any difference that she didn't speak to him, he went just the same. That Sunday night she got desperate. I haven't mentioned something that may sound queer about Liza Sam; she is the sexton of the church. I never knew of any village that had a woman sexton before, but when Liza Sam's father died, there didn't seem to be any man handy to take his place, so they put Liza in as sexton. She'd been doing about all the work about the church before, she was plenty strong enough, and there wasn't any reason why she shouldn't have the place as well as a man. So Liza was sweeping and making the fires, and ringing the bell, and she gave

perfect satisfaction except for being a little ahead of time, and gettin' folks to meeting a quarter of an hour too early now and then, and putting a linen towel over the top of the pulpit to save the velvet, and a tidy on the back of the parson's sofa, and a braided mat in front of the communion table. Folks didn't think those things looked quite appropriate, but Eliza Sam was firm. She said the velvet on the pulpit and the sofa was getting all worn out, and there was a thin place in the carpet, and she had her way. The minister's wife tried to get the tidy and the towel off at the conference of churches, but she couldn't fetch it.

Well, that November night—it was the week before Thanksgiving—he lay in wait for Liza Sam just as usual, hanging around the door while she shut up the church and saw to the fires, then she came out, and there he was alongside. Then she faced him.

"See here," said she, "what be you here for?"

"Why, I'm going home with you, Liza," says he, smirking up at her.

"What be you a-going home with me for?" says she.

"Why, to protect you, Liza," says he.

"Protect your grandmother," says she. "Now, sir, I want you to understand once for all I don't want you to go home with me. I have no need of your protection nor your society."

He didn't say anything, but he just smirked up at her, and he went right along.

"Did you hear me?" says Liza Sam.

He just smirked up at her again and tucked his

hand through her arm. Then she got desperate. She didn't say another word, but she just turned about, and she begun walking down the old road to Clifford; they had passed it a little ways back. The wind was in their faces, and it was bitter cold; hadn't moderated enough to snow. Well, she walked on and on, with him hold of her arm. Didn't try to shake him off or nothing, but just went on. Finally he speaks, kind of timid. "Do you know this ain't the way home, Liza Sam?" says he.

She didn't make no reply. She just went on. She was dressed real warm, and she never felt the cold much anyway. He was always a real shivery son of man, and he hadn't got on his winter overcoat.

Presently he spoke again. "Guess you took the wrong turn without meaning to, Liza Sam," says he. She didn't make any reply, but she walked along with him kind of trailing at her arm.

Finally she begun to think she'd have to carry him if she walked much farther; she'd gone about three miles, and she turned round and walked toward home. He tried to talk then, and be real chipper and agreeable, but she kept her mouth shut tight. She was thinking how she could shake him off. When she got back to the main road, she stopped a minute, then headed for the graveyard on the right, and in she went dragging him with her. He acted kind of scared then. She said she guessed he begun to think maybe she'd gone clean out of her head.

"Guess you don't know where we're going, Liza

Before he knew it she had locked him in.

Sam," says he, but she didn't say anything, just went right on stumbling over the graves. It was quite a dark night. Well, she couldn't shake him off that way, though she sat down on an old flat tombstone in the Greenaway lot, as much as fifteen minutes, with the wind right in their faces, with him side of her. He tried putting his arm around her waist, but she sat up so straight and stiff that he settled back, and hemmed and acted as if he hadn't meant to. He kept asking her if she wasn't afraid of catching cold, but she said never one word.

Presently she rose up and straight back to the church she went. She took the key out of her pocket and unlocked the door, and went in with him at her heels; he asking real gentle and timid if she'd left anything, and if she was afraid the fires wasn't fixed right. She never spoke, but in she went, and kind of thrust him off her arm when she went through the door. The church was as dark as a pocket. She just slipped past him, and before he knew it she was outside, and had locked him in. Then she went off home and left him. She could hear him calling after her kind of feeble, but she let him call.

Well, Liza Sam left him there till about two o'clock in the morning. Then she begun to get uneasy. The wind was rising all the time, and the snow coming thick. She begun to think maybe his mother and sisters were sitting up watching for him, and that she was punishing them more than him. So she got up and dressed herself, and came through the snow to

my window. I lived right across the street, alone except for dogs. I had five beside a number of puppies at the time.

One of the dogs begun to bark, then the others joined in and woke me up, and I raised my window and looked out, and there was Liza Sam standing under the window with the storm driving past her. I didn't know her at first.

"Who is it?" said I.

"It's me, Liza Sam," says she.

Then I knew her right away. "What's the matter?" says I.

Then she told me what she'd done, speaking kind of quick and trembly, for Liza Sam is a woman after all, and though she has spunk enough to do things another woman wouldn't, she can't get over being scared at them afterward.

"I'm dreadful afraid his mother and Maria and Jane are sitting up worrying about him," says she, "and I hate to ask you, but I wish you would go and let him out. I started to go myself, then I didn't know but he would insist on seeing me home after all in spite of me, and I guess it would be better for you."

"You just lay that key on the window-sill, under this one, Liza," says I, "and go home and go to bed; I'll see him home." I was so mad, I could scarcely speak.

Well, I let him out. He looked kind of white and scared, though he'd been warm and comfortable enough, and he went home, trudging through the

snow in his thin overcoat. I didn't waste many words on him, but it didn't take me long to tell him what I thought of him. However, he didn't seem to sense it. He sort o' stared at me, and muttered something that I didn't hear, and went off, and he never troubled Liza Sam again. But the story got around the village, and he didn't have much peace till he moved away. He sold out his store—he kept the jewelry store—and put up his house at auction. His mother had died in the meantime, and one of his sisters got married, and he went away with Maria.

Folks laughed and thought it was real cute in Liza Sam, and upheld her in what she did, but I guess it made the men sort of afraid of her. At any rate, nobody else offered to pay her any attention, though it was a fine place for any man. He would have been well fixed in that nice house, and Liza was a good housekeeper and a splendid cook, besides being as good a woman as ever lived. But even a man who means well and ain't any idea of not doing what's right, don't just like the notion of being held in such a tight rein in case he should feel like kicking over the traces. But there wasn't a man in the village who didn't have a respect for Liza Sam, and straighten himself to look as well as he could when he saw her coming.

And as for other women, they all liked Liza Sam, and I know one woman who, unless I miss my guess, would go down on her knees and about worship her any minute, and that's Roger Little's wife. She was

Ada Dean before Little married her, and she was the prettiest girl in the village, and had her pick of all the likely young men, and chose the one that wasn't likely, as usual. She would have Roger Little, though all her folks were set against it, and it fairly killed her mother. She died not long after Ada was married, and the poor child never got over it. She had begun to see her mistake by that time, and her pretty light ways were changed for old sober ones. I met her on the street and hardly knew her, and other folks spoke of doing the same. Roger Little wasn't a man to make any girl happy, least of all a little meek, sensitive one like Ada Dean. He came of the best old family in the village, the old Squire Roger's, and he had had a college education and plenty of money to start with, and good looks, but he's wasted everything. His money was soon gone, and his good looks going, and his education had been of small account to him, and his father, old Captain Richard Little, as fine an old man as ever lived, had about given him up and decided to leave his money away from him to foreign missions. He talked with me about it one night going home from meeting; we came out about the same time, and he was feeling sort of downhearted, and I suppose inclined to free his mind to somebody, though it wasn't his way generally. Captain Richard was a rather gruff, keep-his-troubles-to-himself sort of a man, but the time comes to everybody when they have to speak to some other human being or give up beat. I sort of wondered at Captain Richard speaking

to me, for I was a good deal younger than he was, though way ahead of his son Roger. However, I had the name of keeping things to myself pretty well, and I wasn't married, and didn't have any women-folks to talk to, and I suppose he thought I was safe, and I never did tell a soul as long as the old man lived, though it couldn't have done any harm as I know of if I had, as things turned out.

Captain Richard told me that night with a hoarse growl in his throat, the way a man's voice is when he's full of grief and ain't giving way to it, that he'd about decided to make his will and leave his money away from Roger. "He's my only son, Caleb," says he, "and it seems a pretty hard thing to do, but it's money that has come by good, honest labor, for I didn't inherit much with the depreciation of real estate in this town, and I have it in trust from the Lord, and I can't let it be squandered by a drunkard and a spendthrift. I know if anything happens to my son that his wife will be taken care of, for her father has enough, and is going to settle it on her. My money left to my son's wife away from him would only make trouble betwixt them, and I'm going to leave it to foreign missions, and I may ask you to come over and be a witness some day, Caleb," says he, "and I'm telling you all this so there won't be any question of will-breaking and sanity afterward. It don't seem as if my son would ever think of breaking his father's will," says he, "but when a man gets started downhill, snags in the way only make him go

faster. I'm going to give Roger one more chance," says he; "it's about six weeks since he's been doing anything, and next week he's called on that arson case at Southbridge (Roger Little is a lawyer), and if he's sober and in his right mind and able to be there, I'll wait a while longer about that will; otherwise I shan't. I've just been over there, Caleb," the old man wound up, "and he was away; had been away all night, the Lord knows where, and that poor little wife of his a-crying——"

Well, Captain Richard didn't say any more, he gave a great grunt, as if he'd been facing something he hated, then he went off, and I heard his tramp, tramp down the street—the Captain was a heavy man, and his energy seemed to add a third to his weight when he walked.

I wondered whether Roger Little would come to time for that arson trial; it was only three days off, and I knew from what I'd heard that he'd been doing pretty bad. It seemed to me it was doubtful, and it was, and he would never have done it if it hadn't been for Liza Sam. The trial was set for Wednesday, and Tuesday Roger Little was laying fast asleep on account of the liquor he'd been drinking, and he had another great bottle of port wine ready to drink on the stand beside the bed when he woke up. It was a queer thing, but Roger Little wouldn't get drunk on a thing but nice wine. He hated whisky and rum like all possessed and said he'd go to the devil like a gentleman anyhow. Drinking such costly stuff made his

money go faster. Often he wouldn't touch a thing except champagne. Well, there he lay, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Liza Sam came in. She was going by, when she heard Roger's wife crying, the bedroom window being open.

Liza Sam went right in, went through the sitting-room to the bedroom, and stood there in the door.

"What's the matter?" says she.

Roger's wife she came forward with her hand up, looking back sort of scared at her husband; he was apt to wake up cross, if he did get drunk on such high-priced wines.

"He's asleep," says she in whisper, and catching her breath with a sob.

"I don't care if I do wake him; I ain't afraid of him," says Liza Sam.

She and Ada went out in the sitting-room, and Ada, though she could scarcely speak for crying, told her how the trial was coming off the next day, and Roger wouldn't be able to go, sure, and worse than all, she had just had word that the old Captain was coming down to see how his son was getting on.

"It's poor Roger's last chance," says Roger's wife. "Father Little told him so, and he'll be here any minute, and—he'll see Roger and it'll be no use my saying Roger is sick to-morrow, he'll—know."

"You wasn't going to lie, were you?" says Liza Sam.

"I'd do most anything to help Roger," says his wife.

"That wouldn't help him a mite in the long run," says Liza Sam.

She sat eyeing Ada a minute, then her eyes begun to twinkle in a way they have when she's got a new idea. She laughed, and Roger's poor wife stared at her.

"I'll see what I can do," says Liza Sam. With that, up she gets and marches into the bedroom, and catches up that port wine bottle and flings it out of the window into a clump of lilacs.

"There," says she real loud, but Roger, he never stirs.

Roger's wife, she just sort of gasps and looks at Liza Sam, so scared she don't know what to do.

"I don't know what he'll say," says she, "he'll wake up pretty soon and reach out for it, and it's the last bottle but one, and I just fetched it upstairs."

"The last bottle but one?" says Liza Sam.

"Yes," says Roger's wife.

"Where is that last one?" says Liza Sam.

"Down cellar," says Roger's wife kind of feeble. "Shall I fetch it up?" says she.

"Fetch up your grandmother," says Liza Sam, and down cellar she goes, and crash goes that last bottle of port wine into the coal-bin. And then she comes up into the sitting-room all of a twinkle, and she told Roger's wife what she meant to do. They knew about when old Captain Richard would be along, near five o'clock. That would give him time to get home to tea. The old Captain was very regular in his

habits. He had tea summer and winter at six o'clock, and he wouldn't let anything make him a minute late.

Well, what happened finally was when old Captain Richard Little came riding into the yard—he always rode horseback except when he was on his way to and from meeting, somebody that looked just like his Roger, had on his coat and his hat, and was just about his size, and sat in saddle in a way he had, but wasn't Roger, but Liza Sam in his clothes, rode out of the yard like a spirit, on Roger's black horse right under his nose. The Captain came in jest the second after Liza went out.

"Hello, hello, Roger!" yells the Captain. But Roger he didn't seem to hear. Then the Captain he went ariding after, and she flew. The old Captain he tried to catch up, till they'd both most got to Southbridge, then he happened to remember that he'd be late to tea, if he went any farther, and he turned round and rode back. He just stopped long enough at Roger's to holler to Ada, that he guessed Roger would be able to get to the trial next day, if he rode as fast as he was doing now. You see he thoroughly believed Roger was headed for Southbridge on business about the trial. Then he fetched a big laugh, and rode on, leaving Roger's wife most fainting. She staid on in the yard, till Liza Sam came back. She didn't dare go in the house for the fear Roger would wake up and be cross, because the wine was gone, let alone his clothes. But he didn't wake up till Liza was there and standing over him. She didn't wait to

change his clothes when poor Ada told her he was stirring and calling out for more wine, and Roger when he saw that good, handsome woman standing over him in the clothes he'd disgraced must have thought something had happened. Anyway, half-drunk as he was, he lay still and listened to what she said. She didn't spare him, not a mite. She told him just what he was. Well, the upshot of it was Roger Little, he turned over a new leaf. He went to the trial next day, and he won his case. Then that same night he went to the old Captain and he made a clean breast of what had happened the day before, and what Liza Sam had done.

"It's the first and last time that a woman is going to run away for me from my own father," says he.

Roger Little has done as well as anybody could expect ever since. He don't drink any to speak of, and he tends to business as well as a man of his turn ever could. He's made quite a name for himself. Sometimes he's fishing when he ought to be studying, but he always fetches up in the court-room. Mebbe if he wasn't himself he might be a Choate or a Webster, but as it is he does pretty well, and we're proud of him, and it's all due to Liza Sam.

Years ago when Liza Sam and I were boys and girls —we weren't over sixteen—I used to think she was the prettiest girl anywhere about. Once I sent her a valentine, spent every cent of the money I'd saved to go to the circus, but I never got much satisfaction out of it. She never let on she'd had a valentine, much

less thanked me for it. I didn't put my name to it, I was too bashful, and mebbe she never knew where it came from, but I supposed she would.

I used to go home with Liza Sam before I went home with any other girl, but I was always too afraid of her to kiss her good bye when we got to her father's gate. All my life, off and on, I have been seeing Eliza Sam home from meeting and sewing meetings and things, and planning between whiles how I would kiss her at the gate, but I never dared. I had an idea that Liza Sam of all women would be angry or laugh at me. I didn't know which, but I was sure it would be one of the two.

But at last one night in June we had said good-night, and all of a sudden I picked up courage. I said good-night over again, then I caught hold of her arms, as big as mine in her purple silk sleeve, and I kissed her.

"Good-night, Liza," says I. Then I waited, I didn't know for what. But all she did was to say, "Good-night, Caleb," and walked into the house—and Liza Sam and I are going to get married before long, though we haven't told the neighbors.

ALOUETTE'S WARNING.

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING, U. S. ARMY.

"THERE was one thing about that Cheyenne business that never got into the papers," said the tall captain, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his spurred boot heel and deftly refilling it from a long beaded buckskin pouch that hung next his holster at the waist belt. "I don't b'lieve there's a man here, 'cept Ray, and myself, of course,—knows how we got the alarm at the agency."

The squadron had bivouacked for the night on the Laramie flats with the fort only a long rifle shot away. It was to march at three in the morning, which was why so many officers were sprawled or squatted around the fire at nine at night, instead of squabbling over pin pool, or poker, "up at the store." There was a general upturning of bearded, sun-blistered faces toward the speaker.

"How was it, Blake?" finally asked his right hand man—seeing that he wouldn't shove ahead until bidden.

But, before "Legs," as the long troop leader was called, could begin, there came from the direction of the swift rushing Laramie, a long, low, moaning cry, rising on the night wind and dying away in a sob—a wailing, heart-broken sob that dominated every sound,

Ray picked Alouette up and toted her in.

that stilled at once the "champing" of the horses at their feed and startled the sedate "corral" of mules. Every quadruped in camp, some few with a low snort of alarm, turned erect ears to the East and stood quivering. Dead silence for an instant fell on the group about the camp fire. Then an uneasy shifting.

"Good Lord, what's that?" gasped the subaltern just off four years' fancy duty.

"Coyotes," hazarded a callow youngster unwilling to seem ignorant of the zoological possibilities of the frontier.

"Coyotes be d——d!" growled old Stannard, "Shove ahead, Blake."

Captain Ray, an agile, quick moving little fellow, without a word, sprang up at the sound and strode away through the dim moonlight in the direction of the stream. The sergeant of the guard, snatching his carbine from its rest at the hub of a wagon wheel, ran noiselessly after. Blake puffed meditatively a minute, then began:

"You know it was winter, and bitter cold. There had been bad blood between the Ogalallas and the Cheyennes ever since they killed Crazy Horse when he tried to skip from the guard. The Cheyennes were camped in the valley three miles above the fort and the agent heard, somehow, that they had it in for him, and induced Crook to order two troops of cavalry to take station close to his thieving old shop, and the detail fell on Billy and me. We were madder than wet hens, for we had to tent out there in the snow and stand

guard over a swindler we'd rather see hanged any day. We knew he'd sold the hostiles ball cartridges by the wagon load the summer previous and if they'd shot him as full of holes as a sieve it would only have served him right.

"Of course we hadn't been there twenty-four hours before old Two Moons, their chief, with a dozen feathered blatherskites, came riding down to inquire what our coming meant. The Indian is never so sensitive to the presence of soldiers as when he's planning hell-raising. He couldn't speak English, and no white man can talk Cheyenne without the sign language. So it was lucky he brought little Alouette along—his granddaughter. Her father was French Pete, the half breed scout Red Cloud's people killed on the Rawhide three summers ago. Ray had ridden over to view old Spotted Tail at Sheridan that morning, so I was in command. We had our palaver, and it was d——n short, I can tell you. Two Moons went off mad but dignified, and I thought I'd handled the thing in style until Billy got back 'long in the late afternoon. Then I saw I hadn't, for he looked grave when I told him the chief rode away without a handshake. We had only seventy men all told. They had seven hundred in the tepees with a dozen in the guard house at the agency.

"Baker would have sold his soul to get rid of that dozen by the time we got there, for Two Moons told him he'd have 'em out. He was afraid to hold them, and he didn't dare let 'em go.

"'I'll send Bat in to Laramie with dispatches the moment he gets in from Chadron,' said Ray, 'They would follow and kill any soldier they saw going.' But it was two days before Bat got back and Two Moons struck before that—struck and got everlastingly trounced, for we were warned in time.

"It was the dark of the moon. The snow lay only in patches in the coultees and the valley was black as a hat by nine at night. Ray and I tented together and as we lay with feet to the sibley with our breath going up in steam he made me go over Alouette's every word and gesture. He asked me if her baby were with her. She married Pierre Boisblane three years back, and he was employed as teamster on the Sidney route and had to be away much of the time. The kid got pneumonia the previous spring and Ray and his wife —with the doctor, of course—just did everything for them and really saved the little fellow's life, and Alouette's gratitude was something doglike. Next to that little brown papoose, and Pierre, she worshipped Mrs. Ray and Billy.

"Next day we had a pow-wow that was a hummer. Two Moons with two hundred braves, all paint, feathers and fire arms, rode into the agency and demanded speech with Baker. Baker barred his doors and signalled for help and Billy galloped over and asked Two Moons what he meant by all this dress parade business, with the mercury below zero. Two Moons said he wanted his brothers whom the agent had boxed up behind the bars, and you could see their

savage faces scowling out at the sunshine at the moment. Of course I had galloped after Billy as soon as I had got the men in saddle, and Dana out of bed and at their head. Ray asked for Alouette to interpret, and that old polyglot villain, Red Wolf, answered in Cheyenne English—'she gone Laramie.' Two Moons presented Ray with a feather pipe—swore they were brothers—his soldiers and their braves were brothers—'no fight ever'—and wound up by shaking hands. Then he made a loud speech, echoed by grunts from his band and howls from the agency prison. Said their hearts were sore, asked if their Great Father's agent wouldn't release their brothers, wouldn't he permit them to go to Chadron to salute their other brothers—the Ogalallas, and his great chief brother, Red Cloud?

"This was flat against orders of the Indian Bureau and Baker poked his head out of an upper window and said so—then ducked in again for fear of a shot.

" 'Then our Great Father's heart is flint,' said Two Moons, 'and his children will go to the Great Spirit's throne, and dance all night to him.' That so-called throne was over on the Niobrara opposite the mouth of Old Woman's Ford, and Baker had orders to let the Indians go there to howl and dance and pray, as they called it. But whoever heard of their going in midwinter before? Yet our scouts came in at sunset and swore the whole village—tepees, lodge, poles, ponies, papooses, pots, kettles and dogs had moved off at noon and were out of sight toward the Rawhide. 'Good rid-

dance to bad rubbish,' said I, but Ray was thoughtful. That night, just at taps, an Indian pony dropped exhausted in front of our tent and Ray picked Alouette up in his arms and toted her in by the stove. The sibley was red hot, but it couldn't warm her. Her teeth chattered and her slender little body shook from head to foot as she told Billy her story. That move was all a bluff. They had sent her to Laramie to get her out of the way, but she suspected and stole away from her party, leaving her baby boy with her twin sister. Two Moons had camped the old men, the women and children in the sand hills and was even now on the way back with his braves. He would attack and burn the agency before dawn. She wept and urged Billy to mount his men at once and flee What hope had he with seventy men against Two Moons and the braves of a dozen villages of the fiercest warriors of the plains?

"There wasn't a second to spare. We routed out the camp on the instant. We ran the horses, the supplies and ammunition over to the agency; stirred up Baker and his banditti—for once we had to fight with them for allies. We stacked up sacks of grain and sides of bacon for shelter—the ground was too hard for pick and shovel. We stowed the women and children in the cellars. We ironed the prisoners. We worked with the mercury at ten below zero till the sweat ran down our backs. We left the tents stand down by the stream and the wagons with a few God forsaken old

mules corralled alongside—heaped fresh fuel on the fire and then lay low and waited for Two Moons.

"Just at dawn they burst in from every ridge around us in a perfect pandemonium of yells, and we let 'em charge till they'd thundered down within a hundred yards, then let 'em have it as fast as we could work our levers. God! How they were piled up on the level—bucks and ponies by the dozen—before Two Moons could draw them off! Our tents and wagons were all they got for their pains, and of course they saw some one had given them away, and weren't long finding who did it. We had Alouette were she was safe—but the devils dashed the brains out of her baby boy the very next day, killed Mazuska, the twin sister, and ten days later poor Pierre was found down at Platte Crossing, riddled with arrows and awfully mutilated.

"What became of the Cheyennes? Oh, they got a new reservation, a new agent and a new outfit. What became of Alouette? Listen!"

Again that weird, prolonged, moaning cry uplifted through the faint, mystic light of the midsummer moon. Again that heart-breaking wail as of a soul in desolation and despair. Then, only the soft, soothing murmur of the Laramie rushing over its rocky bed. Then the distant voice of Captain Ray calling through the peaceful night:

"Alouette! Alouette! Where are you?"

WHEN TOM'S LUCK CHANGED.

BY OPIE READ.

TOM said he guessed it would be all right when his luck changed. He was a most unlucky fellow. In the neighborhood was a saying, "as bad as Tom's luck." And what a philosopher an unlucky young fellow is likely to be. I know that some men, and those, too, who profess to be thinkers, have said that a young fellow's belief in the ultimate change of luck was the leaping of youth within him, but I have known old men who, in resignation, waited for a change in the current of their fortunes. And the fact that a change for the better is one of the rarest things in the world does not seem to cool the hope of youth nor of age. Everybody said that Tom's case was hopeless. And to look at him you would never have taken him to be so unlucky. He was handsome—there is no mistake on that point—but the girls didn't take to him. Once a crabbed woman reproached him with it, and with his always flowing good-nature he replied:

"Yes, that may be true now—they don't seem to have any use for me, but it will be all right when my luck changes."

The woman tossed her contemptuous head: "Luck change, indeed," she said. "Why, you were born

unlucky, and you never can change it. How is the fine colt your uncle gave you?"

"Well, I don't know how it happened, but he broke his leg and we had to kill him."

The woman laughed. "And it will always be that way, Tom. My husband was just like you."

"Don't you think," said Tom, with a twinkling eye, "that he was still more so?"

He was standing at the fence watching the woman as she was sweeping the yard. She lifted her broom and struck at him, but it was a humorous blow, and did him no harm.

This woman was getting ready for summer boarders. Of late years her luck had undergone a change. When Pete Miller—that was her husband—when Pete died her luck changed, and so did his, perhaps. At any rate the patronage of her Farm Home began to improve. And this year her boarders began to arrive early, and among them was a stately woman with a daughter, as handsome a creature as a violet ever leaned from behind a rock to peep at in envy. And her name was Violet. Of course it was Tom's ill-luck to meet her. Men who long ago had forgotten how desperate it is for a young fellow to be stabbed through the heart with a spear from an eye, smiled when they saw him hanging about her, and particularly when they saw that the mother gave him cold looks. Tom stepped under a shed where a group of men sat during a shower of rain, and one fellow asked: "How are you getting along, Tom?"

"Not so very well, but I think it will be all right when my luck changes, and somehow I am expecting it to change now pretty soon."

"I should think that just about now is when you would want it to change," said a man, winking at a neighbor.

"Why now more than at any other time?" the neighbor asked, knowing full well, and winking in his turn.

Tom turned upon him with an appealing look. "Gentlemen," said he, "I know I am nothing but a joke among you, but there are some things a little too sacred to be joked about." He walked forth in the rain and the men tittered, all but one, a youth, in whose soul a candle was burning, and he followed Tom, and coming up beside him, said:

"I'm sorry, Tom."

Tom, without looking round, felt for his hand, found it, and holding it, replied: "I thank you, Jim."

"Tom, I guess the trouble lies in the fact that she's got money."

"No, it lies in the fact that my luck hasn't changed yet."

"But don't you believe it will?"

"Yes, when I forget her, that will be a change, and it's the one that I'm praying for. Isn't it awful for a man to have been born as I was, with everything against him—and then to have his own heart finish the matter by withering up?"

"Yes, it's as bad as anything could be. What are you going to do, Tom?"

"I have made up my mind to go into the army —to the Philippines."

"And I bet anything you come back a captain or a colonel, and then they'll know your luck has changed."

He joined the army, and the neighbors searched the newspapers, to see if his luck had changed, but not once did they find his name. He was gone nearly two years, and then he came home, without having been promoted, and there was a hem and a haw among the neighbors. Tom was sunbrowned, but his health was good and his hope had not decayed, for he was heard to say that everything would come right when his luck changed, and he was looking for it every day. He had saved up a small sum of money and he bought an interest in a grist mill, but the mill blew up shortly afterward, and when the news was spread people actually laughed, and a satirical chap named Josh Barnes was delivering a harangue on the subject when Tom came along. Josh turned to ask Tom about his luck.

"Well, it's not as good just now as I could wish, but I think I have good reasons to believe that it will change before long."

"Understand your mill blew up last night."

"Yes—and we had expected to make some money out of it, but I don't suppose it was time. We have to wait for our luck, you know."

One day Jim told Tom that Violet and her mother were in the neighborhood. "Don't you think you'd better go away?" said Jim.

"Yes, I believe I will, and stay away till my luck

changes—in a certain way, you know. The fact is, I haven't learned to forget her."

Tom turned off into the woods, a nearer way home, and had not proceeded far along the path when his heart seemed to tip-toe high and to sink low and to pant, for suddenly he saw Violet coming toward him. She came laughing, and held out her hand, and he touched it, and drew back his hand and stammered, and she laughed, looking him straight in the eye.

"Why, how long have you been gone!" she said. "And I do hope you didn't kill any one."

"I did what I thought was my duty," he replied, looking down and growing red. "A fellow shot at me three times before I could tell where the shot came from, and at last I saw him up in a tree, and I took aim and—did you ever see a squirrel shot out of a tree?"

"Oh, and you killed him, didn't you?"

"Well, he didn't kill me. But I didn't hurt him, Miss Violet—shot him straight through the head, and I was glad, too, for I would hate to hurt a fellow, and a stranger at that."

"You are such a funny man. Come and walk over with me."

"Well, I don't know. The woman who keeps your Farm Home always laughs at me, and I don't care to see her again—till my luck changes."

"Oh, and hasn't your luck changed yet?"

"No; but I've got a good strong hope of it changing in every way except one."

"What's that one?"

"I wanted to forget something and thought luck might favor me in that way, but it hasn't, and I'm afraid it won't."

"Forget something! Does remembering it give you so much trouble?"

"Yes, so much so that if it was to do over again I would let that fellow in the tree take a few more shots at me."

"You must have done something awfully bad."

"Yes, I did. I fell in love."

"Is that so bad?"

"Yes, in my case. She does not love me."

"Have you asked her?"

"No, I was waiting for my luck to change, and besides that, her mother looked at me with frost in her eyes, because she has money, and of course hates me."

"But it would not be good luck if you could forget the girl."

"You don't know what you say, Miss Violet. You don't know how I love her."

"But I know *she* loves—you."

* * * * * *

"Well, it beats all," said Josh Barnes. "They tell me that they kept her away from fashionable resorts, afraid she would fall in love with some one, and here she comes——"

"And changes a good fellow's luck," said Jim, in whose soul a candle was still burning.

A HELD-UP BALL GOWN.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

THE annual ball of the employes of the elevated railway was at its height. The floor was thronged with dancers. Up in the balcony, directly in the center of the house, a few seats had been reserved for distinguished guests. Presently, a little stir and bustle drew curious eyes upward. A small party, half a dozen women in *chic* street costumes and as many men in evening dress, were seating themselves—the president and a few of the directors of the company, accompanied by a corresponding number of ladies, came to grace the festivity with their presence, and perhaps to indulge their curiosity as to how the people of the lower world amuse themselves.

A little girl, mostly legs and eyes, the latter gleaming excitedly forth from a thin, sickly face, also occupied a seat in the balcony, but around the corner. The movement near at hand drew her attention from its steady observance of one figure below to fix it on the newcomers.

"There's the swells," said she, addressing a moody-browed, honest-looking young man who sat beside her.

"Ain't one of 'em can hold a candle to Mame." Her companion shook his head.

"Ain't many women as can," he replied, in a tone of gloomy conviction."

The eyes of both returned to the floor.

In a few moments the child turned and gripped the young fellow by the arm.

"Look, Jimmy," she directed, in a whisper of awed excitement. "She's got one of the nobs with her! Oh, ain't she going to dance? Oh, bother that old dress!"

The man turned a searching, dissatisfied look upon the wistful, impatient little face.

"Where'd she get that dress, Rosy?" he demanded. "She never bought it, sure."

The child chuckled mysteriously, and tossed her head.

"Oh, never you mind," said she. "You've heard of fairy godmothers, I s'pose?"

Meanwhile the little group of ladies who had come hither to observe the manners of a world socially inferior to their own, sat, deserted by their escorts, amusing themselves with reflections upon the scene below. Suddenly, one of their number, an exceedingly well set up but undeniably plain girl, started and laid her hand on that of the woman next her.

"Laura," she said; "look at the girl that Lathrop's promenading with. She has on my gown. The one Chalmers is making for me, I mean."

Mrs. Morgan, the wife of the president of the road, smiled incredulously.

I know what yer sayin' to my sister," broke forth the shrill treble, tempestuously.

"Not likely, Alicia," she returned. "A cheap copy, probably."

The girl shook her head positively.

"I brought that brocade from Paris myself. There's not a bit like it in town. Chalmers wanted a little more, and tried everywhere to match it. See, I had to eke it out with that liberty silk. I could swear to it."

By and by the men of the party straggled back. All had done their duty, and all were enthusiastic concerning one girl, who, they asserted, could hold her own in point of beauty with any woman in America. Especially was Lathrop Noyes warm in her praise. He declared himself "completely gone over her." After a little he gave vent to an ejaculation.

"Right there!" he exclaimed to Miss Morgan. "If you want to see her, Alicia. With that child and young man. She's just joined them. Isn't she a corker?"

"I do want to see her," said the girl, rising. "And I want to know her, too. Take me over and introduce me, Lathrop."

Her *fiance* stared at her.

"Oh, come now, Alicia," he remonstrated. "No guying, you know."

"Hardly," she returned, with an occult smile. "But a possible rival, you see! I like to look danger full in the face. Come."

The lean fingers of the child gripped her sister's arm.

"Oh, Mame," she breathed, in a very agony of delight, "the ladies wants to know you, too." She glanced her sister all over for a moment, and then scanned her own apparel and that of the young man beside her. "Let's move away a bit, Jimmy," she whispered, hurriedly. "We don't do her no credit, you an' me."

She was so insistent that neither her sister's remonstrance nor the evident reluctance of "Jimmy" availed against her. The charming figure in all its beauty and brave attire was left conspicuously alone to face the advancing "swells."

"Such a delicious gown!" remarked Miss Morgan, presently, when, in the deft fashion with which a society woman accomplishes an object, she had got rid of her escort for a few moments. She laid her hand on the rich fabric that trailed off upon the floor beside her. "So curious, don't you know," she went on, fixing her eyes upon the other girl's face. "I did not dream there was another piece of brocade like that in this country. I brought its very match from Paris, myself, and even there I could only get a short length. And Chalmers must have made it for you. The wretch! To make two gowns precisely alike! I call it a breach of professional honor, don't you?"

The kindly, searching gray eyes never moved from the lovely face. This, they saw, grow suddenly white and fearsome.

"I love pretty clothes, don't you?" went on the pleasant, but slightly inquisitorial voice, which sounded

like the crack of doom in the listening ears. "But of course you do. If I, with my homely face, like to wear pretty things, you with your beauty must just hunger after them. Only, there are other things, too, better worth having, aren't there? Honor, you know, and principle, and self-respect and—love."

Did the gray eyes turn ever so slightly in the direction of that rather uncouth figure, which, with a look of almost tragic despair on its homely countenance was sitting beside a lank, big-eyed child a little distance off across the aisle? If so, they returned almost immediately to the more delightsome prospect close at hand.

"How lovely you are!" continued the gentle, earnest voice, sincerely, and yet with an intonation that seemed to hold complete admiration a little in reserve. "You don't mind my saying so, do you? All my life I've wanted to be beautiful, and just look at me! I fancy I've always longed after beauty as you, perhaps, have longed after pretty clothes. Mr. Noyes—I am engaged to him, you know—is an artist, and has a passion for form and color. It is like driving a knife into my heart when I hear him rave over some other woman's beauty. That is my cross, I suppose. But ——" she broke off with a smile on her lips, but a very grave look in her eyes, and paused as one does before drawing up some solid and inherent fact from the depths of the soul to present it before another's inspection, "if I could attain the wish of my heart by the sacrifice, even a little frivolous and unimportant

one, of my own honesty and self-respect, I would rather let the opportunity pass me by forever than condescend to lower myself in my own eyes—wouldn't you?"

The shame and contrition upon the lovely face were as patent to an observer as its beauty. And there were others besides Alicia Morgan watching it. A sudden and impetuous onslaught from across the aisle added a third to the group; a bony, long-shanked, anæmic-looking child had descended vigorously upon them, bearing exculpation in her train.

"I know what you're a-sayin' to my sister," broke forth the shrill little treble, tempestuously. "I knew yer the minute yer got set down. I seen yer onct at Madam's when yer come ter try on yer dress. Say, it was all along of me that Mame she wore it to-night. She done it just to please me. She was as set again it as ever was, and only give in because I up an' cried and tole her I didn't get much fun out of life just a-trampin' back and forth between Madam's an' her customers from mornin' till night. An' then I coughed real hard, like as if I was goin' ter have another o' them spells that scared her so when I bust a blood-vessel, an' I made her try on the dress anyhow—I was fetchin' it home to you, you know—an' when she saw how swell she looked in it, an' the ball a-goin' to be to-night an' she with nothing to wear but——"

The interruption might have been well calculated to illustrate the stratagem by which the child had

gained her point; only it was not. The paroxysm of coughing was unmistakably genuine and uncontrollable. The shame on the face of the elder sister was eclipsed by a wholly impersonal look of alarm and apprehension. She made a quick movement as if to gather the little culprit to her, but Alicia Morgan had forestalled her. Already she had stretched out her arm and drawn the passionate little creature within it.

"I don't blame you one bit," she said, tenderly, when the racking cough ceased. "Your sister's lovely in the gown, isn't she? I shall always try and imagine I look like her when I wear it, only I can't, you know. You see, I need pretty things and she doesn't. No matter how much I spend on my clothes I could never compare with her. She has only to be herself and everybody loves and admires her, while with all the tinkering that Chalmers and other people give me, I'm never anything but the same old sixpence. I don't think that clothes have much to do with beauty and happiness, after all, do you?"

* * * * * *

"Well," said Mrs. Morgan, when, shortly afterwards, her sister-in-law resumed her seat beside her, "so nothing but a close view would convince you that that handsome girl hadn't possessed herself of your gown. I hope you are satisfied?"

Alicia paused a moment, with her eyes fixed upon a small group of persons who had risen from their seats around the corner and were making their way out of the hall—a tall, ungainly young man, a beautiful girl,

who clung close to his arm as if seeking his sympathy and protection, and a lank, leggy child, who followed after, with her face turned backwards over her shoulder. The man was gazing down into the eyes of the girl with a smile of tender satisfaction; she returned his look as if it comforted and sustained her; the child raised a bony claw and wafted a valedictory back towards the center of the gallery. Alicia smiled and nodded in acknowledgment. Then she turned to reply to her sister-in-law.

"Yes," said she, with a queer little smile; "yes, I am satisfied."

AN IDYLL OF MESQUITELAND.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

THE train of Mexican carts, each drawn by six yokes of oxen, huge solid wooden wheels, four inches thick, groaning and creaking on the rough axles, came slowly down the south bank of the Rio Grande. The ford was shallow at Hidalgo, which is sixty miles above the river's mouth, and the patient beasts, after stopping to drink their fill, staggered and heaved across. Drivers, holding long poles, tipped sharply with steel, goaded them up the Texas bank, and they came to a halt in the wide plaza, with its white baked soil. It was late in summer and the shadows of the oxen and the carts lay inky black upon the ground.

Mounted upon a powerful gray horse, his saddle decked with silver, his bridle decked with gold, was the owner of the train, Juan Gonzales, best known as "Juan the Trader." In his carts were all the goods of far Mexico—strange ornaments, silks and satins, strong, sweet wines, metates, cloths of ixtle, steel weapons of beauty, images of saints, relics from mysterious shrines, water in bottles from the blessed fountain of Our Lady of Guadeloupe, curiously carved canes, hats loaded with tinsel, hats woven in Pan-

ama, gorgeous blankets, saddles with pommels twice the size of a dinner plate, an endless mixture of quaint and rare odds and ends, gathered from every corner of a rich and hidden country. The silks and satins, of course, were from France, but they had paid no duty on coming into Mexico and paid no duty on going out of it. From the small houses which surrounded the plaza men and women and children poured, their voices joined in greeting:

"*Buenas dias*, Juan Gonzales! *Buenas dias*, Juan!" It was the first trading train which had visited lonely Hidalgo in a year, and it was welcome. Money was waiting for it. In an hour the carts had been emptied of their contents, booths had been erected, the goods displayed and sale begun. Juan, tall, young and dark, stalked to and fro, directing his men. He was a personage, and therefore sought after by the head men and women of the village.

"What luck, Juan, in coming up?" the Alcalde asked him.

"Fair, by the favor of the Virgin. A brush with the Lipans raiding down from Coahuila; one man lost and five oxen. No more."

All day the trading continued. When the sudden night fell and the stars burned in the blue black of heaven, torches flared on the plaza and the graceful figures of girls mingled with the older women and the picturesque wide-hatted males. Laughter arose and the melodious tinkles of a dozen guitars. The news of the trading had gone abroad in the mysterious fash-

ion of thinly settled countries, and now people were riding into the little town from twenty and thirty miles away. Juan the Trader said that there would be a thousand by the nightfall of the next day, and smiled. The booth where the monte game was running was packed, and the round silver dollars, bearing the eagle and snake, the liberty cap and the sunburst, jingled as they went from dealer to player and from player to dealer. It was said of Juan that his goods were always good, but his mescal was better. Indeed, it came from far Oaxaca, to the southwest of the great capital itself. It was distilled under a tropic sun from magueys fifty feet high. It ran hotly in the veins and made the blood thick and red. Juan would have no other.

"This," he said, unsealing a crimson earthenware jug, hand-made in Durango, and pouring for the jefe politico, "comes from a plant of the proper green and purple, which grows upon an American's grave. There is no mescal so sweet as that which is pressed from maguey that springs from a northman's grave."

They laughed, the old man heartiest, for he remembered the invasion from the north, when the blue troopers of Scott and Taylor rode over them on huge horses that had iron hoofs.

On the third night the booths were emptied and the silver of the trader, packed in canvas bags, was stored in the largest and strongest of the carts, to be drawn by twelve yokes of oxen. Eight men, heavily

armed, would ride upon this cart all through its long journey to the south.

The men of the caravan were bidden to the "baile" —the dance which always marked the closing of a trading trip. It was held in a square stockade, made of mesquite poles twenty feet high, so closely set that they made solid walls. The stockade measured sixty feet on each of its four sides. Entrance was through a narrow single door. Built for pleasure and not for war, it had no loopholes. It was the village's "town-hall"—the place for all public meetings and public enjoyments. Its floor was the smooth, hard, white earth, packed almost to the density of stone by thousands of pairs of dancing feet. It was lighted by pine torches stuck into brackets, which rested upon iron rods driven into the ground. In one corner the band sat upon two long benches. There were ten musicians, with guitars of thirty-two, sixteen, eight and four strings, violins, mandolins and a drum. In the light of the burning pine the jet-black eyes of the girls melted and flashed. Around each man's middle was a crimson scarf—the "banda." Juan was glorious in tight buckskin trousers, with silver bells down the seams, a puffed shirt of the weaving of the women of Sonora, a black velvet jacket, trimmed with gold, and a hat that weighed eight pounds and cost $175 of Mexican silver.

The alcalde, the jefe politico and their wives led off stiff-legged in a dance resembling the minuet. Then the guitars took a quicker, wilder measure, and there

bounded into the center of the white space a figure so lissome, so graceful, so powerful, so beautiful that the heart of Juan the Trader sprang into his throat and he gazed with all his eyes. Above this figure was a face, dark and passionate, with coral lips, shining teeth, eyes of the sloe, that flamed and languished, ebon hair and clear cheeks that held the bloom of the sun-kissed peach. She swayed backward and forward and whirled and glided in the intricate movements of "La Cachuca," and always it seemed to him she spoke an invitation and a challenge.

He cast his hat aside and stepped to the center of the stockade. Their hands joined and their eyes became as the eyes of one. The four guitars, the three violins, the two mandolins and the drum swung into "Bonita Matamoras." Truly, they were a beautiful pair.

Love making is fast upon the Rio Grande. She was Candelaria Flores, fifteen years old and the daughter of a good man of the town. Juan Gonzales was known from Vera Cruz to Chihuahua. What more could be asked? The old men and women smiled and nodded and whispered. The young men and women whispered and did not smile. They were envious.

Near to the dawn Juan stood by the musicians and lifted a plaintive tenor in "Mi Corazon," a folk-song of love. "Heart of my heart," he sang that all might hear, "I love you. Lovest thou me? Do I hear you say 'Yes?' Then come with me to the land where the huisache blossoms always and the scent of the white desert-flower is on the air."

From the far side of the enclosure rose a contralto, untrained but sweet, in "The Maiden's Mourning:" "*Voy allorar mi desbentura mia, porque in esto mundo la vida es muy enganosa . . . Y que tan joven me voy a cautivar.*" ("I weep my sad lot, because in this world life is uncertain. And so a young man is going to enchain me.")

It was a public avowal and acceptance.

A week later the train wound down the north bank of the Rio Grande. At its head rode Juan the Trader and by his side, swaying lightly upon a glossy black, was Candelaria, her dark face beaming. The silver cart with its guard came next, and after it the long line of lightly laden vehicles, their wooden wheels creaking only faintly. The ford was still shallow. They mounted slowly the opposite rise—after the patient beasts had drunk their fill—and the shouldering masses of mesquite closed behind them.

A GIRL AND A COPYRIGHT.

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

MR. EDWARD LAMPHERE had, with all respect and some hopefulness, asked from Mr. James Grofman, proprietor of the *Nineteenth Century Horticultural Review*, the hand of his daughter Jeannette and had met with a reception the frigidity of which corresponded closely with that recently attained by scientists in the exploitation of liquid air. It was a case of "Old Hildebrand," but Lamphere had no Viking Ship. He was still allowed to visit the house, because of a distant relationship, but all reference to the subject of marriage was absolutely forbidden by Mr. Grofman.

Mr. Grofman was a thick-set, bull-doggish sort of man, with gray tufts of side whiskers and a jaw which meant business. The *Nineteenth Century Horticultural Review* was a moneymaker. The title upon its cover had the words "Nineteenth Century" in staring capitals, while the remainder of the title appeared in obscure type in a line below. Thus it came that the publication was known generally throughout horticultural circles merely as the *Nineteenth Century* and in

this part of the title consisted the chief value of the copyright.

"It's useless, Ed, I know it—you can do nothing with father. He is fixed as the hills when once he has made up his mind and he is awfully irritated at what he calls your 'presumption.' "

This somewhat melancholy speech from the lips of Miss Jeannette did not serve to brighten the countenance of the gentleman who stood near her in the drawing-room of Mr. James Grofman's residence, though it did slightly transform his look from gloominess to wrathfulness.

"Well, I didn't suppose it really would be worth while trying him again," he said, "but I thought I'd take the chances. However, the world doesn't revolve around your father." Then his face became grimmer.

"Will you—will you—run away with me?"

The girl sat silent for a few moments, then her face flushed and tears came into her eyes; she spoke slowly: "I'm sorry you asked me," she said, "you would not have done so had you thought a second time, for, least of all men, do I think you selfish. You had not considered mother."

The young man certainly did consider then. He thought of the slender, pallid creature whose life seemed scarcely of the world about her and who seemingly only remained here because of her daughter's tender care. He realized his unconscious selfishness.

"I was wrong," he said, "but—what shall we do?"

"We can only wait," was the sobbing answer.

It was at this climax of the feast that Mr. Grofman rose to his feet

When Mr. Lamphere left the Grofman mansion he may be said to have stalked. He was in just the frame of mind for that sort of pedestrianism. He was angry and disappointed, but determined. He did a great deal of thinking, but at this time, reached no conclusion.

And the days passed by—days are such creatures of habit. Lamphere yet made his weekly call at the Grofmans, to be still looked upon tearfully by the girl who was a faithful sweetheart, but as good a daughter, and to be glowered upon by the vigorous and resolute proprietor of the greatest organ of the horticultural interests of the land. He tried to make the best of the situation, succeeding only fairly well. He attended closely to business, but there was something the matter with his heart which affected his head and kept him pondering. He wanted Jeannette and wanted her exceedingly. He needed her and grumbled to himself because his own necessity was so negligent in becoming the mother of invention. Nevertheless, it was finally established in this as in other cases, numerous beyond mention, that Necessity may usually be relied upon. One day, Edward Lamphere leaped from his desk with a whoop, and ran over to the office of a typewriter across the way.

It had, previous to this moment, been a gloomy day for him. "It's mighty near the end of the year," he reflected, fiercely, "and Jeannette is as far from me as ever. A year ago, I'd have bet on getting the best girl in the world before this time—before the century after which the old man's blooming old publication is

named was ended. The Twentieth Century is upon us!"

He paused a moment in his reflections and muttered the words "Twentieth Century" over again. He started. His face gradually brightened until it fairly blazed as a sudden comprehension came upon him. It was at this moment that he whooped as related, and started for the typewriter.

"Miss Jones," said Mr. Lamphere, "I wish you to write a letter for me."

Miss Jones promptly arranged her material, and sat expectant. Lamphere began his dictation:

"Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find the required amount for issuance and registration of certificate of copyright of title of publication as follows: 'The Twentieth Century Horticultural Review,' a typewritten copy of which title is herewith enclosed according to regulations. Sincerely yours,

"EDWARD LAMPHERE."

The letter, with enclosure, went in the next eastbound mail, and Mr. Edward Lamphere settled down to business again, but with a countenance in which what is known as Hope seemed to exhibit herself, while there was a buoyancy to his step upon the thoroughfares suggesting an exuberance of health.

And the hours continued to pass, until New Year's Day was close at hand. In the Grofman homestead prevailed somewhat more than a usual degree of activity, since the head of the house had, for some reason

known to himself but which he did not reveal to others, decided upon a dinner involving more display and the attendance of a greater number of guests than on similar occasions in the past. Whatever the occasion of this departure from the routine of years, it was certainly something affording much satisfaction to Mr. Grofman, for his expression, at times, was almost affable.

The day arrived. The feast was spread, and the guests were assembled at the table. They included besides the family and relations—Lamphere, of course, being present—a number of prominent horticulturists and profitable patrons of Mr. Grofman's publication. Everything went well. The dinner was a distinct success, from oysters to the walnuts and the wine. It was at this climax of the feast that Mr. Grofman rose to his feet and blandly addressed his guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I trust that I shall be pardoned for having made of what has proved to be so delightful an occasion as this something which might be looked upon as having a business bearing. I trust that I may be allowed to make some reference to the *Nineteenth Century*, in which, I may say, we are all more or less interested, and in the building up of which I feel justified in saying I have expended much well-rewarded effort. But let me not startle you, ladies and gentlemen, when I inform you that the nineteenth century has ceased to exist! The twentieth century is here, and with it the *Twentieth Century* has come! This was inevitable, because, as you will

readily perceive, a continuance after to-day of the title under which the journal has so flourished in the past would be an anachronism so gross and ridiculous as to make the thing a laughing-stock and cripple its utility.

"Needless to say, I have made due preparation for the impending change. Copyright under the new title has been applied for, and I expect a formal certificate to-day. There is, as you are aware, only one delivery upon the holiday, but I have directed that any letter from Washington be sent at once from my office to my residence. We will celebrate the new christening together, when the new certificate arrives."

And Mr. Grofman sat down amid much applause.

There was a ring at the door bell and a moment later a messenger boy was ushered into the room. He handed to Mr. Grofman a letter in a yellow envelope, bearing no stamp, and with some reading matter in one corner. Mr. Grofman took the letter, rose complacently to his feet, beamed on his guests, opened the envelope with a fruit knife and began to read:

"Office Librarian of Congress,

"Mr. James Grofman. Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:—Your application for copyright of title Twentieth Century Horticultural Review has been received, and an examination of the records made. A copyright of the same title has already been issued to one Edward Lamphere, and your application must consequently be refused. "————,

"Librarian of Congress."

The scene during the reading of this official com-

munication was, to put it mildly, interesting. The reading itself was something worth while. It began with a sort of dignified rumble, tapered gradually down to tamer utterance, and died away in what was but a whisper. Mr. Grofman glared in the direction of Mr. Lamphere and sat down. Mr. Lamphere glanced in the direction of Jeanette, Jeanette looked at her father, then at her lover, and then steadfastly at her plate. As for the guests, they simply looked astonished and embarrassed.

Nothing more was said upon what had been the principal subject of the evening. There was not much lingering after dinner. In fact, Mr. Edward Lamphere was the only one of the guests who lingered at all.

Regarding the events of the succeeding three hours it has been difficult to get definite information. It is said that the policeman on the beat had, at one time, about decided to enter the house, when an abatement of volume to the voices in the drawing-room induced him to change his mind. Mr. Lamphere, who, by the way, remained as a guest in the house that night, never referred to the matter, nor did the fair Jeannette.

The *Twentieth Century Horticultural Review* came out on time, as promised by Mr. Grofman, and with his name at its head as publisher, though, when, some months later, Mr. Lamphere and Miss Grofman became one in the usual manner, the name of Mr. Lamphere appeared as associate—not a surprising thing, for Lamphere was a good business man.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN HONEST MAN.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

GEORGE was a thief, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour earlier he had been merely an imprudent young man who had neglected a matter of twenty-five dollars borrowed by him from "cash."

If his account had been turned over to anybody else but Williams, the matter might not appear so black, but George had been promoted over Williams' head; the fellow hated him, and would carry the matter straight to the Supreme Head of everything.

Even now, if he could borrow the twenty-five dollars —but he had tried all his friends in the office, and it would not "be easy to get out." Yet it must be done; the alternative was criminal prosecution—sheer ruin.

George laid his hand upon the lid of his desk to pull it down. With or without an excuse he must go out and find that money. It was impossible that he should wreck his life, destroy his prospects just as they were beginning to be so bright, and break his father's heart with shame—all for a sum not much greater than his wages for a week.

Just as he arose from his seat, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he turned to face Old Ben, the soft-footed

messenger, mysterious as a demon of eastern fable, who did the will of the Supreme Head of the establishment.

"Mr. Harriman wants to see you," said this slave-of-the-ring.

George uttered a faint sound as if some one had struck him lightly in the pit of the stomach. He tried to say "all right," but his vocal organs moved like those of the dumb.

This must be the end of him. Either his crime had been discovered already or his interview with Mr. Harriman would take the time in which he might have saved himself. It mattered not which way fate might choose.

"I wonder if there is anything in making a clean breast of it?" he said to himself, as he walked toward Harriman's room; and then he remembered what had happened to a certain young man who had done that very thing.

At the thought, George shut his teeth firmly, and endeavored to stiffen his legs which felt like two pieces of string. It seemed that the floor was no longer on a level, and he saw four knobs on Harriman's door, as he stretched forth his hand to open it.

There was a flat-topped mahogany desk as large as a dinner table in the middle of the room, and at the opposite side of it sat Harriman. His eyes were smaller, his nose was larger, his chin was fatter, and his coloring was a brighter red, than ever before in George's recollection of him. The protuberance on the top of

his head seemed higher than usual, and the blue-black hair stood up on it, as if upon the back of an angry cat.

George had been in the great man's presence oftener, during the past year than any other minor employe in the main office. He was an object of envy on that account. Harriman had intrusted to him certain portions of the correspondence with the chiefs of the smaller agencies throughout the country, and had frequently received the young man's suggestions with favor. George admired him; believed he was the greatest business genius between the two oceans; and had accepted his favor as the highest blessing in the gift of providence. The idea of appearing before this man as a thief was a thing to die of.

"Lang," said Harriman, "I'm going to give you a chance."

George's brain made five hundred rapid revolutions in his head. Could this mean that Harriman had been told of his dishonesty and would forgive him if he confessed? Probably; and if he could have found a voice, he would have begged for mercy.

"Ninety-nine clerks in a hundred," Harriman continued, "will always be clerks. I believe that you are the hundredth man. You've been handling some correspondence with our agents—under my direction—and you have shown a comprehension of the subject that has made me think well of you."

George merely bowed. He could not speak aloud. All his faculty of language was occupied in interior, soundless cursing of himself for his incredible folly.

His intellect refused to credit his memory; it was impossible that he was the man who had stolen twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes—at the cost of his whole future.

"Our man Robbins, in Johnstown," Harriman proceeded, "has been having trouble as you know."

He paused, and in the interval, the effort of remembering who Robbins was, cleared George's mind. The calmness of despair came upon him, and he spoke with perfect freedom, as never before in Harriman's presence.

"Robbins is not the man for the place," he said. "He doesn't seem to know what he is there for."

Harriman slapped the desk gently with his fat right hand.

"Precisely," said he; "and that is why I am going to put you in his shoes."

The sweat started out suddenly in the palms of George's hands, and he felt at the same time the sensation of a cold grip on the back of his neck. To be put at the head of even the smallest of the company's agencies—a post one-tenth the importance of that at Johnstown—was all he would have asked of heaven. And to think how he had lost it! He had a sudden vision of Williams at work on those accounts.

"You will leave for Johnstown to-night," said Harriman. "Here is the order superseding Robbins. You will draw the same salary and get the same commissions that he does. This is an exceptional opportunity. No man gets such a chance as this twice in

his lifetime. You must prove yourself worthy, and do it in a hurry."

He leaned over the desk and looked earnestly at George who, in that moment would have given his right hand to be an honest man.

"I expect you to crush competition out there," continued Harriman. "That fellow, Wellbrook, who is running an independent racket must be done up. I don't care how you do it, or what it costs. Lay him out. We want *all* the business wherever we go. That is what we are on earth for."

"I don't think I shall have any trouble," replied George, speaking like one in a dream, for he knew that his ruin would come before he could start upon this mission. "Robbins says that Wellbrook is a prominent man whose father and grandfather were in the business before him; that he has the whole city's confidence, and is so popular, that merely underselling him won't do the trick; but——"

"If he's popular you'll have to make him less so," said Harriman. "Every man's reputation can be undermined. If he has never done anything, put up a job on him. Only remember that if you're caught in it, you can't look for any support from us. We have no use for men who get caught."

"I understand that," replied George with a shudder for his own situation.

"If you could buy up one or two trusted men in his employ," said Harriman, "you might throw him down in that way. Find out whom he owes money to, and

buy up the claims: but don't make a martyr of him in the eyes of the community. Fix it so that he'll seem to ruin himself, if you can. You know what we want; now let's see results. Here is an order of the cashier for a few hundred dollars. I suppose you'll need some clothes, and that sort of thing, as well as your traveling expenses. Good luck to you. I rarely make a mistake in a man, and I believe you'll have that fellow Wellbrook in the poorhouse in six months."

He laughed pleasantly, and George tried to join him, but the thought of Williams restrained his mirth. It was dreadful to think that at the moment when he was about to be trusted with so important a mission, the stigma of dishonesty should be placed upon him. He could fancy the look of disgust in Harriman's eyes when he should learn that for once he had been mistaken and that the man in whom he had reposed such flattering confidence was in reality a thief. Surely to no such man would be confided the weighty and confidential work at Johnstown; rather the prisoner's dock and the jail for him.

"Mr. Williams wishes to see you, sir," said Old Ben, appearing suddenly in the middle of the room.

Harriman nodded to George who was moving toward the door, and then said to the messenger: "All right; I'll see him."

George was rooted to the spot. He knew well enough what Williams wanted. Fate had overtaken him.

Williams entered hurriedly, and started with surprise at sight of George. The latter nodded coldly.

"By the way, Williams," he said, "there's twenty-five dollars in an envelope in my desk that I forgot to turn over to you. I'll lay it on your table."

He passed out leaving Williams standing with his mouth open, and his eyes like two glass marbles.

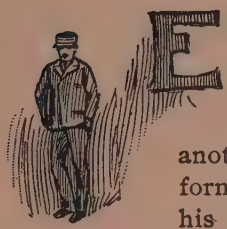
To draw his money from the cashier, to arrange the amount for Williams, and to escape from the office, required less time for George than Williams needed to square himself with Harriman for disturbing him about a matter that had proven to be not what it seemed.

George hurried home his heart light, his mind full of plans for the ruin of Wellbrook.

"How pleased father will be," he said again and again. "Thank heaven that I go home to him this day an honest man!"

SHINER'S LOVE-MAKING IN A CROWD.

BY GEORGE ADE.



EVERY right kind of a love story begins by telling how they met. In this particular case it was at Dellboro, where one railroad crosses another. He was walking along the platform with his bundle of papers under his arm when he saw her standing in the doorway of the hotel. He took it for granted that she was a new dining-room girl, and he was right. As for him, the blue suit and flat-topped cap with "News Agent" on it, were sufficient to identify him, even if he had not carried the papers under his arm.

He saw that she was a blonde with a tendency to the auburn, that she looked very trim and neat, and that her dress, with blue and white stripes running up and down, was a good fit. Before she had an opportunity to mentally enumerate his charms, he spoke to her, scorning the necessity of an introduction.

"Hello there, Gladys," he said.

She was not greatly surprised and did not give any evidence of being deeply offended.

"How do you sell your papers, little boy?" she asked.

"Little boy" seemed to stop him for a moment. It is true that he was undersized, but he was twenty-two and had voted.

"What difference does it make to you?" he asked. "Can you read?"

"Yes, I can read what's on your cap. If I didn't see that 'News Agent' on there I'd think you was the conductor or mebbe the president."

"What have I run against?" asked "Shiner" with a quizzical smile, as he looked steadily at the new girl. He admired any one who could "come back" so promptly and effectively.

"I wish you'd hurry up and move your train out of the way," she said. "You've shut off all the breeze."

"I have to wait here for orders."

"Do you run all the way out from the city?"

"What do you s'pose, that I finish my run at some side track? Of course, I run all the way out from the city."

"I didn't know. You don't look to me as if you come from the city."

"Say, what are you trying to do to me anyway?" Then he called out "morning papers."

"Louder," suggested the girl on the step.

"Shiner" looked up at her with a grin, half resentful and half friendly.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"I bought the place yesterday," was the reply.

"Well, it's a nice hotel to go right past on a train."

"You can't go past any too quick to suit us."

"Oh, say!" and "Shiner" had to shake his head and chuckle. "You're little Miss Knocker, ain't you?"

She was laughing, too. Just then the conductor

He spoke to her, scorning the necessity of an introduction.

made a wig-wag signal with two fingers and shouted "Board!" and "Shiner" started toward the platform.

"Good bye, sister," he said, glancing back at her.

"Good bye, little newsboy," she called after him, and then, seeing the conductor on the platform, she cried out, "Don't let that boy stand on the platform, conductor. He might fall off."

As the train pulled out, Conductor Button, more commonly known as "Old Button," or "But," laughed at "Shiner" and said, "The girl's havin' fun with you."

"Did you see her?" asked "Shiner." "She's a fine-looker and a bad one to get gay with. I sort of tossed her one as I went by and she was back at me in a hurry. Yes, sir, she's all right. She must be new. I never saw her before. Guess I'll have to ask a few questions about her."

And with that he moved into the car to convince an indifferent traveling public that it needed fruit, magazines and fifty-cent novels.

On the run back that evening he missed her, but next day she was at the door to see the train pull in, and "Shiner" swung off just in front of her.

"Well, how are we to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, all right," she said, cheerily, and then, looking at him intently, she began to laugh.

This did not please "Shiner." He was accustomed to have fun with the girls he met at the stations, and this one, as Conductor Button had already observed, was having fun with him.

"What's the joke?" he asked, trying not to be annoyed.

"Oh, nothing," and she laughed again.

"Are you tryin' to string me?"

"No, course not. You're kind o' funny, that's all."

"Is that so?" he asked, with dreadful sarcasm, and hurried away to a man who was beckoning for a morning paper.

The beginning of this unpromising romance might have been also the end, had it not been for the wreck three miles east of Dellboro. "Shiner's" train was held on the siding and two of the freight crew were brought in by a caboose, all bandaged and laid out on stretchers. One of the injured men was known to "Shiner," and he went into the hotel to see his friend. The freight brakeman was on a bed by an open window, his head wrapped in white bandages and cotton, and the girl was attending him.

"Well, Tommy, how are you?" asked "Shiner" in hollow, sympathetic tones as he cautiously seated himself beside the bed.

"Oh, they punched a few holes in me, but I'm a good deal better than a dead man," replied Tommy. "Jessie is taking good care of me."

"Shiner" stole a furtive glance at the slender, auburn-haired nurse, who was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at her patient with professional interest. So her name was Jessie.

"The doctor says he'll be all right in a few weeks," said Jessie, coming around to rearrange the pillow.

"Shiner" saw her smooth the white slip with gentle concern and straighten the coverlet under Tommy's arm, and he had to feel a little jealous of his friend. For Jessie was as trim and fragrant as a morning flower that had just opened, and he could not remember that anywhere along the road he had seen a prettier girl.

"Jessie's all right," he said, encouragingly. "If she's goin' into the nurse business, I think I'll go out in the yards and let a switch engine knock me off the track."

"If you and a switch engine ever come together, I think the engine would be the one to go off the track," she suggested.

"Oh, let up," he said. "I'm not as tough as all that. Am I, Tommy?"

" 'Shiner' ain't a bad fellow," said the injured man, with a grin. "I was tellin' her about you a while ago."

"How did it come up?" asked "Shiner."

"Oh, she was askin' about you."

"I was not!" said Jessie, decisively, but she was blushing, and "Shiner" saw her embarrassed for the first time.

It was certain that she had asked about him, so when "Shiner" left them and went out to hear how much longer the train was to be "laid out," he was warmed by the pleasant knowledge that she did not hold him in contempt, even if she had called him "boy" and tried to "kid" him.

In a day or two Tommy was taken home, but not until Jessie had delivered to "Shiner" several important bulletins as to his improvement. "Shiner" gave her a box of figs from his stock as a token of esteem, and she considerately refrained from laughing every time she looked at him, and so it was the fair beginning of a serious love affair.

With "Shiner" it was serious almost from the start, because he soon came to the opinion that she was the best looking and brightest girl in the world. No doubt Jessie began it in fun, but she could not long remain indifferent to "Shiner's" superior qualities, for he came out in a new uniform and kept himself painfully clean, and had some little present for her almost every time that the train pulled in, and she came to the door to meet him. "Shiner" went out on his run every morning and came back in the evening, the train arriving at Dellboro on the return trip about nine o'clock. At first he saw Jessie only in the morning, as she was supposed to return home early in the evening and lived several blocks from the hotel, but "Shiner" could not endure the thought of separation for twenty-four hours at a stretch, so he began to suggest that she come down to the evening train. Several nights a week he found her there, accompanied by one or two trusty young women of the neighborhood, and she was always just as surprised and delighted to see "Shiner" as if she hadn't seen him on the same platform about twelve hours previous. As for "Shiner," he felt himself growing at the rate of an inch a day.

He had awakened to the knowledge that he amounted to something. At first it seemed strange to him that the adorable Jessie could possibly be attracted by such an unworthy creature as himself, but as the days passed and he perceived that he was "number one" with her, and that instead of holding him in contempt, she actually liked him, he rode all day in a train which connected earth with paradise. Conductor Button, the passenger brakemen, the engineers and firemen, the agent and operator at Dellboro and the general public that frequented the station, knew about "Shiner's" love affair. The Fates had not provided "Shiner" and Jessie with any sylvan dells or mossy retreats, and so their love-making, if it could be called such, was mostly conducted by glances, which meant volumes, and long hand-clasps more eloquent than speech. The train stopped only a few minutes, just long enough for them to look at each other yearningly and exchange a few commonplaces which were not supposed to represent their real feelings and most certainly did not.

It was a large red day in "Shiner's" calendar when he had a substitute take his run for him and he stayed over at Dellboro to attend the county fair. Jessie was waiting for him at the station with a blue parasol, a starchy shirt-waist, a new pair of tan shoes and other glory of apparel. "Shiner" was stricken with admiration when he saw her and said, "My, but you look poor in that get-up!" This was his way of passing

a compliment, and he meant that she was simply beyond compare.

They had a very busy day of it, and if they overlooked any shooting-galleries or merry-go-rounds it was because "Shiner" didn't see them. Along in the afternoon they were in the grand stand watching the rural "judge" in the high box try to start several fractious horses in a running race, and "Shiner," who had something heavy on his mind, sat up close to her, so the other people would not hear, and talked to her quietly.

"Jessie, do you think a fellow that's goin' to get married needs any money?" he asked.

"A little money wouldn't hurt," she replied, laughing.

"But s'pose he didn't have very much of the coin. Had it ought to stop him? Would you throw a fellow down because he didn't have the spondulix?"

"That depends on who the fellow was."

"Well, I'm the fellow, all right. I'm old enough to get married now, if I ain't old enough to get some money together. You needn't think for a minute that I'm goin' to be a butcher on a train all my life. I'm out for something better. Now I've got a tip that Benson that has the news stand in the Union depot is goin' to give it up the first of next month. He's saved up enough to open a cigar store uptown. There's a hundred a month in it for a hustler, and if I get it I can be in the city all the time and have a little

flat in a new building about two blocks from the depot and be right in it."

Although "Shiner" had been very indirect about it, Jessie knew that this was a proposal of marriage.

"That sounds first rate," she remarked, "but you haven't got the stand yet. Won't there be a lot of people after it?"

"I s'pose so."

"Who has the say as to which one gets it?"

"The superintendent of our road is the big man. If he says the word, I get it on the same terms that Benson had it."

"Do you know the superintendent?"

"No, but I've got a scheme. His wife is down at Clarendon Springs for a few days. She'll be coming back this week, and I'm going to tackle her and ask her to fix it with the old man."

"Do you think she will?"

"Well, you have to take chances in this world, but I have a purty fair line of talk when I get started and I may be able to work it. You see, the old man's the superintendent of the road, but she's the superintendent of him. So say nothing but lay low. If I get that stand in the Union depot I'll marry you in less than a week, whether you're willing or not."

"Wait and see what happens," said Jessie good-naturedly. Then she added, "You can't lose me, whether you get the stand or not."

That evening when they followed the dusty crowd to the train, "Shiner" held her hand for a full minute

before leaving her and reminded her that she had made a definite promise.

Two days later the superintendent's wife was sitting in the parlor car reading a magazine which she had purchased from the news agent on the train, who for some mysterious reason had hesitated to accept payment for it. She was deep in a story of travel when the same news agent who was washed and brushed and crushed, as if for a party, came to her with a bouquet of wild flowers and held them out to her with his cap in his hand.

"Will you please accept these with my compliments?" asked "Shiner," who had carefully rehearsed the speech.

"Why, really!" exclaimed the woman in surprise, "Are they for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. I got them from the operator there at the last stop. He had them on his table."

"They're beautiful, but really I don't feel like taking them as a present."

"Your money ain't good with me," said "Shiner" gallantly. "I'll tell the porter to put 'em in water for you, and then if you ain't too busy, I'd like to have a few words with you."

The superintendent's wife was a trifle apprehensive. She was forty-five and "Shiner" was twenty-two, but it did seem suspicious that he should come and present her with flowers and then request a private interview. However, her doubts were soon dispelled. "Shiner"

came and sat in the plush chair next to her's and talked straight to the mark.

"Lady, I am engaged to a nice little girl up here at Dellboro, and I want to get married and support her right," he said. "This job don't pay much and it keeps me on the road most of the time. What I want to do is to get the news stand at the Union depot. There's a lively cigar trade there and I can make a good thing out of it. The man that's had it is goin' to quit next month. If you want to find out whether I'm all right and a good worker, you ask any of the train men or the manager of the news company."

"But what have I got to do with all this?" she asked, in surprise.

"Well, if the old—I mean, if the superintendent pulls for me, I can get the corner that Benson has now. You're the one that can help me with him. I thought mebbe you'd be willing to put in a word for me."

She gazed at "Shiner" with amused interest, but it was a kindly gaze, and he knew that she was won.

"This girl that I want to marry is one of the nicest little girls you ever saw," he added. "She ain't so little, either. She's about a head taller than I am. But she's all right. She'll be at the train at Dellboro when we go through there."

"Bring her in the car, won't you? I would like to meet her."

"Sure I will. Do you think you'll be able to do anything for us?"

"As a rule I do not interfere with my husband's

business affairs. I think, however, I may make an exception in this case. I will speak to him."

"Thanks. Say, I'm ever so much obliged to you."

He went away happy. At Dellboro he pulled the bewildered Jessie into the parlor car to meet the superintendent's wife. For a second Jessie was embarrassed, but she managed to stammer her thanks and then hurry out, for the train was starting.

For two days there was a waiting suspense. Then one morning Jessie received a telegram, the first of her lifetime. It read:

She fixed it. Benson's stand first month. Hurrah. Get ready. Shiner.

They were married at Dellboro. On the evening before the auspicious event, Jessie and "Shiner" took a long walk. They were in a quiet street and suddenly he said, "Say, Jess, what do you think! I just happen to remember that this is the first time that me and you have been able to break away from a crowd since the first time I saw you."

So he put his arm around her and kissed her without fear of any conductor or brakeman playing spy on him.

OLD HANK AND HIS MONEY.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

OLD HANK BRIERLY lived some three miles from Hawleyburg. Aunt Lavina Crayshaw declared him to be the "fussiest man in these parts." He was. When anything went wrong in the Brierly household the old gentleman would begin to talk; and once started he never stopped. If one of the children broke the clothesline old Hank would scold about it for six months. Not a good, lively, satisfying scold, but a smothered, growling, rumbling, nagging sort of a scold, fitted to make a saint throw up his job. Brierly's best record was made in the case of his wife's letting a pot of lard boil over and burn up a window shade. This happened in 1867; in 1881 the miserable old reprobate was still "throwing it up" to her.

Naturally old Hank was lavish of advice and directions. He never started for town without leaving a mountain of instructions for the rest of the family big enough to fill a small book. Part of this always was to beware of agents and other predatory persons likely to be looking for money. Indeed, he considered himself the only member of the family who could with

safety handle a piece of money. His constant adage was, "A fool and his money are soon parted." The coin which passed out of his hand was foreordained to be in some way lost. When his wife went to town he ascertained the smallest possible amount which she would be obliged to spend, and then gave her half of it—together with the cheering prediction that she would either lose it outright or get euchered out of it in some manner.

Old Hank had a son, young Hank. Of course young Hank's life was made a burden to him. It never helped in the least for him to say that he did chop down the cherry tree—he heard about it just the same long after another had grown in its place, and was bearing cherries. He had the absolute certainty that he must lose his money dinned into his ears till he acquired the notion that every coin was on the point of putting on tissue-paper wings and flying away.

One day, when young Hank was about fourteen, old Hank decided on a most astonishing move—nothing less than going to the circus and taking the boy. He announced that he should let young Hank pay his own way into the show with a quarter which he had earned, so as to "learn him the use of money," to the end that he shouldn't grow up into a "dodgasted spendthrift, like his mother." So they set off together for Hawleyburg, old Hank first cautioning his wife to "keep her wits about her if she had any," and "not to pay no money to strangers," nor go and "get a crazy spell and burn up no winder curtains."

On the way to town old Hank admonished the boy about every five minutes to "freeze on to his money." He himself had two one-dollar bills, and on arriving in town he went to a trusted store-keeper and got them changed into small coin so that he might be able to tender the exact sum in case of any outlay at the circus, having, of course, no faith in any showman ever giving back the right change. When they reached the grounds he said to young Hank:

"Where's your money?"

"Right here," answered the boy, indicating a trousers pocket.

"What, loose?" went on old Hank.

"Yes."

"Thunder and mud, sock your hand right in and grab it! That's the only way to be sure of money—keep it right in your fist, and keep your fist in your pocket. That's the way I've got mine," and he pointed with his other hand to his own bulging pocket. "Hang on to that quarter like a dog to a root, if you want to get into the show. If you lose it, as you prob-'bly will, don't go to whining around expecting me to take you in, 'cause I won't."

They then began to moon about the grounds waiting for the ticket wagon to open. Even after this had happened old Hank kept shy of it, thinking that perhaps the price of tickets might be reduced, or that they would get a chance to slip under the tent. There was a tethered group of regulation circus horses, gorgeous as Easter eggs, which had been used in the parade.

The two Hanks stood looking at them. In his enthusiasm at their spottedness the boy took his financial hand from his pocket. Old Hank detected the action instantly, and turned on him, boiling with indignation.

"Get your hand into your pocket, you young jackanapes! Do you want to ruin me with your carelessness, like your mother? A fool and his money are soon——"

One of the horses swung around suddenly, almost against old Hank. He made a quick backward step, struck a tent-peg and went down. Instinctively, to save himself, he jerked his hand from his pocket violently. That moment there rained two dollars' worth of small change among a neighboring crowd of boys. While old Hank roared and struggled to his feet, willing hands gathered up the money and—kept it. It was unfilial on the part of young Hank, but he saw it was the only hope. Dodging away among the crowd, he bought his ticket and rushed into the tent.

An hour later old Hank arrived home. He sat down on the leach and seemed lost in thought.

By and by his wife came out to empty some dishwater, and he said:

"Melvira, I wish you'd go over and tell 'Squire Peters to come round this way."

"W'ot you want of the 'Squire?"

"I want to have a guar-deen app'inted. I want to take out a dog license for myself, and get a brass collar and a tag. Then I'll get a muzzle to wear, so I won't go like a durned fool and eat up my tag!"

OLD CLOCKWORK.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

"WELL, I swear!" cried the assistant bookkeeper, descending from the tall stool and turning an amazed face toward the other people in the office.

A few minutes before, Josephus Trenton, bookkeeper for Forbes & Lessing for more than twenty years, had come into the office at least five minutes behind time; had laid his hat on his desk instead of hanging it on the brass hook which generations of his hats had worn smooth; and had stood looking absently at the door of the vault where the books were kept at night; and then he had slowly put his hat on again and gone out. The assistant bookkeeper, standing up on the topmost round of the high stool to look over the sash curtain, saw him walk straight up Main street instead of turning the first corner into Pearl street. Therefore the assistant bookkeeper climbed from his perch and looked at the others and exclaimed:

"Well, I swear!"

For it was matter of tradition in the office for all these twenty years Josephus Trenton had walked to his work every morning along the same streets, turning the same corners, with the same quiet, dignified gait; that he had always entered the office with the same: "Good

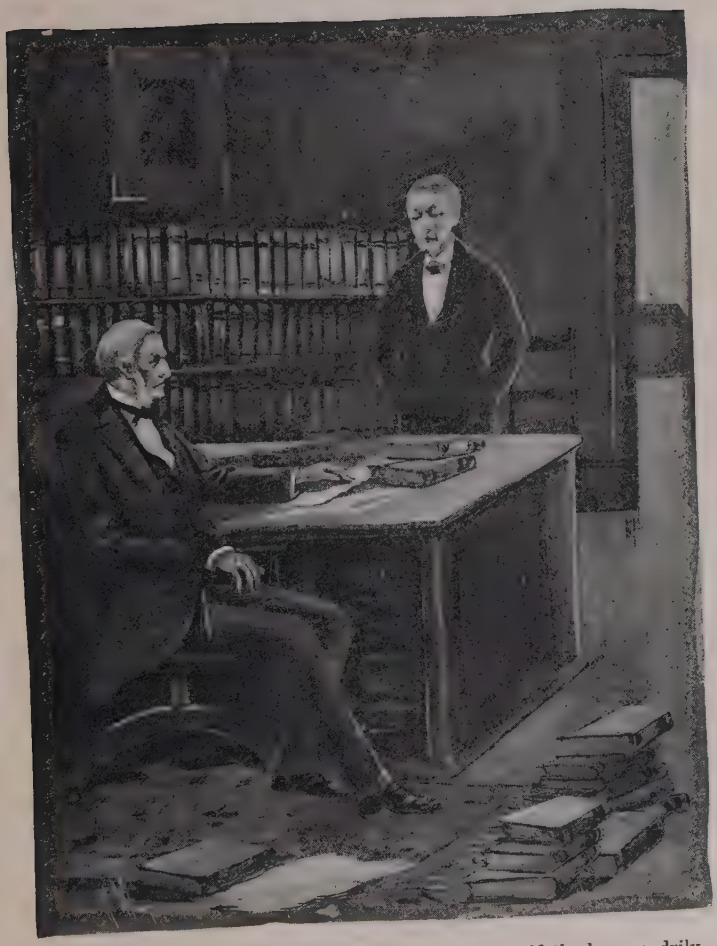
morning, gentlemen!" in the same dry, formal tone; that he had gone home in the afternoon back along the morning route; and that nothing could change him. The office boy had even drawn a facetious picture of the office being shaken up by a cyclone, which was waving the iron safe aloft, while Josephus Trenton, busy at his books, said without looking up:

"I beg that you will not slam the books so hard, Mr. Meeks."

There was even some habit of long years in the way he took his glasses off their hook,—getting them directly, without any aimless feeling for them, as other men have weakly done in their time; and perching them on his nose with that never-varying air of always having the right thread of things, and of beginning with it in the morning just where he left it off at night.

This was what Josephus Trenton had been for twenty years, while he was getting that droop in his shoulders and that thinner thatch on the top of his gray head. And now?

For three days there had been an astonished and sorely tried group in the office. On the first of these days, "Old Clockwork," as the younger men sometimes called him, had forgotten to take off his hat, and had worn it all day. On the second, he had approached the office from the direction of Commerce street, walking with rapid and unsteady step. On the third he had made a mistake in the books. It was not much of a mistake—only fifteen cents—and he had discovered it himself: but Josephus Trenton making a mistake!



"I see that you have come in answer to my note," said the lawyer, drily.

And now he had come down several minutes late, and had merely looked at the work and gone away again. No wonder that his assistant—a fiery-haired young gentleman with freckles—announced to the assembled world that for once, and under great provocation he swore.

And later, in the general pause, he threw out the only possible explanation:

"Must 'a' took to drinkin'!"

And indeed, it was with something like the aimless stagger of a drunken man that Josephus Trenton turned out of Main street and up the stairway of an office building. An elevator was shooting up and down its shaft near at hand, but he did not think of taking it. Perhaps it was a shrinking from his kind that sent him toiling up the stairway to the third floor, pulling himself up by the rail.

Two dusty offices, opening one into another, were at the end of his journey; books everywhere—in cases and on chairs and tables and floors; dusty heaps of books; and in among them sat a dry-as-dust old lawyer, hiding his face as behind a mask. The slight recognition each gave the other showed that they had met before.

"I see that you have come in answer to my note," said the lawyer, dryly.

Trenton sat down, holding one hand in the other, and looked at the floor.

"I have come," he said, in his slow, methodical

way, keeping a tight hold on himself. "It was not easy to do. I have hesitated a long time."

"It was not easy—how?" asked the lawyer, leaning back in an office chair that creaked.

"It is difficult for me to—to talk of my private life," said the other haltingly. "You and I have known one another—a long time—many years—and yet I find it not easy to speak of—a trouble at home. You see—Lorrimer—I am old—and this change has come on me as a shock—and a surprise that bewilders me more—more than I can say."

The chair creaked again, and the lawyer rubbed his chin with a thoughtful hand.

"It seems strange," he suggested, "that you and your wife, after living together for more than thirty-five years should not have been able to go on in peace."

"I'm not excusin' myself," said Josephus Trenton, unconsciously falling back to the dialect of his ignorant youth, before he had fought his way to the desk at Forbes & Lessing's. "I know there—there must 'a' been something radically wrong with—with my methods. Still—I didn't know till it was too late—an' I ain't sure I know now."

Mr. Lorrimer gave a moment's critical examination to his paperknife.

"Your wife, as I understand from your note, left your house three days ago, and you have not seen her since."

It was a bold way of stating the matter; and it sent a white line around Josephus Trenton's lips.

"You are right," he said, with a break in his monotonous voice. "She left me, sayin' that for years she had starved—that was the word she used—starved for a little love—and that it was best to end it."

There was silence in the office; and they heard the cars going by in the street below and the shouts of men to their teams. Mr. Lorrimer took advantage of the pause to blow the dust from the books that were nearest him.

"I'm not a demonstrative man," Trenton went on, as though the other had spoken. "I—I have not meant to—but there are things one cannot—cannot speak of——"

His voice trailed off and was lost, with something in his throat that made an agony of speech.

"There is a draft from this window," said Mr. Lorrimer, getting up to close it. It took him a long while to close the window.

"There were no children," he said after awhile, when he had turned around again. He said it as though he were about to say, also: "If there had been children, perhaps this might not have happened."

"Yes—there was a child—long ago, before you knew me."

The motionless hands that were holding one another began suddenly to move.

"The child was a boy—a little boy," he said with a break in his dry voice. "I was not a young man when he was born, and he—he took hold of my life. He was—people found him—so attractive—and we—

gave ourselves up to him. In a little while we began to—to live just for him. I called her 'Mother' then —and she called me 'Father'—it was only for a little while. He lived to be five years old. Perhaps you can see—how, after that—a man may grow into a formal, silent machine—a kind of numb, lifeless thing —that people may misunderstand, because he cannot explain himself."

The two hands clasped and unclasped with pathetic helplessness.

"But now—now that my life is so broken," he went on—"I must try to save her—what I can from the wreck of it. I think she had a fondness for—for the house where the boy died—and it is natural and right she should come back to it. You will prepare a deed to her—as soon as possible—and she can go back to-morrow. She will find the furniture—as it always was—and I have set aside for her use—the sum of money I have been able to save—and which is now in the Mechanics Bank. Only, Lorrimer—if you will ask her one thing for me. She has often been vexed with me because I could not endure to speak of the baby's high chair—that stands in the corner of the dining-room. She has told me over and over that I didn't care for the boy as she did. You see, she didn't understand, Lorrimer. And I want you to ask her for the high chair, to take with me—for a little while."

Something was convulsing the formal face of Josephus Trenton until it was not the same face any more.

"But my dear Trenton!" cried the lawyer, startled out of himself. "You are giving her everything!"

"When life has taken so much, the money may well follow it," said the other with a wintery smile. "I had meant to add that I shall need but a small portion of my salary—so long as I work—and the remainder will go to her. One does not talk of these things well—but she didn't know Lorrimer——"

There was a stir and rustle among the papers in the other room, and they saw her standing in the doorway—wrinkled, gray-haired, hot tears on her cheeks. She was beside him in a moment, her arms around him, his head on her breast, while she smoothed his hair with her trembling old hands.

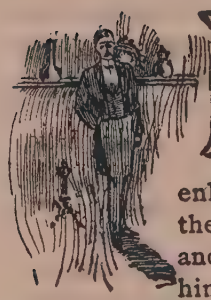
"Oh, Josephus, if you can just forgive me!" she sobbed. "I don't know what took possession of me to pine and fret in my old age, and think you didn't care for me any more——"

He had given way, and was trembling and leaning against her, like a tired child; but he looked up after a little and whispered: "Mother!"

The dry-as-dust old lawyer took his hat and went out. In the hall he drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes.

AS THE CURTAIN FELL.

BY MRS. GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.



I LOOKED at him furtively as he stood with an air of graceful repose, his head half turned aside. I had always wondered how a man like that would die. He had enlisted always for his own enjoyment the best of everything of every kind, and grouped and amassed them around him, thus culled, so as to infer their sum and genius, instead of their tedious particularities. He put life on the cast of impulse. What he did well, he shared, what he did ill, he recked not of. His power of will was sublime. Let him be adjudged by his best moments.

I don't think I am morbid on the subject of death. Men of my profession are not usually. We learn to take it as a necessary part of life, that a man should die. It did go to my heart, though, to tell this man the truth. I should not have felt more criminally guilty had it been my fate to strike the blow that would deprive him of all that bounding tide of life. He seemed to have more of it than anybody else. It was chiefly animal life, of that riotous nature which gives the impression that its possessor will cling to it with despairing tenacity, because it is all he has.

He was regarding me carelessly as if he might be a mere looker-on at a little drama in which he had no personal interest.

"What is it, doctor? Are you going to tell me that I'm used up and can't go to the Embassy ball to-morrow evening? You needn't take the trouble, for I'm to dance with the peerless Pauline, and not even my reverence for you will keep me away."

"I was not thinking of the ball."

"I'm glad of it, for I'd be sorry to disappoint you, or to be lacking in docility."

I leaned back and looked at him. What a magnificent specimen of manhood he was. If I had ever been tempted to wish I were a woman it would have been when I saw Stillson Courtney bending his stately head to his partner in the waltz or the promenade, and looking at her from the radiant depths of his violet gray eyes.

"Oh, I see, you want to send me careering over Europe to restore my constitution, shattered by too close attention to my arduous duties."

"No, it isn't that, either."

"Then you want me to give up cigars, and champagne and poker and—well, Tucker, excuse me, old man, but what I don't like about you medical fellows is the air of extreme virtue you put on when a fellow gets in a hole. As if you were never known to indulge in any small vices yourselves. One who didn't know, might suppose that you had never taken anything stronger than draughts from the deep wells of science,

and if you should see a cigar and a Dodo standing together, you wouldn't know which was the cigar and which was the Dodo."

There was something appallingly awful to me in the sight of this magnificent looking fellow sitting so calmly opposite me, all unconscious of what I must tell him, talking in his merry, careless, fascinating way that had always before seemed so deliciously pleasant to me, as something far away from my own life of toil and responsibility. I took a strong hold of my nerves, and tried to speak with professional calmness.

"Are your business affairs straight?"

"Business affairs! Why, man, I never had any. If I had I suppose they would be as crooked as the career of a politician. I have a lawyer, I believe. Brewster—yes, that's his name. I suppose he takes all he wants, and gives me the rest. I never took the trouble to look it up. I've a nephew, or cousin, or something of that kind—I don't know just what—who will inherit my property if there's any left after I'm through with it—but there will not be. A short life and a merry one—the brigand's motto—is mine, too, and I can tell you living up to it is not an economical process."

"A short life and a merry one," I repeated, shaken out of all possibility of professional equanimity by his gayety. "My God, Court, must I tell you how short it will be?"

He leaned indolently back in his chair, the melancholy smile with which he had commiserated the fate of his heir yet lingering about his lips.

"What do we have physicians for, if not to tell us the truth? They have a monopoly of that virtue. It is not fashionable now, even for ministers to compete with them in that line. I often think how fortunate it is that we have the blessing of physicians. Were it not for them, telling the truth would become a lost art."

"Courtney, I have loved you like a brother since the first time I ever saw you. Knowing that, you may perhaps imagine how hard it is for me to tell you that you have not many more days—yes, I am afraid not many more hours—yet to live."

I have seen men face death bravely, but I never saw anything else so magnificent as the momentary struggle and the swift victory of the man whose smile had not yet died away from his lips. He arose and stood erect, the superb height of him towering above me, his tumbling billows of chestnut hair gleaming amber in the light, his brilliant mischievous twinkling eyes shining down at me.

"Thank you, Tucker; thank you. But say, old man, don't you think you might have been a little more generous—days—hours. Well, I'll have to begin to take note of my time, won't I? The next few hours I have decided upon the most judicious disposal of. The new opera takes three hours—of course, you will go with me? I was going to the club to get some of the set, but I'll take just you instead. After the play, we'll have the finest supper you ever saw, with Mignone the soubrette. You see, you have made life so

short I can't afford to forego any of its pleasures. You will go?"

"You are surely not in earnest, Courtney?"

"Of course. Would I jest on such a matter? Mignone is the star of the piece. She is the star of the stage—the star of the world. She dies in a lone wilderness and a gauzy gown to slow music, and a particularly blundering imp comes along with a torch and finds her. Striking, isn't it? You cannot refuse me. Remember you are my physician and are responsible for me. I shall feel like the Chinese Emperor or a New York railroad king, going out attended by my physician."

I yielded. What could I have done better? If I had refused to go, he would have asked some one else, and I fancied I was a safer companion for him than any of the club fellows.

The play had begun when we entered Courtney's box.

"I am indebted to you for the escape from the preliminary explanations," he said, when the curtain went down. "Always cut them when you can. If a man can't understand the play without explanations, it's because the play isn't good for anything, in which case it doesn't pay to waste time on it; or the man has no imagination, in which case it doesn't pay to waste time on him."

He leaned back and shut his eyes wearily. That kind of cheerful tumult that greets the advent of a popular actress, made an exhilarating commotion in

the air. Stillson looked toward the stage with an expression of interest.

A soft, clear voice rippled musically across the air filled with faint fragrances and radiant with light and with the gleams of brilliant jewels, singing something, I don't know what, for I was not attending to the stage. The brief and tragic drama at my side was sufficient to absorb my thought. Courtney fixed his eyes earnestly on the singer with a rapt expression of delight. He bent forward in an attitude of tense eagerness, until the song ceased. Then he leaned back and looked at me with an expression of mournful reproach.

"Tucker, I wish you had not killed me so soon," he murmured with that fascinating shadow of a lisp; "I should like to live to love her—yes, to love Mignone. Say, old man, do give me more time."

I looked toward the stage and saw a slender, girlish form, swaying slightly like a reed in a summer breeze, a pale small face lit up by wide deep eyes that seemed to gaze away out into the world, beyond the sweep of human thought to the utmost rim of imagination.

The tender pathetic face was framed in by drifts of soft hair like a cloud-wrack rolling away after a storm. For a moment I looked at her, then turned again at Courtney. What mattered one actress more or less to me?

Of the play, I saw only what was reflected in Courtney's face, and I think it was not so much the play that I saw, as the changeful dawn of a strange new day

to which his soul was awakening. What a wonderously scintillant beauty it made his face, and I wished that with this beautiful birth, life, too, could come.

While I was watching him, all unconscious of the play, I was started by his suddenly rising and springing from the box to the stage. At the same time, I became aware of a thrill of horror that swept over the audience. I had just time before the curtain went down, to see that the light draperies of the actress had flamed up suddenly, and that Courtney was holding her in his arms, crushing out the flames.

When I got behind the scenes the flames were extinguished, and the girl, frightened but unhurt, was kneeling down and holding Courtney's head in her arms. There was the same light in her face bent close to his, that I had seen on his own when he first heard her sing. His eyes were upturned to hers, with a mute appeal which she must have understood, for she tenderly and lovingly bent over and kissed him on the lips.

As the curtain fell on the last scene of the drama of his life, Stillson Courtney's spirit, with all the breath of the bloom of the year in the kiss of Mignone, crossed over the river to that undiscovered shore where the heart of the springtime and the soul of the summer is in all of the days of the years.

THE ATONEMENT.

BY GARRARD HARRIS.

THE Governor sat alone in his office. His private secretary had gone, and the porter had not yet lighted the gas. The Governor was tired and weary from a hard day's work, and he leaned back lazily in his chair.

He was trying to locate a pair of eyes. He had been over to the penitentiary during the day, and in going through its gloomy walls had come upon a convict being led back to his cell by a couple of stout turnkeys. The convict was refractory, and had just been given a thrashing, and as he slouched along, suddenly the Governor stopped him, attracted by his face, and asked what the trouble was.

"None o' yer dam business," growled the young man sullenly.

"Shut yer mouth, yer fool, it's the Governor!" said one of the guards. "An' if yer can't speak polite ter him, we'll take yer back an' see if a little more hickory 'll help yer."

"I don't care if he is the Governor. I don't expect nothin' from him,—got no favors to ask of him nor nobody else. Lemme go to my cell."

He was taken to the narrow den that was to be his home for the term of his natural life, and the heavy door clanged to in its groove. The turnkeys came back to where the Governor stood, looking curiously after the convict.

"Who is that man, and what is he in for?"

"His name's Smith, and he's up from Limestone county. Murder, and he's a 'lifer,'" chatted the guard. "He's a tough nut,—ain't thirty years old yit, but he's allers in trouble, till he got in here. I'm from Limestone county myself, and I know him. Yes, siree, he's a bad egg. Killed his daddy. The old man was a hard citizen, too. They got inter some sort of a family rookus, and th' fust thing Jim done was ter shoot his paw. Th' jury would er hung Jim, but his daddy was sich an allfired mean man they thought Jim oughter been allowed somethin' fer riddin' th' county of him, so they give Jim a life term."

This was all that had occurred, but the Governor had taken a good look at the prisoner's face. It had been a fine face once. Even now it was not wholly bad. If he would drop that look of sullen defiance, it would be a very good-looking face indeed. And those eyes,—certainly, thought the Governor, he had seen those eyes before! He cudgeled his brains, and somehow, out of the dim, misty memories of childhood, there appeared a pair of eyes, strangely like the ones of the convict. It was queer,—he could not help thinking of an old apple tree in full blossom and moonlight and a white face with those eyes. It was most unaccount-

The governor shivered and his teeth chattered a little.

able, and mixed up. There was a timid knock at the door, and the figure of a frail looking old woman entered as though half afraid.

"It is after office hours, madam, and you will have to come back to-morrow."

"I'm so sorry the Governor is gone. I have been trying to see him for three days, and every time he has been too busy. Well, I will come back to-morrow."

As she started to go a ray of light from a street lamp flashed into the office and on the withered face.

There were those eyes again! And the vision of the apple blossoms!

"Madam, I am the Governor. It is unusual to attend to business at this time in the evening, but I will make an exception in your case. What is it you wish?"

"You—the Governor?"

"Certainly, madam. Please tell me what I can do for you?"

She unrolled a grimy paper and handed it to him. In the dim light he could see that it was a petition for a pardon. And as he strained his eyes over it in the twilight, the poor little woman in the rusty dress sat with clinched hands, and wildly beating heart, waiting breathlessly.

"H—m. James Smith, Limestone county. Murder. Not many names on the petition. On what grounds, madam, do you base this claim to executive clemency? From all I can learn this case is a particularly horrible one. The man killed his father, and, moreover,

Smith is a man of bad reputation in the county from which he came."

"It's not so,—it's a lie. He has always been good to me. And the man he—he—killed was not his father; he was his stepfather. That wasn't shown at the trial—we had no money to get a lawyer. And Jim was always so kind to me—he's all I have left of the happy days before I married that drunken brute. Jim is all I have in this world," she wailed.

"Madam, I do not see that it is a case where I can interfere. There is no showing made of extenuating circumstances."

"No 'extenuating circumstances!' My God,—if you want to know of 'extenuating circumstances' I'll tell you of them. I killed that man myself, and Jim said he did it in order to save me. He was beating me, as he always did when he was drunk,—and taunting me about Jim, until in desperation I snatched up the pistol. I didn't mean to kill him, I just wanted to hurt him, and make him leave me alone,—he was about to hit me with a stick,—and I fired. Jim came in just then. He went and gave himself up. And he told me that if I said a word about his not doing it, he would kill himself, so I was afraid."

"You say Jim was not the son of the man he killed, —then whose son was he?"

"I can't tell you. When I was a girl I lived in a state a long ways from here—and I was pretty then, everybody said so,—but that don't matter now. After the war, when I was still young, I had a sweetheart.

He was a poor boy,—came back from the war just twenty-two years old, and worked the old farm for a while. Then his people all died, and he went away. I lived with my old grandfather,—my father died in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. And John finally said he was going away to make his fortune, and some day he would come back for me. And I trusted him and believed him. I well remember the night we parted, when he went away. It was in the spring time, and we sat under the great low-branched apple tree down in the orchard——"

The Governor shivered, and his teeth chattered a little.

"Go on,—go on," he said in a low voice.

"It was moonlight, and the apple blossoms were on the ground all about us, and he pulled great branches of them and put them in my hair and on my dress,—and he said my eyes looked like two great violets peeping out of a snow bank. Well, he went away. I heard from him for awhile, and then I heard no more.

"Then baby,—Jim, who is in prison, was born. Grandfather died soon after, and I went away. I met the brute that—that's dead. He was not so bad then. I tried to find John,—but I could not. He must have died, or he would have come back to me and made everything all right. I married this man. He thought I was a widow,—and in the sight of God I was. John was surely dead. We drifted about, first to one place, and then to another. He was mean and shiftless. He was cruel to me, and beat me, and somehow, he found

out about Jim, and then he was worse than ever, and my life was awful.

"Jim was good to me, and he kept us up. Every cent he made he gave to me, and comforted me, and never said an unkind word to me in his life. If I don't get him out I'll die,—I'll die, I don't care to live without him. Please sir, turn him loose and let me have a little happiness in this life—I have not much more left, and I have had nothing but sorrow. Let a little brightness come back to me,—let me feel as happy as I did before that night when the apple blossoms were so pretty and,——"

There was a long silence. The Governor thought of the violet eyes, and the moonlight, and the upturned, trusting face, and the apple blossoms, long, ah, so long ago. The woman had broken down and was weeping silently. The Governor's eyes were full of tears. At last he broke the silence. From his pocket he pulled a wallet, and took a pile of bills from it.

"Madam," he said, "here is some money, a few hundred dollars. It will keep you and Jim for a while. And if you will present yourself at the prison to-morrow at twelve o'clock, your boy will be turned over to you pardoned, on condition that both of you take the first train and leave this state where you have seen so much sorrow. The money I have given you will pay your railroad fare and keep you and Jim until he can get some work. I do this for the sake of your dead John. Do not come here to thank me to-morrow, for I cannot see you. Good night,—and good bye."

And as she left the office with a heart too full of happiness to put into mere words, she saw, in the twilight shadows, the Governor lean forward, and as though in utter weariness, pillow his head upon his arms on the broad desk.

The rest of the night she could not sleep for joy. Nor could the Governor sleep.. He kept thinking about the moonlight night, the old home, the graves on the bare hillside,—the violet eyes, and the ground strewed with the petals of apple blossoms.

It was a small morsel of comfort to know that she believed him dead.

THE MIRACLE OF LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.

ODETTE was brushing Mrs. Maitland's hair before the long mirror, stopping every now and then to take a surreptitious peep at her own dusky locks, worn coronet fashion above a brow that had all the creamy beauty of a tea rose. Quadroons in New Orleans do not wear tignons, though they still follow their mothers' trade of coiffeuses.

"Tiens," she was saying, "when all is said it was a miracle of le bon St. Roch. Yesterday M'sieu le docteur say to Madame Pierre, 'Hit is of no use, my fren', de lil gal will die.' Madame Pierre, she sen' out to de miracle chapel of St. Roch, an' make an hofferin'. She burn one, two, three candles. Dis mawnin' de lil gal opens her heyes an' speak. Voilà! It is, as I tell you, a miracle."

Mrs. Maitland smiled a little cynically. In the brilliant and worldly society in which she moved at home miracles and a belief in the supernatural had small space.

"Odette," she asked, "do you believe in miracles?"

Odette crossed herself piously. Mrs. Maitland was "of de nort," and many eccentricities were to be for-

given her—as, for instance, walking when she might ride, but this was too much.

"I? No," she said, "I don't believe, I know. One time I knew a girl, she get so old—twenty-two, twenty-three—so old:" and Odette threw out her hands in a superb gesture that took in the remote ages, "an' she not marry. One day she says, 'I go make a novena to de blessed St. Roch.' De las' mawnin', she come home, dat Jean whut had never look at her befo', he come an' he axe her to make marry wid him." The girl paused and brushed the beautiful rich hair until it shone like burnished gold, and then curiosity got the better of her and she asked timidly, "Does Madame not believe in miracles?"

Mrs. Maitland shook her head. "Ah," returned the girl, "it is perhaps that Madame is very wise, but it is not happy that one should be too wise," and then she added a little wistfully, "if only Madame would go out to the miracle chapel, and there pray for her heart's desire, she would see that the blessed miracle would happen."

After the girl had gone Mrs. Maitland sat a long time before the mirror, with unseeing eyes, thinking about what the girl had said. "It was not happy to be too wise." Good God, who should know that so well as she! And then her mind went back and threshed over that miserable affair with Jack. She had been rich, and he had been poor, and people had not scrupled to hint to her that he was a fortune-hunter, but people always said that about every man who

pays attention to a girl with money. Jack had never seemed to care for money, and she had trusted him, and loved him, and married him. Well, she had had three years of such bliss as seldom falls to mortals, she told herself, before the end came to her paradise. She had found him reading a letter in a woman's handwriting one day, and had demanded to see it. He had replied that it contained a secret of one who had confided in his honor, and that he could not reveal it, and a sudden passion of jealous fury mastering her, she had turned upon him with gibes, and taunts, and ended with the bitter accusation that he had married her for her money.

"Do you think that, Alicia?" he had asked with a face as white as death, and she had replied, "Yes." Then he turned and walked out of the house—"my house," she had called it—and she had never seen him since.

"Ah," she cried, "if only some miracle could give me back my lost faith and happiness!" and then with hurrying fingers she fastened on her hat, and scarcely knowing what she did, found herself on her way to the little miracle chapel that hovers, like a gray winged dove on the edge of the marsh.

It is a piteous and quaint little place, scarcely larger than an ordinary room. In the corners are piled the crutches and canes of those who have found strength and health, as if to perpetually remind one of how close death is to life. Black-robed figures come and go before the humble altar, and the maimed, the

halt and the blind, finding no other healing, come here to the great physician. At the gateway there was a little boy, blind from childhood, fumbling for a few pennies tied up in the corner of his handkerchief with which to buy a candle. He was led by his brother, hardly bigger than himself, and their pinched and wizzened faces, and their ragged clothes bore mute witness to the deprivations and bitter economy by which they had scraped together their little hoard.

The candle purchased of the sacristan, they moved forward, and knelt before the altar. From her place near the door she watched the blind boy's face, lit up by the radiance of perfect faith, and as they left, she accosted them and gleaned from them their story. Little enough it was in good truth—just two waifs, homeless and friendless in a great city, one of them shut up in the dark prison house of blindness.

"If only Jean could see, Madame," explained the older one, "we would be rich. He could take one route with the papers, and I another. But it will be all right now. The good St. Roch will assuredly give him his sight. Is it not so?"

"Assuredly," she answered, with something like a sob rising in her throat. It seemed to her as if for the first time in all her rich, easy, protracted existence she was really touching life. Day after day she met the curious and pathetic little procession at the old chapel, and then one afternoon a strange thing happened in the shabby little street where the boys lived. A carriage drove up to the door of the house

in which they lodged, and the greatest oculist in all the South climbed up to their attic, and when he came down he led the blind child by the hand.

A week later a beautiful woman with hair like burnished gold sat by a white cot at the Hotel Dieu, holding a child's hands in hers, and on her face a look of gentleness and peace that none had ever seen before on the proud face of Alicia Maitland.

"Ah, Madame," the little occupant of the cot was saying, "the blessed St. Roch did hear my prayers after all, and the doctor says that to-morrow I am to see." He was silent for a minute, and then a wistful look came across his face. "Madame, Victor says that your face is like that of the blessed Virgin. If only I might see your face the first!"

For reply Mrs. Maitland stooped and kissed the childish lips. "Dear little lad, it shall be as you wish, and there are to be no more hard and bitter days for you and Victor," she whispered, and then as the child drifted off into dreams, he murmured something, and she bent low to listen.

"It is a miracle," he said, "the blind have been made to see, an——"

"And the wounded heart made whole. For me, too, the miracle has been wrought," she added through her happy tears, for hidden under the laces on her breast was a telegram that said that night, Jack, forgiving and forgiven, was to be with her once more.

THE MUSEME WITH THE SILVER HEART.

BY WILLIAM RAY GARDINER.

BOB MORGAN, the singing lieutenant of the Raleigh, turned up at the club the second day he was in Tokio with a kahki suit, a terai hat, a paper sun-umbrella and a Japanese pug following to a string. It was a dangerously acute attack of the Japanese fever.

Detached from his ship after Dewey's great victory, to learn from the Japanese their valuable secret of making smokeless powder, his lifelong ambition was to be gratified—to spend a year among the shrines and lanterns, the geishas and rickshaws, the jugglers and the children with the patchwork hair, in the Japanese capital.

How much more important than the powder that blows up ships is the powder that the bamboo puff leaves on the cheeks of a museme—by which name all unmarried Japanese women are known— "Singing Bob" never dreamed when he rented the native cottage, with its forest garden of dwarf pines and blossoming cherries, its graceful galleries with slender balustrades overlooking the Shinagawa bay, its high garden wall and the temple roofed lodge at the gate.

Piggot, the Englishman who gave up the house to

him, left his liegemen with the premises—the wonderful Watanabe, cook and interpreter, and the parchment-faced Musaburo, the consumptive coolie who was both gatekeeper and rickshawman. That there was no mother around did not induce anyone to ask a question about Musaburo's shaven-headed baby at the lodge.

Perhaps but for the plaintive baby, Morgan would have sent Musaburo away. His cough at nights kept the whole compound awake, but it was only a question of weeks for Musaburo in this world, and he remained at the lodge in peace.

"Singing Bob" was as little troubled with Japanese matrimonial intentions as the Jesuit missionaries down in the settlement, though he had been a guest of the native establishments kept by many of his brother officers and had been taught to believe with them that Japanese marriages are like Japanese lanterns—to be folded and put out of the way when the candle burned out.

In the silver Trilby heart he wore about his neck—an abnormally large one crested with oxidized fleurs-de-lis—was the picture of the girl who had clasped it there, a Senator's daughter, with big blue eyes, who had promised to go singing through life with "Singing Bob." It was charm enough.

But when Watanabe, short and with very fat eyelids and a most ambitious pompadour, appeared respectfully on his knees outside the door, after waiting seven whole days for Morgan to speak, a new perspective

was given the Japanese view stretching out before the lieutenant.

"Donna San excuse me, but will the honorable master have young wife, or one who knows the housekeeping?"

"Eh?" gasped Morgan, the Trilby heart flopping against his breast. "Ah, yes, to be sure—a young wife or an old one! Give me an hour, Watanabe, and I will tell you. Never thought the matter over before. Suppose I have to have her, do I?"

Watanabe gave him a look of withering scorn that only a Japanese cook can give. Here was a griffin indeed!

"Piggot San, he have wife. Every foreign masters have Japanese wife!"

When the cook withdrew, "Singing Bob" burst into a fit of laughter. Will one have a young wife or an old one—will one have a beefsteak or chops for breakfast?

Little O Gin San came, and, as all little O Gin Sans do, she conquered. Of all Japanese things Morgan had yet seen or would see again the little museme, in her purple gray kimono, her pearl-colored dzukin hood covering her forehead and the lower portion of her laughing face, was the daintiest. No piece of delicate satsuma, no bit of sky-colored cloissone, no fragile ivory carving could compare to her exquisite gracefulness.

"Singing Bob" thought the girl with the big blue eyes might open the lid of the Trilby heart and peep

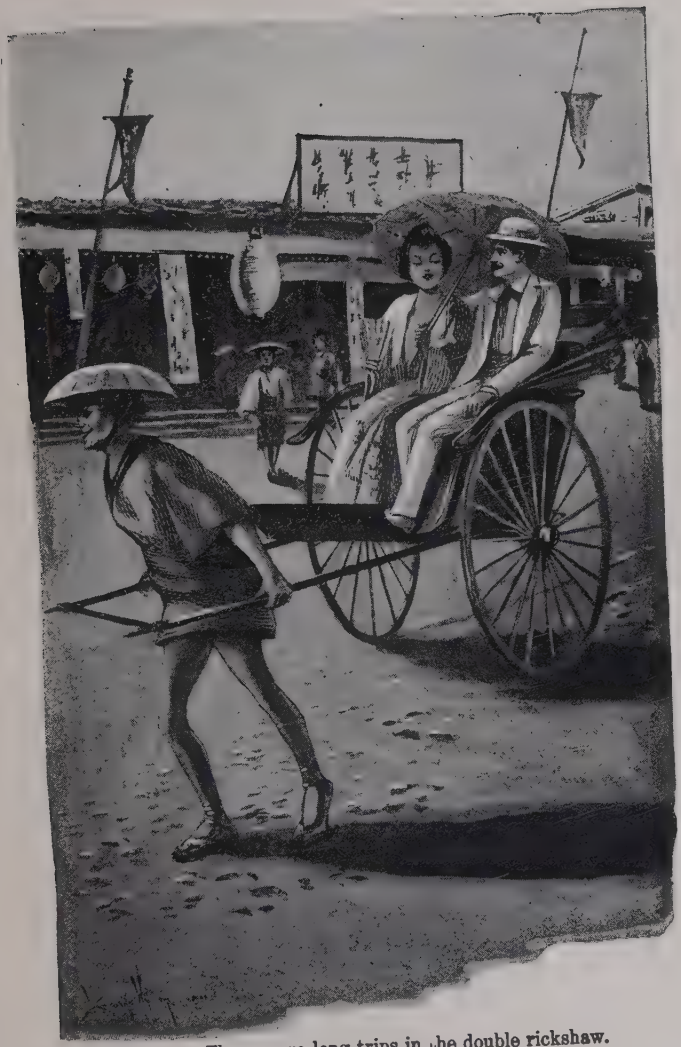
out without becoming jealous or shocked. The next three months was a Tokio honeymoon that the poets from the time of Jimmu Tenno down to the present era have tried in vain to describe. Morgan, in his ecstatic state, let O Gin San wear the silver heart.

There were long trips in the Japanese moonlight, in the double rickshaw, with Musaburo in the shafts. As he trotted laboriously along, pulling the rickshaw through the plum bowers and peony plantations, the consumptive coolie looked a grinning death's head. Moved to pity by O Gin San, Morgan at times called a passing rickshawman from the road and sent the half-dead fellow back to the lodge, where he fell in a coughing fit; or he would be allowed to trot on behind the rickshaw like a faithful dog, a picture of pathos, as Morgan and O Gin San laughed for joy.

The turning was sharp. The girl with the big blue eyes wrote she was coming out to Tokio. "Singing Bob" was plunged in despair. Little O Gin San rubbed his brow and made a cozier nest than ever in his heart which his hands could not tear out.

How did other men manage, when the candle burned out? The little museme had been a faithful wife, and she had grown very fond of him. That a word from him could absolutely divorce his delicate little Josephine of the Orient did not help him.

O Gin San, too, became suddenly depressed. Morgan came upon her weeping, just as he had summoned up courage to tell her. He took the little creature in his arms.



There were long trips in the double rickshaw.

"I cry like Musaburo's naughty baby," she said. "Don't sorry for me, Donna San Bob; I gladly cheerful to know you love me!"

And the little shrew laughed until her dancing eyes drank up the tears. From the yard came the consumptive's hollow cough and the piercing wail of the baby. She paled and, bursting into tears, fled from the room and out into the yard.

"Singing Bob" was more utterly miserable that night than he ever was before in his life. At daybreak he found O Gin San had not been to bed. He called to Watanabe. There was no answer. He searched the house to find that he was alone in his misery.

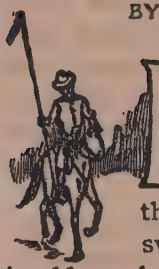
Hurrying to the lodge, he pushed the door open. Just inside lay the body of the consumptive gateman, dead from a hemorrhage. Pinned to his kimono was this note:

"Honorable Donna San:—Musaburo died last night. O Gin San have gone and so I have. We beg your honorable pardon. We must fear your anger at us. Musaburo have been wedded husband to O Gin San till he die. She make believe marry you only to get money for buy Musaburo medicine and to get sweet potatoes for her baby. And O Gin San say please Donna San Bob kindly excuse her—she love Musaburo loyal to death. Sayonara. Watanabe."

Below there was a postscript written very hurriedly, but very honestly: "The museme have taken your silver heart for a keepsake."

THE GUIDON OF THE GRAYS.

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING, U. S. A.



IT was gone and the troop was sore-hearted to the extent of hitting any outsider that spoke of it. The whole regiment knew its history and how the Grays prized it. We carried the silken swallow-tail at the head of each company in old cavalry days. Custer made a specialty of it in the Seventh, and there were soon imitators in other regiments of the pretty ceremony with which they ployed from column of route into column of troops for camp or bivouac. They took it up in the Twelfth, but the evening of the day Foster's Five Hundred struck and scattered Charging Bear's village on the Heecha Wakpa, there was no fluttering silken flag to mark the point where the right of the Grays was to rest. With a bitter curse at heart their captain ordered Skinny Welsh, their boy trumpeter, to gallop forward to where the adjutant was putting the guidon bearers in place. Blake with his bays had the head of column that evening—Ray, with the chestnut sorrels, followed. Then came Gregg with another bay troop, and gruff old "Stand" with his scrawny blacks. Then, fifth in column, rode the Grays, some with blood-stained flanks and all with jaded withers, for theirs had been

a luckless day. Sent headlong in pursuit of the vanishing Sioux, they had spurred six miles over the divide into the valley of Shadow Creek, and there in the willows and cottonwoods across the stream the Sioux had rallied, turned on the unsupported troop as it plunged and floundered through the quicksand, and the result was pitifully summed up in the captain's reply to the commander's later query, "What'd you get?"

"Get! We got hell and lost our guidon!"

That wasn't all the Grays had lost. Sergeant Sheridan and Troopers Flint and Connolly were shot dead. Lieutenant Hunter had a Winchester through the bridle arm, and five of the men were more or less severely wounded! That was bad enough, but they had lost their guidon, and even the wounded said that that was worst of all—worse even than losing eight of their beautiful, petted "mounts," the gray horses that were the pride of the troop.

And it wasn't their fault, though theirs was the stigma. Every officer, save the lieutenant-colonel commanding, and most of the men, well knew that had Foster followed and supported as he should have done the disaster would not have occurred.

Blake and Ray went over to the captain of the Grays that evening and silently offered their hands in sympathy and in sorrow. He wrung their hands, but would not speak. His heart was hot against the commander whose inexperience in frontier warfare had led to the calamity. They had landed their colors

foremost in half a dozen fights, had the Grays, and bragged about it, too, and when Shaughnessy of "G" troop taunted them, two weeks later at Laramie with being the first to lose them, the few Grays present fell upon him savagely.

"We bate the liquor out of him for daycincy's sake," was all Sergeant Mooney would say of the transaction.

Shaughnessy was borne to hospital—a wreck—but it couldn't comfort the Grays. They wanted that guidon back and prayed for the chance to get it.

The chance came, but none too soon. Many a trooper welcomed the orders that sent the Twelfth to winter quarters, but not so was it with the Grays. Foster's Five Hundred marched in past the agencies and through the line of frontier forts to snug stations along the railway, but the Grays begged to be given "first chance at the Brules," for half-breed scouts and "squaw men" whispered the tale that both the priceless silken treasure and the scalp of poor, brave-hearted Billy Flint, who bore it foremost in the charge, were hidden in the lodge of that painted villain, Stabber. In the fatal minute in which the troop was thrown into confusion, plunging and struggling up to the chargers' necks in quicksand, Hunter, Flint and the few that managed to cross, were cut off in the thick screening willows, and, though the Sioux had scurried away at sight of the approach of Foster's main column, they had snatched as trophies two bloody scalps and the silken swallow-tail.

And these were now in the Brule village—Stabber's

village—were they? Of course, no soldier could presume to enter there. The ægis of the Indian Bureau overspread the warriors in their winter home, and the Bureau would believe no such iniquity of the wards of the nation as that laid at their door by envious hangers-on about the agency. Stabber, of course, swore it was all a lie and laughed in his frowsy blanket at the way the agent backed him up.

"All right," said the Grays. "He'll take the war-path again next spring. Then give us a fair field and no—Foster."

And so it came about. Those were the days when we fought Indians all summer and fed them all winter—that being the policy of a wise and beneficent government. What the Twelfth asked was that the Indians shouldn't be "fostered" summer and winter both. In May the Brules "jumped" and joined the Northern Sioux; in June the Twelfth was far to the "Chinook" side of the Cheetish mountains, and one day the bluffs of the Rosebud were red with daring, dashing Indian warriors in hot battle with long lines of dismounted skirmishers, and up and down the billowing field, hither and yon, yelling, taunting, screaming shrill defiance, rode that paint-streaked villain Stabber, waving aloft over his feathered head the guidon of the Grays.

Twice they charged—only to see every warrior flash away from their front and darting out of sight behind bluffs and divides to right and left, and to feel their lead hissing about them from rock and copse and

covert, felling more of their beautiful grays and emptying half a dozen saddles.

"No sense in that!" said the veteran trooper in supreme command, and ordered them back to the lines. Back they rode, burdened with wounded, and out came Stabber from the screen of the ridge full a thousand yards away, and darted along parallel with the fighting front at top speed of his pony—his feathered war bonnet and the silken guidon streaming in the wind—a taunting, tantalizing mark. Vengefully the carbines cracked and the bullets tore at the turf about him, but the range was too great. Only a chance shot could lay him low. The Grays, dismounting, ground their teeth and sent their horses to the rear, while the wounded hobbled or were borne away to the pack train. Then up rode old Stannard, the fighting major, his eyes flashing, his face aflame.

"Fire slow," he shouted; "just stand 'em off awhile, men." Then he signaled to their raging captain to follow him, and in another minute a little group of officers was crouching at a knoll in rear of the center of the line. There was a moment of eager gestures, Stannard evidently explaining some projected move. We could see him pointing down the valley and up to the crests of the eastward bluffs where our reserves were posted to prevent attack from the rear. We could see that lanky Blake was arguing, and that Billy Ray, all impatience, had leaped again into saddle. Whatever the discussion, it didn't last long. Stannard's word was law with most

of them—even slow-going old Gregg. We saw Ray dart for the far right of the line. We saw "Legs" Blake straddle his gaunt charger and follow. We saw Gregg and Wayne and gruff old Stand climb into saddle and trot back to their skirmish line, and then came our own troop leader "with blood in his eye," and we knew there was fun ahead for somebody. It came soon enough. Far down at the right Ray's men rose up from the prairie and began slowly backing toward the stream bed wherein their horses were sheltered. At the same moment, as though answering Stannard's signals, "K" troop's fellows, in the cottonwoods to our left, opened savagely on the clumps of warriors across the valley, making them duck and dive for cover. All the time, of course, the Sioux were keeping up their shooting, but at such a distance we were surprised to see three or four of Ray's fellows stumble as if shot and sprawl on the turf. Then Blake's men suddenly began to drift back, dodging and ducking for all the world as though the bullets were whistling close about their ears, and they were scared of them. Then—good God, was it possible? Ray's men were running—yes, running for their horse and then Blake's, too, broke and rushed for the river bed, and then, yelling like fiends, all fury and exultation, down swept score after score of mounted warriors from the opposite slopes, and we couldn't believe our eyes. Billy Ray, whom we had sworn by for years, was heading his mob in a wild stampede for the bluffs, and Blake's men were screaming like mad into saddle

and scurrying away to the rear. What on earth could it mean?

Instantly, all along the front and the opposite foothills, the Indians lashed their ponies in pursuit. Away went that streaming standard far to the right, and we knew Stabber was urging on the chase. Then Gregg's line and Wayne's were seen to be falling back, but steadily, and still our captain gave no sign to rise. "Keep down; keep down!" he said, as some nervous fellow turned and looked appealingly. And then, all of a sudden, we old hands saw the game, for now the running right had reached the bluffs and began to climb. The yelling Sioux had reached the stream and were splashing through, Stabber waving the guidon in their very midst. And now the ground to our right was clear of friends and comrades, and farther to the right, five hundred yards away, swarming with painted savages intent only in driving Blake and Ray; and then our trumpet rang the joyous "mount," and up from the swale at our backs came young Hunter and the horse-holders with our grays snorting, plunging and kicking. God! how the memory of it thrills me yet!

"Mount lively, lads!" we heard our captain cry. Then, as we sprang into saddle, never waiting to form ranks, never stopping to count fours—"Ride for the guidon!" he yelled. "Follow me! Come on!"

On it was, in a whirl of dust, in a torrrent of cheers, in a wild, headlong, desperate dash that knew no thought of peril or defeat or death, only the glorious

possibility of getting that guidon! Well had Ray and Blake dissembled! Well had they drawn them on, for more than half the five hundred yards were crossed in our thundering rush before even the wariest on the inner flank got wind of our coming, and then it was too late to save Stabber. Straight through their scattering cloud our leaders tore their way. "Cap" sitting low in saddle, his eyes and teeth gleaming like a wolf's; big Jim Caffery, our second sergeant, close at his stirrup, and little Hunter yelling and spurring close on t'other side. It was all done in a minute. We bowled 'em over like ten pins where we hit 'em square, and sent them whirling and whooping down the valley, we firing and hacking and hammering at their heels. But in the midst of it all we saw "Cap" and Caffery closing in on old Stabber, saw him reeling and swaying, the boys right and left pumping lead into every Indian that dare look back, and all of a sudden the silken folds went swaying and sweeping and waving over our heads, and a cheer went up you could hear back at Cloud Peak. Ray and Blake were charging to our right, Gregg and Wayne were volleying across the valley to our left, and we'd won the field, and won again the guidon of the Grays!

WHY JUDGE DUTTON RESIGNED.

BY HELEN H. GARDENER.

SOCIALLY, he was the most modest and timid of men. His integrity of character had led to his elevation from one post to another, when such a man was needed to bridge over a serious crisis in the business or political life of the town. He was never brilliant, but had what is known as the judicial temperament and a keen sense of justice, although he was mentally rather slow. He had never "gone out" socially since he was jilted, years ago, by Kitty Powell, and he would never attend even a church wedding. Still, it must not be inferred that he was morose or unsocial. With men he was easy, frank, sincere and companionable. Recently there had been a hot contest over the vacant judgeship of the Circuit Court and he was urged by all the best citizens to act as the "people's candidate." He pointed out that although he had been admitted to the Bar, he had never practiced law.

"I have devoted my attention, as you all know, to stock raising, when not doing special services for my townsmen. That can hardly fit me for the Judge's bench," he insisted.

"Why not?" was the reply. "What could better fit you to comprehend the various natures you will have

to deal with? A vicious colt and a vicious criminal are products to be dealt with according to the judgment of those who handle them. You have learned to read the marks. Who is better able to apply this knowledge to the vicious human colt?"

Benjamin Dutton laughed. It was a town saying that "when Dutton laughs you can elect him and he will serve." So, it was only a question of time when Judge Dutton handed down his first decision.

But there were two duties he would be called upon to perform which had escaped his close consideration, otherwise nothing short of the thumb-screw would have secured his consent. These were passing the death sentence and performing marriage services. He had not been long on the bench when a murder case was brought before him. The conviction was certain and the Judge was greatly perturbed over the sentence he must pronounce. He wrote out several forms and tore them up. He sat up nearly all of the last night and rewrote what he should say. Finally, worn out, he determined to memorize one from a famous legal authority. It was short, and as humane as such a document could be. It ended with the old form, "and may God have mercy on your soul." When it was well memorized he went to bed but he could not sleep. After three o'clock he fell into a light doze but the rhythm and measure of those memorized sentences beat upon his brain until it woke him in an effort to throw off the visions it brought. At twenty minutes before six a violent knocking was heard at his door.

He occupied the best suite in the hotel. He opened the door a mere crack, expecting to see some one who had come to plead for the murderer.

"I really could not stand that," he thought.

Therefore when he saw the radiant face of the hotel clerk he felt as if his own reprieve had come and, throwing on his dressing gown and slippers, he called out: "Come in! Why, bless my soul, boy, what's up? Come right in?"

The clerk could not recall that the Judge had ever been so cordial with him. He seemed almost boyishly delighted to see him—and the clerk marveled. Then he glanced into the long mirror, and marveled no longer.

"I'm glad you take it so well, Judge," he began, "I hated, no end, to call you at this ungodly hour; but time and an ocean steamer wait for no man, and my little sister and her beloved have got to be married in about twenty minutes or they'll miss the train, and the steamer will sail away with all her good clothes and leave bride and groom behind."

He rattled on unobservant of the dismay on the face of the Judge, who was staring at him with wild eyes, meanwhile struggling with his refractory suspenders, one end of which was tightly held between his teeth as he clawed the air and his back, in a vain endeavor to catch the other end. The clerk was admiring his own proportions in the full length mirror, as he bowled along gayly.

"Yes, it's like this. They were to have arrived and

been married by a clergyman last night. I was going to give them a little spread down stairs. But they had an accident up the road—nobody killed, don't look so scared, Judge. Their license is O. K. but every blasted preacher in town is over at that union meeting in Everett. You are our only hope, and—by Jove! they've only got eighteen minutes now! Just slash off a legal ceremony, and I'll be yours truly ever after!"

To sentence a man to be hanged was terrible, the Judge was thinking, but this was simply appalling. He was slowly clambering around the idea that it was in fact one of his legal duties which he must face, when a soft voice called out from the hall:

"Is he ready for us, Tom?"

"Yes," called back the clerk. "Go to the other door!" He rushed into the Judge's parlor to unlock the door, leaving with a quick push, the license in the judicial hands.

"Here, come this way. Now, stand there. Judge, they're ready. Come and turn on your legal machinery. Trot out your fastest magisterial thunder—lightning express, so to speak. 'Do you take,' &c.? They do. I'll bet four dollars you never saw such a willing couple. Been sparkin' now three years."

The Judge had taken up a legal book in which he vaguely recalled that he had seen questions and answers for a marriage service. He hastily turned the leaves but failed to find what he sought. He glanced at the clock and at the anxious faces before him and began, desperately.

"Do you, John Stevens, solemnly swear that you will take this woman to have and to hold, according to the terms of this contract, so help you God?"

"I do," responded the groom, wondering if that was the usual legal form. He and Nellie had read together the religious service, but neither of them had ever seen any other. The Judge was floundering through another question to the end of which he was trying to attach, without visible lack of continuity, the words "until death you do part," which he felt morally certain should close his argument for the defendant, as he mentally styled Nellie.

"I will," replied that young lady, wondering why legal wordings were so peculiarly idiotic.

"Then," began the Judge, in a solemn, deliberate voice, holding both hands out as in benediction; "Then, I pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy on your souls."

The words had hardly escaped when a shout of laughter went up from the clerk, a bell boy, two chamber maids, and three commercial travelers who had stood beside the door. They were all rushing down stairs. The Judge was mopping his forehead, with a large silk handkerchief and wondering what was the matter. He thought they might have suspected that he compiled the ceremony as he went along, but he thought that he had done remarkably well. Mirthful voices were welling up from the street door.

The bell-boy who answered to the name of "Front"

"And may God have mercy on your souls."

gave a sudden yell at the departing pair. "And may God have mercy on your souls!" and many voices joined in the laugh. Then it dawned upon the Judge that he had passed a part of the death sentence upon the innocent couple. His first impulse was to run after them and reverse the decree. Then the idea of a pardon floated across his perturbed brain; but, before he had decided upon any course of action, he realized that the bridal party was gone.

The Judge walked gravely up to the mirror and gazed steadily at himself for fully a minute before he spoke. His vest was buttoned wrong; he had on his bed slippers, and he had forgotten to brush his hair. A slight twinkle of humor began to struggle into his eyes as he remarked aloud.

"Well, I'm alive after all; but you old fool, the best thing in this world for you to do is to stick to a stock farm. I wish you'd look at that vest button. Bed shoes! And that head! Nice introduction to a bride of the ways of men!"

He did not see how he could pronounce that death sentence now, gravely. He ordered his breakfast with an idea of writing another original sentence after he ate. He gulped down some coffee and started for a walk. Everyone smiled so suspiciously as he passed that he felt sure there was a sly dig behind it. That infernal "Front" and the clerk had told, he felt sure of that. He shut himself in his private room at the court building and underwent a panic of nerves until the officer came to escort him to the Bench.

"Hear ye! hear—y hear—y! Hon'able court—bl—and bldd!"

The Judge noticed how little sense there appeared to be in the officer's opening call. The ordinary business began. Several indictments were handed up and read, and then the convicted man was led in for sentence. Several women relatives were weeping. The Judge tried not to see any of them but his voice trembled noticeably as he began:

"Peter Williams, you have been convicted by a jury of unusual intelligence, of a most heinous crime. It has been proved beyond a doubt, that you conceived, planned and executed one of the most atrocious murders that has blotted the fair fame of our Commonwealth. In the discharge of my sworn duty it becomes—it——"

The Judge had unwittingly glanced toward the rear of the court room and in that one rapid sweep of the eye had caught the mischief-laden orbs of the imp from the hotel.

"It is my unpleasant duty, as the judicial officer of this Court, to pass upon your unfortunate head the sentence laid down by the law." The Judge was looking sternly at "Front," as he continued, "You are, Peter Williams, sentenced to be hanged by the neck until death do you part."

There was a sudden stir and then a wave of half suppressed laughter swept across the room. The prisoner lifted his stubborn eyes and the Judge opened his lips again as if to supplement himself. The

laughter grew definite and the gavel of the Sheriff silenced it with difficulty. The Judge ordered the room cleared. Then he opened a law book and read from it verbatim (except for the change of the prisoner's name) the sentence he had memorized the night before. Then he arose, mounted his horse, and galloped out to his farm. There he wrote a legal looking document, and sent it by a farm hand for immediate delivery. It was his resignation as Judge of the Circuit Court. When the man was gone Judge Dutton heaved a sigh of relief and remarked aloud: "One such day is quite enough for me. I was never cut out for a judicial functionary. Most decidedly, my forte is stock farming. I can handle a bucking horse but a bucking marriage service or death sentence are bound to throw me. I could never face 'Front' again—the infernal little imp!"

TONGUE OF FLAME.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

AFTER supper was over, young Gideon Sennett changed his rough clothing for a little better suit, then set to walk up the road towards the Alstetter homestead.

He had worked hard in the hayfield all day. His back ached, his arms were sore, but this was Wednesday night. On the white wooden steps of the church a mile away, Flavilla Lingrel would wait for him. They could sit there quietly until he was rested.

Flavilla was there. He saw her from afar, her pink calico gown making a bright spot against the whiteness of the steps. It was just after sunset when he started, there were rosy clouds still in the west. Flavilla was not a pretty girl, but she had a smile that meant volumes. It was worth a very long walk to see.

These two devoted young people were very shy and awkward in the expression of deep feeling between them. Their very loneliness while boy and girl at school had drawn them to each other. He was an orphan and her father had long since married a woman who resented her existence. Neither Gideon nor Flavilla had any but a grudged life up to the time each was able to work. Then came days of toil with little to enliven them or breed aspiration.

Stranger things have happened than that both should be absurdly ambitious. In Gideon's family, two generations back, there had been a preacher. He was a devout man, well educated for his time and not without power in oratory. His son, Gideon's father, had been not only stupid, but a ne'er-do-well. In his grandson, Gideon revived the devotion, the ambition, the gift of speech, the sturdy industry.

Flavilla wanted a home different from what her home had been. She dreamed of peaceful days, of thrifty management, of love, of being kind to those about her. She entered enthusiastically into Gideon's ideas, she stimulated him from his boyhood to daring dreams of success.

For seven years they worked, toiled, dreamed. To-night, as they sat on the steps of the church where the grandfather had lifted up his voice, they seemed little nearer to the fulfilment of their hopes than before. Physically weary, Gideon's spirits wavered.

Flavilla was a year the older. That counts a great deal at nineteen and twenty. Besides, in her burned a more enthusiastic and steady fire.

"I don't see how it can be done this fall, Flavie. I've got the money for the college course, but how am I going to live?"

" 'T wouldn't take much to keep us."

"Us! Oh, Flavie!"

"You're never going without me, Gideon. I've got some money, you know."

"It might be. When haying's over, I'll go up and see."

This is the reason why a meeting of the faculty of a certain college and theological seminary was interrupted one day by a stalwart country lad. He came asking impetuously for entrance into college, with little money and no church influence to back him.

Then Gideon talked. The spirit of his grandfather seemed in him. He told of his dreams for years, his toil and Flavilla's interest and encouragement. How well he expressed himself at that time he never knew, but, as the old president walked from Recitation Hall to the Library afterwards with the professor of Greek, he said gently:

"It is a long time since I felt that a lad had such a clear call. I had been wondering if there was to be no more inspiration."

They promised Gideon shelter in a part of a house on the campus. He went back to Flavilla triumphant. Now was Gideon the very sword of the Lord.

In the quiet country neighborhood his return, the projected wedding, such prospects for a lad of no property caused the wildest excitement. Flavilla, from scarce more than a drudge, at once became the most envied girl in the township. Her setting out was discussed far and near. She had many presents from women who thought that by helping her they gave directly to the Lord. Meetings were held to help her sew, and it was from these grew that idea that afterwards caused such a sensation at the college.

The neighborhood religion had been for years a dead letter. The small country church with its pulpit

reached by a winding stair, its benches black with age, had not been opened for many years. Now a sentiment grew to open it one Sunday during the summer, and Gideon was asked to conduct a service by a committee of grave men.

"I am but entering college," he cried, this lad who had plowed from sunrise. "I know nothing yet of what I expect to learn. Men, it will be seven years before I am fit to teach the word of the Lord."

"The Lord will tell you what to say," said a very old man who remembered his grandfather, "and we have no other to speak to us, Gideon."

He promised to give them an answer on the morrow, and went to see Flavilla. There was no happier woman than she those days. She was sitting at her sewing when Gideon came in, humming a quaint country ditty. He thought her a changed woman. Surely, she had never seemed so handsome in the olden days of toil and anxiety. He told her what the people asked. Its full meaning dawned upon her.

"You must do this thing, Gideon," she said after a silence; "it will help both you and the people."

"But a sermon?"

Flavilla struggled with the thought. To her mind a sermon meant deep knowledge, research, feeling, conviction. Had not she talked these things over with Gideon since they were boy and girl together? The very fact of long continued thought upon these subjects served well now.

"There will be nothing expected of you that you are

not ready for," she told him after a time, "and since you cannot talk of great things, would it not be as well to speak of those at hand! Don't preach. You ain't fit. You're just a common man now. Talk man to man. And, Gideon dear," she went on, "don't forget to talk a little to us women. We need lots o' God. It's a God for every day we want."

He only said, after a silence, "Flavilla, I guess I'll go on home."

She understood him. They walked down to the gate together. There was a dark evergreen tree there, and he kissed her solemnly.

"Flavilla, you must wear your bride dress. And sit all alone on the front bench " He still had his misgivings as to the propriety of his proceedings. The next morning he wrote a misspelled letter to the college president asking him for advice. Sunday came and no reply had reached him.

The interest in the meeting was widespread. It was a Sunday in late August, and the little church was filled, the overflow standing about the doors and windows. Flavilla had chosen some of her old schoolmates to practice hymns with her. Their musical knowledge was limited, but it would help. They sat on the second bench in their clean summer array. On the first bench, alone, sat Flavilla. She wore the white dress she was to be married in, and a simple hat. When the house was full, Gideon walked in. He wore his new black suit, but looked like a true son of toil, a lad from the very midst of the people.

Flavilla started a hymn, all sang who could, then Gideon read, not any too well, a portion of the Scriptures. Afterwards he stepped down from the pulpit and stood almost among them.

Gideon will never preach such a sermon again. He has gone from field and wood and pasture to more conventional paths. Never again will he walk between an actual living, human Christ, and an actual, breathing community as on that day of his boyhood. He talked. God-life in common life in common ways was made real. In the morning, at noon, in the tired hours of the evening, at toil, in dealing, in birth, life and death, Christ-life was depicted. Then Gideon spoke a few sentences of his own future hopes, and asked all to keep him in prayerful remembrance.

The silent and stolid people were more moved than they cared to show. Old men wrung his hand, women looked at him with misty eyes. Flavilla's tears ran down her cheeks as she bravely started the last hymn.

But, while the people reluctantly filed out, there strode into the church a man of presence, of speech. He put his arm about Gideon's shoulders, and looked at him with proud eyes.

"The Lord was with you," said the college president. The strange letter had brought him hither.

Gideon is now a great preacher. His own and Flavilla's dreams were nothing in comparison to the reality. They still tell at the college of his hard study, Flavilla's aid and comradeship, and of the wagon load

of provisions that came to them every few months from their old neighborhood. They still tell of Gideon's gift of speech, his honors, what a credit he is to the college. If you ask the secret of his mission, he looks at Flavilla and says, "I try to tell of an every-day God and as man to man."

THE NIGHT OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

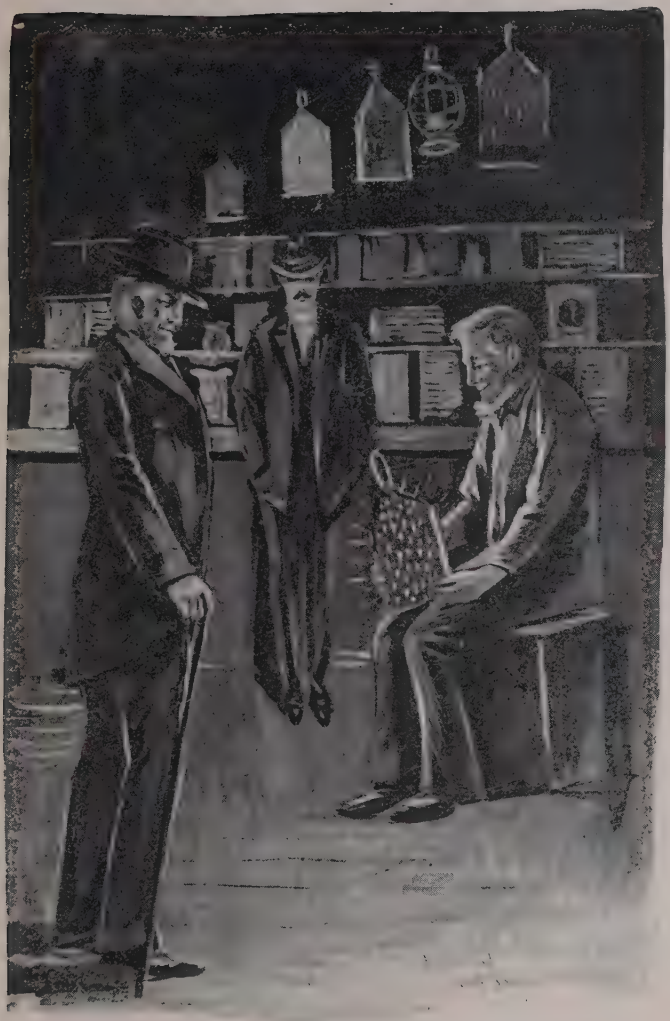
HE was the man I had been looking for. I was entering upon dark and unknown ways of life when I met Riggs, who stood at the edge of the darkness selling lanterns. They were his specialty. He would sell you anchors and fathoms of chain and rope enough to hang you to the moon, but his "lights" were the great attraction of Riggs'. He had every kind of lantern that had ever swung on land or sea. After dark when light was streaming out of its open door and sky window, Riggs' looked like an old-time lantern itself. It was a rickety frame house standing under a steep roof close to the pavement. The peak had sagged in the middle, and its eaves hung over the sidewalk in a warped line that one might touch with his hand in passing. An old ship's lantern swung on an iron crane above the door. It was a low, broad door planned for a time when men had big, round bellies and nothing to do but fill them, and heads not yet too far above their business. It challenged the eye with its big knocker and massive iron latch. The

shop had one little window gone blind with dust and cobwebs so that it resembled the dim eye of age. A broken bowsprit and a ship's anchor leaned against the bleaching clapboards. Coils of rope and rusty chain, blocks and heavy bolts, a steering wheel and an old brass compass, lay near the door.

Inside were rows of lanterns hanging on the bare beams and rafters, and Riggs, who sat beside a bench, and gave orders to the lad who served him, in a drawling, sleepy voice. An old Dutch lantern, its light softened with green glass, sent a silver beam across the gloomy upper air of the shop every evening. Riggs had been blind for many years, but there was a heaven full of light in him for all that. I shall never forget that evening I came to the little shop. The boy had put out all the lights but one—an old tin lantern with a spray of light bursting through its perforated sides. Riggs was showing it to some stranger. As he held it aloft the little lantern looked like a castle tower, its many windows lighted, and as he set it down there was a golden sprinkle on the floor, as if a stone had splashed upon some magic, sunlight pool there in the darkness. Riggs lifted the lantern presently and stood swinging it in his hand. Then its rays shone upon the darkness, falling silently into every nook and corner of the gloomy shop and breaking into flowing dapples on the roof and walls.

"Here is a little handful of daylight," he said; and then came the words that seemed to have been written for his tongue:

"Hail, Holy light. Offspring of Heaven's first born."



Riggs, who stood at the edge of darkness, selling lanterns.

His deep voice rose and fell, riding this mighty rhythm of inspired song until he reached the words:

"That I may see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight."

When he had finished he sat down and, holding the lantern between his knees, opened its door and, as the light streamed out upon his hands, rubbed them a time, silently, as if washing them in the flood of light.

"Blind?" said the stranger.

"No," said he, "only dreaming as you are—both of you."

It seemed strange to me he should think we were dreaming.

"Went to bed one night," he continued, stroking his long, white beard, "and saw the lights go out in the dark; and it's never come morning. I went into a dream after I'd gone to bed and dreamed that I was blind. And then I thought I woke up and could hear my shipmates dressing. And, says I, 'it's a terrible dark morning.'

"And I thought they laughed and said it was broad daylight, and wanted to know what was the matter. And I heard myself ask: 'Ain't it night?' And I heard them answer: 'Night, why man, ye must be dreaming.' Then I thought I felt my way back to my bunk; and I'm lying there yet in a dream, and it seems very long. And I've dreamed everything a man could think of since then. You see I was coming home to marry and settle down. Thought I came

home and my mother and sister met me at the dock. Of course, I couldn't see them, and I felt all over their faces and heard them crying, just as if it was real.

"And says I, 'Where's Annie?' meaning the girl I was to marry; and I thought they told me she was there, and put her hand in mine and I tried terrible to see her. I thought I sat down and cried and cried, and then I happened to think that I was only dreaming after all. I dreamed she went away and that my mother died and that I started this little shop. Seems as if it was all real, and yet I know I'm only dreaming. You men who come here to buy things and talk with me are only part of my dream. One day I thought a man came in and told me Annie was married. Well, sir, I sent the boy home and sat here in the shop alone that evening. And by and by my sister came in and says she to me, 'What are you crying for?' and says I, 'Annie's married.' 'Oh, pshaw,' says she, 'you're only dreaming. It'll all come right.'

"And so I keep forgetting. Sometimes I have an awful sadness, but, thank God, I know I'm only dreaming. I know that when the morning comes I shall wake and laugh at the phantoms of the night and I shall be young and happy. We'll be off Sandy Hook and looking to catch a sight of home. And I shall be getting ready to meet Annie and mother and the rest. And I'll have my best clothes out. Oh, it'll be grand."

The old man's face had a merry smile as he spoke

of the coming morning and the things it had for him.

"Seems as if this dream had lasted a thousand years," he continued, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Seems as if I had grown old since I went to bed last night. But I've dreamed the like before, and, my God, how glad I felt when I woke in the morning!"

"Come," said he, speaking to the boy, "let's have the lights up—port an' starboard an' masthead. All right, sir, you may have it for a dollar. It'll be all the same in the morning."

And so we left him like a ship lying to and straining at the cables, his anchor sunk in the deep of that long night. It seemed to me that it would be better for many of us if we could think it all a dream and have his faith in the morning—that it will bring back the things we have lost. But then he was a lunatic.

And years went by—many of them—filled with coming and going and loving and striving and nights and days like this one. And, long afterwards, when I went to Riggs' funeral, they told me that he rose in bed before the end came and held his hand to his eyes. Looking into the far sky he cried aloud, "The day has come, thank God! and I am going home."

And as I was coming away I heard the preacher saying, "A thousand years are as a day. Our lives are but a dream of the night. You that hear me are dreaming."

The words angered me, for I knew that I was awake. I could bear with the insanity of Riggs,

but not with the sophistry of the preacher, and I shouted:

"Life is not a dream, you fool. Can we not hear and see and feel?" At the last word I struck a table at my side. And, as my hand touched it, the room turned dark, as if night had fallen suddenly, and every sound hushed. And then I thought a mighty wave of light swept over us in which everything vanished and I was awake and it was morning.

WHERE LOVE WAS BLIND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

NED WARRING was in love, and as it was his first experience of the kind, he was sure that Elsa Marce was the most beautiful, lovable and entrancing creature in the universe, and that any man who was not a fool would agree with him on this important subject.

Afterward it occurred to him that many men were not fools, and from that moment began his troubles, for clever men were quite as common at Rightway, where Elsa resided, as in any other town of similar size, and as Elsa went to parties and shops and churches and other places where people were wont to congregate, it stood to reason that Ned might have half a score or more of rivals without knowing it. Evidently it behooved him to be watchful and to press his suit industriously; of course, no other young man could love as earnestly and sincerely as he, but Elsa, never having been a man, could not be expected to know that; besides, she was of the frank, honest, simple nature that believes whatever it is told, and Ned was not conceited enough to imagine himself a better talker than the average man who is enamored of lovely woman.

Some girls are so popular that a man can not easily find opportunity to say his most earnest word and in his best manner. Elsa Marce seemed always glad to see Ned, but it was not good manners at Rightway for a man to call on the same young woman more than once a week, yet whenever Ned found himself in Mrs. Marce's cozy parlors he also found at least one other caller there, and by a coincidence which was not strange—though Ned sometimes thought it was—neither young man made haste to depart. The house was the pleasantest one in the town, for the family consisted solely of Elsa and her mother, and as the latter lived only for her daughter, she made all of Elsa's acquaintances her own; and a handsome woman on the right side of forty and with plenty of time at her disposal can make herself very charming to right-minded young men, if she likes.

Which of her daughter's admirers Mrs. Marce most favored was more than Ned Warring had been able to find out by weeks of effort; when finally he succeeded he was not sure that he was glad of his success, for the favorite seemed to be Captain Wayde, the rival whom Ned feared above all others, though he had greatly liked him before he determined how the land lay. Even after the fact of rivalry impressed itself upon Ned, he could not help admiring the captain, for Wayde was one of the great-hearted, well-rounded natures that had absorbed much, retained all that was worth keeping, yet was willing to share its treasures impartially with every one with whom it came in contact.

In the course of time Ned came face to face with the awful possibility that the captain was favored by Elsa as well as by Mrs. Marce; certain it was that at times, when Ned was describing at great length and with much detail, some of his own likes and dislikes, feelings and fancies—personal matters in which, for some inexplicable reason some young men imagine young women to be specially interested—he would suddenly perceive that Elsa's attention and eyes were wandering and then the girl would ask the captain about something which that gentleman had been chatting about to Mrs. Marce or some one else. Ned was obliged to admit to himself that the captain's fund of information was great and his conversational manner interesting, but the result was no less exasperating on that account. Such a man was proper company for women of his own age, which Ned thought might be somewhere between thirty-two and ten years more. There were plenty of unmarried women of similar maturity—admirable ones, too—so, why did not the captain betake himself to their society, instead of making himself dazzling to a girl scarcely out of her teens? In his soberer moments Ned thought seriously of saying as much to the captain, for in the Marce parlors he could scarcely treat the man civilly, for it seemed to Ned that Wayde had come to regard him condescendingly, as if somewhat amused by him and not in the least in fear of him as a rival.

Opposition cowers some young men, but it generally brings out the best there is in a youth of good stuff.

Ned fought the matter out one night in his own room, the captain being distinctly present through many tormenting recollections, and the young man vowed to himself that he would fight his rival to the best of his ability and would not abandon the field until assured by Elsa herself that he had been beaten. Yet the very next time he called he was inclined to believe himself beaten already, for when he entered the room, and before his presence was noticed, he saw Elsa regarding the captain with a trustful, admiring look such as poor Ned himself had longed for, but never received. Calling to mind the example of every chivalrous soul of whom he had read, he summoned all his own spirit and earnestness; he would at least compel his rival to regard him respectfully. For a time he seemed to succeed, but suddenly he noted anew the semi-patronizing, semi-amused look with which the captain had previously regarded him at times. It was unendurable; he would stand it no longer.

Chance helped him to declare himself, for Elsa and her mother left the room together, in search of some books with which the captain wished to refresh his memory.

"Captain," said Ned, with the most dignified manner that he could command, "you seem to admire Miss Marce greatly."

"Indeed I do," was the reply, in tones of sincerity. "I think, too, that I may say the same about you."

"And rightly, too. May I ask, then, what there is in my sentiment that amuses you?"

"Amuses me? I'm not conscious of any such feel-

ing. On the contrary, your devotion to the young woman greatly pleases me, and I hope it may continue."

"What? You—then am I to understand that you renounce any claim you may have thought you had upon her regard?"

"Bless me, no! I didn't mean to say anything of the kind."

"Then, may I ask what in creation you did mean?"

Again the old, exasperating look came into the captain's face. Ned clenched his fists; the captain noted the act, and said quickly:

"My dear chap, I've observed you quite closely for some time. You have the appearance and manner of a gentleman, and I have satisfied myself in other ways that you are estimable and trustworthy. Therefore I am going to make a personal confession and explanation, in strict confidence. I can't renounce my claim upon Elsa, for I am soon to become her stepfather. I should be very glad, however, to feel sure of you as a—what shall I say?—a step son-in-law."

"You—you are in love with Elsa's mother?" stammered Ned.

"You shouldn't need to ask the question, even if I had not answered it in advance," said the captain, after a hearty laugh, "but 'love is blind'—I suppose you've heard the expression. In the circumstances, however, can't you recover your vision long enough, and with it your impressions of Mrs. Marce, to congratulate me, as you're the only man I've told.

"My dear sir!" gasped Ned, "you've my hearty congratulations, and apologies too, for I've imagined all along that you were my rival."

"I saw that; as I've already quoted, 'love is blind,' so I took advantage of your mistake, and was specially attentive to Elsa, to test the sincerity of your attachment. Now that we understand each other, what do you think of the possibility of a double wedding?"

" 'Twould be splendid!" Ned exclaimed. "Splendid!"

"Quite so," assented the captain. "But there's one formality which I hope you won't neglect."

"Indeed? What is that?"

"It is to say something—I won't presume to specify the language—to Elsa herself. I believe it is the custom for men to propose before they begin their arrangements for a wedding."

"Oh, of course," said Ned, with a blush and a frown.

"I hope you'll pardon me for reminding you, but——"

"Please, captain, don't make me feel more of a fool than I already do."

The ladies re-entered the room. The captain took the books, and with them he and Mrs. Marce entered the front parlor. A few moments later they were joined by the younger couple, whose appearance was self-explanatory, so the captain kissed Elsa tenderly and Mrs. Marce took Ned to her heart.

THE PRINCESS YEPTI.

BY OPIE READ.

"WHY does that fellow sit there so long, gazing at the mummy? I see him every time I come to the museum, and he never pays any heed to anything else—just sits there, musing over that thing."

The speaker, my companion, pointed to a sedate man, sitting on a bench, head bowed, deeply musing. And I then remembered to have seen him before, in that same attitude, oblivious to environment. We halted, turned to look, as indeed did several other persons; and I overheard this talk between a man and a woman:

"Is it so remarkable when a man sits down to think?" he observed, evidently in comment upon something which she had said concerning the muser.

"But in such a place and over such a subject."

"But does not such a past, embellished by such a subject, invite thought?" replied the man, evidently a professor in the great university near by. "He is gazing into the sunken eyes of the ancient world, and——"

"Ugh!" she broke in and drew him off to look upon a gaudy crown worn by a duke at the marriage of Victoria. I walked slowly to the end of the long room, talking absently to my friend, and then (I can think

of no better term for a parting so abrupt), "shook" him and returned to contemplate the man who sat gazing at the mummy. The Egyptian had been splendidly entombed, a great personage, the Princess Yepti. I shall not muse over her. I have read "An Address to a Mummy" and a poem written by a gifted member of the great Anonymous family and thrust into a skull, and these pieces of verse leave nothing unsaid. The muser had not changed his position. He sat leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his chin propped; and in his eyes there was more than the shadow of a dream—there was fascination. I sat down on the bench beside him, rudely choosing the end where there was barely enough room, but he did not move. What was there about him that so attracted me? Was he some great Egyptologist, and even so, was I sufficiently schooled to measure and to appreciate him?

The closing hour was announced. The muser did not move when I arose to go; he continued to sit in his trance till an attendant touched him upon the shoulder, and then he started to his feet and walked briskly away.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Give it up," the attendant replied.

"Do you have to awake him every time?"

"Yes, every time he's here, and I guess he's here every chance he gets. They are closing up, sir."

I dreamed about that fellow, saw him sitting on a bench "gazing into the sunken eyes of the ancient

"He is gazing into the eyes of the ancient world."

world," and when I went over to the museum in the afternoon, there he was on his bench, lost in thought over the princess; and again I sat down beside him, close up against him, so narrow was the space, yet he paid no attention to me. Suddenly I arose, knocking his hat off, and catching it up, I handed it to him with a bow and an air which I hoped to be illustrative of gentlemanly regret. "I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "All right," he replied, taking the hat and clapping it upon his head. I spoke to him again, but he paid no attention, so I left him; and halting at the door I heard a man remark to a companion: "That fellow must be descended from a long line of coroners. Guess he must want to hold an inquest over that mummy."

"Must have been kin to him," the companion replied and then the other rejoined: "Not improbable. He may be in grand opera, you know—may reach back to old what's-his-name, the Second."

A few days later, on a suburban train coming into the city, I looked up and saw my muser taking a seat directly opposite to me; and when he got off I followed him, caught up with him, spoke; and he stared at me.

"I—I am the man who handed you your hat. Don't you remember, in the museum?"

"Um!" he grunted.

"Beautiful weather," said I.

"Um!"

He turned into the entry-way of an office building.

"One moment, please," said I. "Do you happen to

know whether or not there are any offices in this building for rent?"

"Why don't you speak to the agent?"

"Yes, thank you, I shall."

Confound him, why did he persistently insult an honest curiosity? What right had he to study a mummy in public and refuse to explain in private? A great philosopher said that incredulity was the source of all wisdom, and I believe incredulity and curiosity are at least half sisters. Then why, in the name of wisdom, should not curiosity be satisfied?

Looking down the corridor I saw my freak waiting for an elevator, and the next moment a friend of mine came along, halted and began to talk to him, and presently I joined my friend as he passed out.

"Who is that fellow you spoke to at the elevator?"

"Oh, that fellow? Ham Bottsford."

"Rather peculiar, isn't he?"

"Not unless you call the most practical man in the world peculiar. He's a real estate man and a teacher of mathematics in a night school."

"Are you sure he doesn't teach Egyptian history?"

My friend laughed. "I guess he'd recognize a mummy if he should see one leaning against a pyramid, but that would be the limit. But why did you ask if he taught history?"

"Oh, I don't know; mere fancy, I suppose. But say, would you mind giving me a letter of introduction to him?"

We turned into a hotel and he gave me the letter;

and the next day I called on Ham Bottsford, carrying with me a small book, a new method of teaching mathematics. Bottsford asked me to sit down, and when he had read my letter I handed him the book. He looked at it, the beginning, the middle, the end; and handing it back, he inquired:

"Where did you get it?"

I had picked it up at a second hand dealer, but diplomacy demanded that I should lie to him. "It was written by a friend of mine and I am therefore interested in it."

"And do you think it a good thing?"

"The very best."

"Thank you. I wrote it myself."

Then I acknowledged that I was doubtless the worst liar on the earth; I told him why I had followed him, that I had knocked his hat off, that I was an idler and full of foolish curiosity. And I got up to go, but he laughed and urged me to remain. We talked for a long time and when I took my leave he asked me to call again, and I had not yet learned why he mused over the mummy. But every time I mentioned it, he would put me off, rather impatiently, I thought. We became well acquainted as the weeks passed, went fishing together, sat upon the bench in the museum; but he always hushed when he sat down. Once, however, he looked up and said to me: "I shall have her again."

"Oh, did she belong to you?"

"Yes."

"Ah, and you sold her."

He frowned. "Her soul escaped and left this black unsightly shell, but it will come back again, and I shall possess it. I was her prince."

"What was your name?"

He put his hand to his brow. "I cannot remember, though sometimes the word shoots across the surface of my mind. Ah, she was beautiful and I worshipped her."

Shortly afterward, in his office, I reminded him of this talk but he would not take up the subject again.

I went away and was gone nearly a year traveling, and when I reached home, there was a card inviting me to Bottsford's wedding that evening. I hastened to the house of the bride's father. But the ceremony had been performed before I reached there. Bottsford grasped my hand and after introducing me to his wife, a handsome, dark eyed girl, whispered to me:

"I told you that I should possess her again. Yepti."

She looked at him quickly. "It seems that I heard some one call me that thousands of years ago," she said.

"Yes, I did," he replied. She looked at him wonderingly.

"And did anyone ever call you Zadmo?"

He started, and grasping my arm, whispered, "That was my name."

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

KATHERINE, ahoy!"

"What's the matter, Petruchio?"

"The law and the prophets are the matter. That is to say, Aunty Prue has the whole church conference in the parlors for this evening."

"Want asylum?"

"Exactly! May I cross the wall?"

"Let me think! I'm not quite sure you ought not to stay—for the good of your soul."

"Bother my soul! Besides I'd risk losing it any time gladly, for the sake of talking to you."

"Petruchio, don't be silly — else I shall certainly leave you to yourself."

"You can't! I won't be left. I am coming whether or no."

With that Petruchio, otherwise Johnny Acton, scrambled across the brick wall, which divided him from his Katherine. She was properly Anne Wheat, orphan and heiress, with a dragon of a guardian in the person of her uncle, Major Kavanagh. The nicknames came from certain amateur theatricals, in course of which Anne as shrewish Katherine, had subjugated her Petruchio—off the stage.

"Bear witness, I did not tell you to come." Anne said: "But since you are here, I might as well tell you something else; Uncle Major won't hear a word of it."

"Why, how did you know I meant to propose?" Johnny said in a voice of innocent wonder, though his eyes danced.

"You should certainly credit me with at least ordinary penetration," Anne said, trying to take her hand from his clasp: "But really that is not at all what I meant. I should never waste breath in talking to Uncle Major of anything so preposterous."

"Indeed! Then what is it he won't hear a word of?" Johnny asked, reaching for her other hand. She put it behind her as she answered:

"Why! to my having a dance upon my birthday. He says it is the worst possible taste to emphasize birthdays—and that ten years hence I'll be grateful to him for having saved me from such a mistake."

"I see! He thinks you may want to take a reef in your age. No doubt he'd like to do it now, and make you out only sixteen instead of nineteen. I don't much blame him though—he must be loath to part with you."

"With my money you mean." Anne said sighing slightly: "Poor Uncle Major! Money is the only thing he ever did truly love. I would gladly give him half I have, only I know he would be quite as miserable, thinking about the other half."

"I wish you'd give him all of it!" Johnny said

impulsively: "Then I should dare ask you to marry me out of hand. You know, and I know I have nothing but expectations—but Anne darling, even if Aunt Prue did turn rusty, I wouldn't let you starve."

"Why do you object to my poor fortune?" Anne asked saucily: "Now I think ready money is not only a convenience but an ornament."

"Not a doubt of it." Johnny said promptly: "The trouble is, a fellow who hasn't got it, if he's half way a decent sort, hesitates about carrying off a girl who has got it, in spite of her pastors and masters."

"Aren't you brave enough to defy 'they say' in all its works—for me?" Anne asked. By way of answer Johnny kissed her. She pushed him away gently, and pretended to frown as she said:

"I am disappointed! I thought you were original in everything. Kisses are as old as——"

"As old as love—and as new." Johnny interrupted, then irrelevantly: "How old is the Major?"

"Sixty last month." Anne said in wonder. Johnny ran on:

"And Aunt Prue is fifty odd, and worth a quarter of a million. Say, Katherine, do you not perceive the hand of Providence in it all?"

"I seem to see that you have lost your wits," Anne retorted.

Johnny caught her hand: "Come with me to the house," he said: "I have a duty to discharge which can not be longer shirked."

Three minutes later he stood facing Major Kavan-

agh, who sat at his desk nosing over accounts. Unhesitatingly Johnny plunged into the middle of things:

"Major Kavanagh," he said: "You can hardly be surprised that I have come to ask your intentions?"

"Intentions!" The Major was almost apoplectic.

"Yes, sir! Intentions!" Johnny repeated: "I have not been blind I assure you. First, you induce my dear aunt to become virtually your tenant, then you are in and out of the house and grounds at all hours. Beyond that, you have held clandestine meetings, talked across the rosehedge, the wall even. Don't deny it, sir! I have watched you from day to day. My dear aunt began by having an exalted respect for you, as the friend and counsellor of her late husband. She is a woman, tender, clinging, warm-hearted. Much too warm-hearted to be the victim of a trifler. That I will not have—not even though it ruins my own prospects to prevent it."

He finished with an audible sigh. Major Kavanagh's face was a study. Anger had melted into amazement, amazement into sheepish, gratified vanity. He had looked down, half simpering throughout the last half of Johnny's long speech. At the close he got up, and held out his hand, saying:

"Hist lad! I thought I was sly—but young eyes are sharp — as sharp as old wits. I see it's no use to bluster and tell ye I've no intentions—for I have, the best intention in the world of marrying poor John Carew's widow."

"I could not doubt that Major—knowing you for the

man you are." Johnny said: "Still, you understand I had to speak. Aunt Prue has only me to depend on. I wanted to make sure of you; you see there's another man, a bishop at that——"

"I'll go to her at once," the Major began, getting up precipitately.

Johnny stayed him. "Hear me out!" he said: "So far you have the advantage. The bishop has a daughter—now Aunt Prue will never marry any man, who is encumbered with the care of a girl. The bishop's daughter is engaged—I dare say," as though struck with a sudden thought. "You might make some sort of arrangement about Miss Anne!"

"She shall never stand between me and a f—— I mean between me and happiness," the Major said with his head high. He dropped it, chuckling slyly as he added: "I don't mind telling you, Johnny,—of course you won't abuse my confidence—that I believe the girl is dead in love with *you*. You couldn't help me out—eh?"

Johnny drew a hard breath as though surprised beyond measure.

"I'd do anything in the world to assure my dear aunt a kind and prudent husband," he said.

Again the Major chuckled: "Sly dog! Sly dog!" he said: "Of course you're not thinking that the girl will have a clean fifty thousand on her wedding day, and as much more later on—besides she really is not stupid, nor ill to look at."

Johnny appeared to cogitate. After a minute he

said slowly: "The Bishop leaves in the morning—not to come back until he has married off his daughter. So you have a month's leeway. What do you think? —wouldn't it be well to have me marry Anne, before you speak out?"

"If you'll be quick about it! Go and see her right off," the major protested. Johnny went. Half an hour later he came back holding Anne's hand, to say: "If you please, sir, we're to be married on her birthday."

The wedding was hardly over when Major Kavanagh trotted through the side gate to see jolly Mrs. Carew. He found her still in her wedding garments, stately and handsome, in lavender silk, point lace, and pearls. Her eyes were softly kind. If she did dislike girls, she had been wonderfully affectionate to the girl of her nephew's choice. The Major had interpreted the fact to suit his own vanity. It was a revivifying vanity, and made him appear twenty years younger. He had always been precise and elegant. Now he was positively distinguished looking.

"We must console each other until our children come back," Mrs. Carew said, offering him her hand: "But do tell me, Major, how Johnny ever got around you? Anne is so delightful, I'm sure if she had been my ward, I would not have given her to Prince Charming himself."

In a breath the Major saw Johnny's duplicity, and his own opportunity. He bent over the widow's soft hand,

and murmured: "He got around me, dear madam, by —by giving me the hope of a fair exchange."

Then he stood upright and looked down into her eyes. Mrs. Carew snatched away her hand, and locked both of them behind her, as she said with a laugh:

"Oh! That wretched, wretched boy! Why, Major, don't you know, if I marry again, Johnny comes in for my fortune?"

"I did not," the Major said ceremoniously, backing away. What he thought, luckily the recording angel has no concern with.

WHEN THE CHANCE GOD SLEPT.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

THÉ Woozy Wogglers' course, which lies five miles beyond sound of Philadelphia's cracked "Liberty Bell," has eighteen holes and it rewards good golf. James Van Suties Smith, forty-five years old, clean-shaven, bald and eye-glassed, a broker in wheat, had made it in 87. Robert Bidwaller Jones, forty-three years old, whiskered, hairy and eye-glassed, a broker in pork, had made it in 87. Therefore were they rivals and the quality of their politeness was strained long before Mrs. Lucy May Dacres, a wealthy young widow from New York, had been introduced to the club, and had livened its meets and its evenings with laughter and song. She was tanned of cheek, this widow, with merry blue eyes, a delicious figure and manners at once free from coyness and boldness, from stiffness and too much liberality. When, at the first tee, she cast her glance on Smith, he sclaffed dreadfully and the ball fell a scant twenty yards away. When she smiled at Jones, who was poised for a smash at a beautiful brassey lie, he topped like a bungling beginner and followed through with such effect that he spun all of the way around and sat down hard on the grass. To Smith she expressed sympathy in a low contralto that ran

through every vein of him like wine. At Jones she smiled so brightly and kindly that he felt it would have been never ending delight to fall down for her and jar loose his vertebrae twenty times an hour so long as he should live.

When Mrs. Dacres golfed, which she did often and well, Smith felt that wheat was vain if permitted to carry her caddy bag. At such times Jones sat in the club bar and drowned himself in high-balls. When the wheel of fortune made a half-turn and Jones selected her clubs for her and wondered at the difficulty of her hazards, Smith wandered up and down the porch of the club-house and gnawed at the blackest cigar he could buy. At such times he was distinctly dangerous. There is no telling how long this sort of thing would have continued, or in what a puddle of gore it might have ended, but for the fact the rivals were brokers, and therefore used to taking chances. They had in them, indeed, more than a fair share of that sort of blood which, for lack of a better name, is called "sporting blood"—the blood which makes a man want to bet continually on all sorts of things. They were contained business men, even though they were golfers and in love. and they realized that the dear old days had gone forever. They were not at liberty to call each other out and shoot each other with large-bored pistols, or to whack each other with extremely heavy swords. In the mind of Smith and in the mind of Jones the pursuit of Mrs. Dacres resolved itself into a betting proposition. Arriving simultaneously at this conclusion, they

were not long in getting together. It happened in the club bar in the noon of an off day, when there was not another member about, except Willie Wimple, aged twenty-three, to whom no one ever paid attention and who did not count.

"Have a high-ball, Smith," said Jones, with cordiality.

"Thanks," said Smith, taking a seat at the opposite side of the small table. "I never drink. It's bad for golf. Have a cigar."

"Thanks! I never smoke. It makes foozles."

Smith looked at Jones. Jones looked at Smith. Smith said aggressively:

"My score for the eighteen holes is 87."

"Yes; I know," Jones replied airily. "That was two years ago. You were not smoking then, I believe."

"The score," said Smith with painful distinctness and slowness, "was made in the spring of the present year—and I was smoking when I felt like smoking. Your own record was made, I am told, in 1896, when the course was new and putting was guess work."

Jones said: "Not at all so. Not at all so." He ordered a high-ball.

Smith said "Humph" and lighted a cigar.

Jones, as becomes a man in pork, was slightly more rash.

"Well," he said finally having drained his glass and pushed it from him, "this isn't buying the baby a frock. Haven't you anything to propose?"

The cautious Smith answered: "What are you talking about?"

Jones glanced around him carefully, saw no one, except Wimple, who sat twenty feet away, sipping a lemonade, and said, lowering his voice:

"About the little wid—about Mrs. Dacres, you know. There isn't any use in our hanging on in each other's way. One of us must drop out of the running. Make it any sort of a bet you will. I'm agreeable."

Smith thought deeply. He had a tall receding forehead and when he thought wrinkles came thickly to his bald brow. He rose, walked to the bar counter, asked for two lumps of sugar, returned, gave one of them to Jones and placed the other on the table.

"Put down our sugar," he said. "If a fly lights first on your lump, I drop out. You the same."

They stared at the sugar for thirty minutes. There was a slight buzzing, two flies appeared and hovered above the lumps tentatively. The men held their breaths. Jones had grown red; Smith had grown pale. The flies suddenly made up their minds, dived downward and alighted, each upon a lump, at the same instant. Willie Wimple, who had drawn near, much interested, cackled shrilly and said, "Dead heat!" Smith looked up and snarled:

"What have you got to do with this?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said Wimple, hastily. "I used to do that when I was a little fellow. I suppose you chaps were tempting the flies for drinks."

"Yes, of course," Jones broke in smoothly. "Run along, now, Willie, while we try something else."

Wimple disappeared. Dice were brought and they shook sixes each. They tried it again and shook deuces each; tried it again and shook fives each; gave it up. Wrought to desperation, they went out to the lawn, and after much exertion and perspiration in the broiling sun, captured two grasshoppers. They brought them in, drew a straight line, set the insects with their beaks to the line and poked them with straw. Neither would jump an inch. They killed the grasshoppers. Jones ordered a high-ball: Smith lit a cigar. They were afraid of each other's game, but there was nothing for it but the golf.

Jones drank another high-ball and said fiercely:

"Play you one round of eighteen holes!"

Smith grew even paler and his cigar wabbled, but he answered: "Done!"

The face of Willie Wimple, which had been glued to the screen of an open window, ducked out of sight. Caddies were obtained and the game started. It was half past one o'clock and the thermometer in the cool of the office registered 93 degrees. When five holes had been played Smith was 1 up, and wet from his collar to his heels. When ten holes had been played Jones was 1 up, and his face was a crimson moon under a narrow-brimmed straw hat. At the fifteenth hole Jones was 2 up. Smith won the sixteenth and seventeenth. As they approached the home hole they saw that a crowd had come from the city. They were

watching the play and there was some laughter among them. Like an errant gadfly, Wimple buzzed from group to group. Conspicuous among them were Mrs. Lucy May Dacres and a large man, with black side whiskers and a comfortable paunch. The hole was halved in 6 and the opponents glared at each other speechlessly. The score, as called by the caddies was: Smith, nine holes; Jones, nine holes. Medal play: Smith, 108; Jones, 108. There was a ripple of laughter all about them. They started doggedly for the dressing-rooms. Mrs. Dacres intercepted them with her companion. She was bubbling with suppressed mirth, but managed to say:

"Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, I want you to meet Mr. John Cortlandt Brown, a very, very dear friend from New York, who has come all this way to see me."

John Cortlandt Brown bowed with an air of proprietorship. Down Smith's high forehead streams were running. Jones's whiskers were wet, as with dew. They nodded abruptly and trotted to the shelter of the cool basement, wherein the lockers were. Once inside, Smith dashed the perspiration from his eyes and laid a hand almost affectionately on the shoulder of Jones.

"Wouldn't," he asked, with a dismal attempt at a smile, "wouldn't that make you think?"

THEIR LIVES AND LETTERS.

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE.

MAYNARD BARLOW was a poet. That is, she wrote verses and sent them to the magazines; but the regularity with which they came back to her "declined with thanks," was beginning to cause some doubt on the subject to arise in her mind.

One day, however, she received a delightfully appreciative letter from the office of the *Weekly Symposium*, suggesting two or three minor changes in a sonnet she had submitted, and stating that if these met her approval, the poem would be accepted. The letter was signed "Marion Fiske, Assistant Editor."

"Here, at last," thought Maynard, "is a girl who sympathizes with struggling genius;" and she promptly wrote an equally appreciative letter in reply accepting the editorial recommendations and enclosing another poem.

She had noticed with some amusement that the letter from the *Symposium* had been addressed to "Mr. Maynard Barlow," and she decided not to disillusion the editor. She did not wish to do anything that might cause Miss Fiske to take less interest in the paper's new contributor.

"Confound my sponsors!" said the young assistant

editor of the *Symposium* the next day, as he lighted a cigarette and ran over the morning's mail. "Here's another communication addressed to Miss Marion Fiske! Hello, it's from that clever young chap, Barlow. He's not so slow, either," mused Fiske, with a smile as he laid down the letter. "Trying to make an impression on the young lady editor, eh! Well, the young lady editor will give him a run for his money."

Two or three days later, Maynard received quite a long letter from Fiske, accepting the second poem, and encouraging her to try her hand at prose. "There is not much demand for verse," wrote the assistant editor, "even for verse which is as nearly poetry as yours,"—Maynard winced a little at this,—"but a man,"—Maynard forgot the slight shock to her pride in the success of her literary impersonation—"who can write as brilliant a letter as yours should find a ready market for short stories and articles. Why not try your hand at some of our 'Pithy Paragraphs by Casual Contributors?' "

Then, in fulfilment of his promise to himself, he added a few shrewd observations on the literary life, leavened with just enough of the personal equation to draw forth a characteristic reply from "My dear Mr. Barlow."

This was the beginning of a spirited interchange of ideas and reflections, which in spite of, or perhaps, because of the misapprehension on which it was founded, ripened into a strong literary friendship. The young editor especially, who fretted at the necessity

which compelled him to slave at a desk and to subordinate his own ideas to those of an unsympathetic chief, found vent in his letters for many keen observations on men and manners that he could not have printed even in the *Symposium's* "Pithy Paragraphs," and that would have jeopardized his position if published elsewhere.

"I had at first some scruples in writing to you," wrote Maynard to Fiske in the early stages of their correspondence, "as your ever welcome answers always contained many fine marketable ideas that I hated to see wasted on a single unremunerative, if appreciative, reader.

"I said to myself as I read them over, 'a woman who can write letters like those is bound to have a career,' and then came a cheque from your house for my latest poem, and I was sure of it.

"It then occurred to me that when you became famous would come a demand for your 'Life and Letters,' and that if I encouraged you now, I could supply the demand then. It is for this reason that my letters have of late assumed a tone and character so closely resembling your own inimitable epistles. The result has exceeded my expectations. Your recent letters have been fine. They are really literary productions. I have thought it best, however, to inform you of what I am doing in order that you may not allow yourself to fall below the high standard you have set for yourself, and so to injure your reputation when the letters are eventually published, besides incidentally hurting the sale of the book."

The idea which was thus conceived as a joke was carried out in semi-seriousness. Editor and contributor wrote each other of their plans, their failures and successes, of the interesting people they met, of their impressions of notable persons and events.

Fiske wrote to Maynard in one of his letters:

"Our scheme is going to be a great success; and when our 'Lives and Letters' are ready to come out, they will have the added charm of novelty. Nobody writes letters nowadays. When we pass away, we shall be the only people dying with literary remains worth embalming. Even if we do nothing noteworthy in the meantime, we shall at least have accomplished the remains."

Over a year had passed without the two correspondents meeting or anything occurring to undeceive them in regard to their mutual misunderstanding, when one afternoon a grinning office boy brought in a card to Fiske as he sat at his desk in the *Symposium* office. On the card was written in the well known hand, "Maynard Barlow."

"For Miss Fiske," snickered the boy.

"Great Scott!" murmured Fiske. "It's come at last! I hope he's a great deal bigger than I am. It'll be over sooner;" and he went out to meet the man who thought he had been writing to a girl.

But the man was a girl.

And the girl was a man.

If the girl had been old and ugly, Fiske would have thought she was lovely, so great was his relief. But

the girl was young and pretty and stylish, too. That he saw at a glance. Of her intellectual equipment and her sympathetic nature he had a stack of evidence filed under lock and key in his private drawer.

If the man had been old and ugly, Maynard would have thought he was horrid; and she might have said or done or thought a great many disagreeable things that never even occurred to her. She took him all in with a satisfied look, as he stammered forth his apologies and his explanations, and she was glad the assistant editor was a man.

"Don't say another word," she interrupted with an amused smile. "It's all right, I dare say I can bear it if you can."

And they bore it very well.

"There's one thing that bothers me, though," said Maynard, as they parted that evening after the theatre, "have you got all my letters tied up with pink ribbon as you wrote?"

"No," replied Fiske; "I will confess; they're all fastened with rubber bands."

"I'm so glad!" cried Maynard. "Good night."

Maynard staid nearly a month in the city, and she and Fiske managed to spend a good deal of the time in each other's company—"readjusting their relations," they called it. By the time Maynard went home the relations were pretty well readjusted.

"Dear me," she sighed, one evening toward the end of her visit; "some of the most delightful experiences in our lives will never get into our letters."

"Oh, yes;" said Fiske, "they will form endless subjects for future correspondence, and think how much piquancy our ridiculous blunder will give to the earlier chapters."

After Maynard's return the correspondence was not allowed to languish on either side. But while Maynard's letters were much the same frank comment on books, ideas and events as before, the letters that Fiske wrote grew more and more personal in their character. At last Maynard gently intimated in reply to one more fervent than usual, that she feared their letters were becoming of a nature no longer to interest the great public to whom they expected to appeal in their "Lives an Letters."

"Oh, I don't know," wrote Fiske in reply; "look at the 'Browning Letters?' "

And so they were married.

* * * * * *

Whether either or both of them will ever become famous, it is too early yet to prophesy, but the development of their genius will never be perpetuated in type.

As Fiske aptly put it: "There is now only one life, and there are no letters."

OLD MAJAH CHAFFEE.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

POVERTY had added to rather than taken away from the distinction of the Chaffees—the Chaffees, who had always been one of the most distinguished families of Mississippi. When the Civil War took from them the greater part of their possessions, and left them in the midst of their desolated plantation, in the fine old mansion house, they appeared to assume even a loftier carriage than they had borne before, and the pathos of their situation appealed with eloquence to all who had known and revered their house.

Nor was the picturesqueness of their condition deteriorated from when George Chaffee, the only son of old Major Chaffee, married a girl from Wisconsin. He had met her down at Mobile Bay one winter, and in spite of his desire to marry a daughter of his own section of the country, he had found it necessary to his peace of mind to ask this calm-eyed and delicate young girl to share his home with him. If his bride found that home a trying one, in the decay of its splendor, with its rotting servants' quarters, its vast, uncared for drawing room, its neglected lawns and gardens, she

made no complaint. To the day of her husband's death she appeared to be devoted to him to the exclusion of all other things.

He died quite suddenly and just when he was beginning to entertain some faint hope that he could rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of his house and the old Major, already tried by many sorrows and disappointments, broke down utterly, wept himself to sleep night after night, brooded hopelessly through the long, aimless days, and seemed oblivious to the fact that, without the exercise of industry and ingenuity on the part of some one, he and his son's widow and orphan would soon be without the necessaries of life. Poor Alice Chaffee, her pathetic love story quite at an end, and with her little child and her old father-in-law dependent upon her, bestirred herself, sold the old place for a trifle and went back to her Wisconsin home. There was shelter there, and a chance for bread-winning, and she set herself about her task with courage and hope. But it was not long before the dry rot of grief and hopeless toil broke her spirit. She slipped out of life with a sort of apology, and the old man and a flaxen haired little girl, seven years of age, were left to face the world together.

The realization that this beautiful little creature was dependent upon him and him alone, broke sharply through the old Major's selfish and sorrowful dreams. Despair aroused him. He felt the necessity of doing something, no matter how menial, to keep Alicia from want. As a matter of fact, his pride had long since

been broken. Perhaps it perished utterly the day he saw his son's wife go out in the world to earn her daily bread. The most revered tradition of the Chaffees was outraged by that act, and the helpless, storm-beaten old man had submitted with speechless humiliation.

Now, however, he had fallen into even greater extremities. He swore to redeem himself so far as might be. He would repay his daughter-in-law's unselfish devotion by providing for her child, no matter by what means.

He had been born with a love for music, and he had been well-trained in his youth, upon both the piano and violin. The first accomplishment he had allowed to sink into desuetude; the second was still his solace. In the hour of his perplexity he turned to it. He offered himself at dances, and country frolics; he played at picnics and on one occasion made merry all one day in a barber shop on the auspicious occasion of the opening of "Ely Griggs' Tonsorial Parlors."

So it came about, by the time that Alicia Chaffee was sixteen years of age, she was thought of only as the old fiddler's granddaughter. The roof above her head did not always shut out the storms; everything about her home seemed falling into decay. The world of pleasure was one of which she knew nothing. Her daily tasks at school and at home—the two contrived to care for themselves as to meals and all that—made up her life. For reasons which she could not explain to herself, she kept apart from young people of her

own age. She preferred to be alone rather than to meet those who appeared to patronize her, or those who were unrefined, no matter how great their sociability. She did not know that she was a victim of the Chaffee pride and fastidiousness. Her grandfather implanted none of the traditions of his house in her mind. Perhaps a more subtle form of pride than any which had mastered his soul, forbade him to refer to days of place and circumstance.

"We must be very patient and very brave, Alicia, dear," he often said. "At night, when you say your prayers, you must pray to be patient and brave—and above all, pray that I be kept so, dearest."

Finally, the end came, and there was no more need for patience or bravery. Major Marion Barbour Chaffee, was laid away in a far corner of the Jessop Cemetery, and boys passing through, on their way from Philip's fishing hole, remarked to one another, seeing the new made grave:

"That's the ole reb—that's where ole Chaffee's buried. My, but he was a good fiddler, eh?"

Alicia shared her home and let out her garden patch to some humble folk who cared for her while she finished her school course.

"I shall be able to teach in a year," she said hopefully. "I shall be independent." She would not permit herself to say more, lest it should be disloyal to her grandfather, but the truth is she was as a blade of tender grass from which some crushing weight had been lifted. She straightened herself, so to speak, and

let herself look at the sun. She began to desire friends. She wondered how it would feel to be of some importance. She discovered that she was beautiful, or would be, if happiness could do its work. She knew she was not dull. Life, which had hitherto set her footsteps to the pace of a dirge, began to play dance tunes, pianissimo, but the girl, having a quick ear to her soul, heard them, and her toe tingled to be keeping time.

Now it chanced one day in the spring, that having come home from school very weary, and finding only uncongenial faces by her hearth, she concluded to go out to the fields and see what was happening. Someone had said the hypaticas were out. It was Dudley Keepers who said so, and while one was not obliged to accept everything he said for Gospel truth, still there was no harm in—well, in walking in the fields. The fact that he had incidentally mentioned that he also was going in search of the chilly little blossoms really had nothing to do with the case. It was, in fact, an incident. When one is keeping a close eye for hypaticas one has no choice but to remain oblivious to what is going on at the edge of the meadow, which was why, without doubt, that Dudley Keepers received no salutation from Alicia Chaffee when he vaulted over the fence and hastened toward her. He walked straight up to her, his breath coming somewhat unevenly between his lips.

"Miss Chaffee," said he, "I infer that you are hunting hypaticas."

He was born with a love for music.

"Hypaticas, Mr. Keepers? By no means. I am looking for violets. I think hypaticas do not grow here. You will find them in the next field—so I have heard."

"I like what I find in this field well enough. Why did you not speak to me?"

"I am speaking to you, am I not?"

"Reluctantly. Do you want me to go away?"

"Why are you inviting me to be rude? There is plenty of room in the meadow for us both, no doubt."

"Didn't you come out to meet me? Say you did!" His voice was coaxing, but his remark was a mistake. Her cheeks flamed with indignation.

"Dudley Keepers, how dare you?"

"Well, you know I wanted you to come. You'd have made me tremendously happy if you had said yes. I can't seem to enjoy anything without you—not even this beautiful spring day. I hope you're not going to be angry with me for saying so."

To tell the truth, the girl had come out to hear just such words as these. Astronomers know when a star is about to reach its perihelion, and women are the astronomers of the soul. But now that the sweetness was in her ears, and seemed to make itself into a thousand little winged creatures, buzzing and flustering about her, to her bewilderment, she remembered with a pang the days of her patient sorrow, and her heart smote her with the thought that she had hastened too eagerly to all this lightness and gayety. She felt disloyal to the poor old man who had been laid away in

the uncared-for corner of the old cemetery. She had been flushing as happy maidens do, but she turned to her lover with a face grown suddenly white.

"I am not going to listen to you any more to-day, Dudley," she said.

"Where are you going, Alicia?" cried the young man in distress as he saw her hasten away from him. "Are you angry with me? Have I been too bold? I love you with all my heart. How can I help being bold? Don't go away, dear?"

She turned for a moment.

"You haven't been too bold. Nothing is at fault in you, Dudley. I'm just going away for a while. I want to be alone. Don't come near me—for a week!"

"Oh, don't say a week, Alicia?" her lover called in that sharp agony which a seven days' banishment can cause to such as he. But the girl did not answer him. She went across the field, and Dudley Keepers saw her turn toward the cemetery. He smiled tenderly.

"She is an angel," he confided to the wind-blown meadow. "And I love her even a little better than I did before. But a week! Seven days!" How could he occupy himself?

Midweek of the season of awful banishment, came Memorial Day, and Alicia, deep in her devotion and contrition, had made a plan with herself.

"How often," she said to herself, "when I have gone to the cemetery with dear grandpa on Decoration Day he has said to me, 'Alicia, if I had been permitted to end my days in my own land, my grave would have

been honored as these are. But I shall die in a strange land, where none really knows what manner of man I am, and it will be forgotten that I gave the best strength and impulse there was in me for what seemed to me my duty to my state. It's all right, of course. I did what I did without hope or expectation of reward. When the disappointment came I took it as best I could. I'm glad now it came as it did. It was divine wisdom, no doubt, that planned the end. Sometimes I wonder, though, how it will seem for Major Chaffee to lie forgotten. But of course you can't understand, my dear, what I mean. I dare say you think me a babbling, egotistical old man.'"

She turned toward the cemetery this morning, her arms full of flowers.

"Your heroism shall be rewarded with the heroism of the rest, you dear old man," she said. "I who love you, shall spend the day with you. I have been very disrespectful to go about my own ways so soon after you left me. I'll make amends, dearest. I'll stay with you all day, and I'll love you more than those others are loved by all the crowds who go to make speeches over them and sing and shout and decorate —yes, I will!"

She ran down the road, her eyes suffused with half-angry tears—though she would have had trouble to say against whom her anger was directed—and she came fairly upon the procession wending its way to the cemetery. All the town seemed to be out. The two bands of Jessup were there, Colonel Gildersleeve was

riding his white horse as usual, the mayor was in a carriage, there were wagon-loads of school children and a trail of pedestrians and riders, reaching as far as Alicia's tear-dimmed eyes could see.

She turned like an outcast and sped away.

"They shall not see me," she sobbed. "They shall not have a smile at me for going with these flowers to the 'ole reb's' grave. Oh, I know them. I have heard —I know!" Her anger grew each second. She was trembling with rage and grief, when at last, having approached the cemetery from the far side, she let herself in at a little break in the fence and stood by her grandfather's grave.

With many tears she arranged the flowers and wreaths in their places, and then, with utter loneliness, her passion all spent, she laid herself down beside the mound. She was friendless—friendless, she told herself. The joy for which she had hoped, was vanished. She had not seen Dudley Keepers for four whole days —probably he would never come back. Any lover who was half a lover would have disregarded her commands. Did a girl ever expect to be obeyed when she bade her lover stay away—or did she ever desire obedience?

Why couldn't the bands keep still? What business had they to be coming that way? There were no soldiers graves there—except——

What were they playing? They had no right to play "Away Down South in Dixie!" Were they mocking her? They came on—the whole procession of children

and men and women with their flags and their flowers —and they seemed set upon seeing her. She crept along till she was hidden behind a great oak, and then, lest she might be found crouching there—and really she had no occasion to hide—she stood erect. As they came nearer she stepped out from behind the tree, her head up, her cheeks flaming.

"I'll stand right here by my dear old pet," she said to herself aloud, and she came to the grave, and stood there, her arms folded, awaiting the people, defiantly.

But they seemed to have no idea of her defiance. No one looked surprised at finding her there. The mayor came on—he was a young man—and beside him was Dudley Keepers. They lifted their hats when they saw her. So did all the other men. The children and young girls ran forward with their flowers and put them about the grave. Some one stuck a little American flag there.

"I don't know how Chaffee'd like that," laughed a young man.

"I guess he'd like it as well as anyone," remarked the young mayor dryly.

The band got through playing "Away Down South in Dixie," and struck up "Marching Through Georgia," quite as a matter of course. Alicia looked up suspiciously, but no one was taking any notice. The idea that the war was actually over, even in the hearts of the people, began, for the first time, to percolate into the unreconstructed heart of this pathetic little Confederate.

The people were leaving, but Dudley Keepers remained.

"Am I allowed to speak?" he asked humbly.

"Oh, Dudley, Dudley," she sobbed, "what made you stay away? I am so lonesome! While I hated the people and thought they were going to forget grandpa, I could bear it better, but now that everybody is so good, I seem too—too heart-broken—to—to stand it!"

Dudley Keepers came and put his arm about his sweetheart.

"Dearest," he whispered. "Everybody wants to love you—I, most of all. Come let us go with the others. There are still some graves to be visited, and there is to be speech-making in the opera house. Even I am to speak. You know you've never heard me. You must sit in a box with my mother and let her see what a lovely daughter she is going to have. Come, sweetheart."

DEBTORS TO CHANCE.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

IT was a famous "scoop." Jean Merriam sat like a graven image while icy currents of excitement chased up and down her spine at the thought of what this magnificent item would mean to her in the way of copy. She scarcely dared breathe for fear of provoking caution and consequent silence in her neighbors. She was a newspaper woman, twenty-five years old, who had been thrown upon her own resources at twenty, and worked like a horse at a treadmill ever since, making hardly any more perceptible headway in her profession than the poor beast at his dull task. The ranks are so overcrowded, and if there is indeed room at the top, one needs an occasional boost to get there.

She had been in a state of almost complete discouragement when she took her seat in the Elevated, next a couple of gaudily-dressed young women who apparently saw nothing in her to interest them. Assignments were recently as scarce as white blackbirds and she had not displayed her usual skill in interviewing of late. It had not been necessary for the chief to hint this to her, as he had done. She knew herself when her tact and ingenuity were at a low ebb,

and furthermore, she was quite well aware what the cause of the falling-off was.

If only Rossiter Kenset had not moved into the same lodging-house with her! Then some other person would have come to her assistance in response to her cry for help when her alcohol-lamp had exploded on that memorable day and set fire to her gown, or else—well, or else by now she should have settled for herself the question of the Great Perhaps. The alternative, she concluded with a weary sigh, might have been preferable to the event that had played havoc with her work, engaging the interest she should have brought to it, in behalf of a man who seemed to have made of his life even a poorer success than she had made of hers.

How could she concentrate her attention upon purely indifferent and impersonal subjects when every throb of her brain and beat of her heart were operated by an engrossing love, sympathy and apprehension for a single individual with whose poor affairs editors and subscribers had no concern? How could she spare from that haunting dread of a possibly violent and voluntary termination of Kenset's increasing discouragement and despondency which had of late been consuming her, even a pretence of interest in outside matters?

Engaged in the same profession, the two had much in common. Over how many a cup of tea in her shabby little apartment had they groaned in unison over the remorseless requirements of editors, and com-

miserated with each other upon their common lack of that keen scent for news which is of such consequence to the reporter.

And now, quite by accident, she had come upon a sensational bit of intelligence which would be a "beat" of the biggest sort, and for which any paper in New York would pay the price of a year's living. Nay, more, having once furnished such a story, her value to the office would take on quite another character. She would be recognized as a reporter of enterprise and consequence and advanced accordingly. Exclusive information such as this she had gained was a jewel of such price that, she could in imagination see the black headlines glaring forth from the front sheet of *The Universe*.

Chance had seated her beside two maids engaged in the service of Henry W. Vanderclip, whose daughter Eugenia was at that time the greatest heiress in New York—one of the greatest in the world. Both women were French, one the personal attendant of Miss Vanderclip. Speaking a foreign tongue, they probably deemed it safe to discuss publicly private matters pertaining to their employers, which could have only been discovered surreptiously by them. Indeed, the Great Fact, disclosed by the one to the other under pledge of profound secrecy and amplified by many details, that of Eugenia Vanderclip's recently consummated betrothal to the Marquis of Avonshire, had avowedly been gleaned by perusal of the mistress's correspondence.

Not the slightest hint of the engagement had as yet

publicly transpired. According to the maid it was not to be disclosed until the arrival of the Marquis in New York, some two or three weeks hence. It was the wish of the family to spring the announcement upon an unprepared society. It became the immediate intention of Jean Merriam to forestall the surprise.

As she hastened with winged feet home from the Elevated station, her heart throbbed like a trip-hammer, her feet and hands were chill as ice, her brain was excitedly reeling off paragraphs of copy of a superlatively choice description. She was realizing, in imagination, the opportunity of her life. For the moment she had forgotten Kenset, love, everything but professional ambition. Only public newsmongers, exhausted with the continual endeavor to discover something new under the sun, can appreciate the joy and excitement of securing a genuine and valuable "beat." Jean Merriam had never before had occasion to experience this peculiar species of elation. It mounted to her brain like wine. As she thrust her latch-key into the door, her fingers shook with impatience. As she ran up the stairs, she nearly stumbled over her gown.

As she gained the landing of the second flight—she herself lived three pair back—she drew up short; an idea had come to her. She would stop just an instant at Kenset's door to tell him the great news. She was sure of a sympathizer in him. At the same time she would invite him to dine with her that evening. He had looked quite famished, of late, poor fellow!

On her way across the passage, her nimble brain executed a menu of an almost profligate character, considering her circumstances. She meant to buy a fatted calf, to kill and cook it, after she had "run in" her copy.

She was fairly aquiver with excitement as she tapped at Kenset's door. Perhaps it was because of this that her knock was so feeble as to be scarcely recognizable as such. This she failed to realize, however, and believing that no response to her summons indicated the fact of no presence within, she softly pushed open the door and entered, with the intention of leaving a note of invitation upon the mantle.

But the room was not untenanted. A man standing before an empty fireplace turned a quick white face upon her at the sound of the opening door. Something in his upraised hand flashed with the dull glitter of metal as he dropped his arm, and a heavy thud as of a weighty object striking the hearth beneath the grate fell ominously on her ears, as the arm made a quick backward movement.

For an instant the room swam before her, a deathly nausea turned her sick and faint, her limbs nearly gave way beneath her. Then, she smiled and went forward nonchalantly, with a gay laugh.

"You didn't hear me knock, I suppose?" she said, in a wonderfully steady voice.

"Well, I did, all the same. Perhaps it wasn't very loud— I really don't know. You see I'm so excited I hardly know what I'm about. I've got such an awfully

good thing for you—an out-and-out scoop. What do you think? Eugenia Vanderclip is engaged to the Marquis of Avonshire! Fact, I assure you, and the best part of it is that not a living soul on this continent outside the family knows it, but just you and I. Sit down, sit down, my friend, and scribble. I'll give you all the data as you go along—that is, all I've got, and it's considerable."

She got him finally into the spirit of the thing and seated at the table with a blotting-pad before him and a pencil in his hand. Her excitement and volubility had hoodwinked him. Although his muscles twitched and his hand shook, his color had grown more natural and he appeared to follow her with interest. His eyes wore no longer the hunted look of a desperate man. They had more the expression of sanity. He appeared to be upon the point of taking down her dictation when he paused and turned a suspicious gaze upon her.

"Why," he asked doubtfully, like one who has been proffered something for which he has had an almost insane craving and yet distrusts his right to accept it, "why do you give me this find, Miss Merriam? It's just in your line; why don't you use it yourself?"

The girl drew in her breath, as one does when contemplating a desperate plunge. Mortal diseases demand powerful remedies. Though her face was crimson, her eyes rested steadily on his.

"Because," said she, in a brave full tone, "I love a man with all my heart, and I cannot bring myself to

writing publicly of the possible love of another woman."

Kenset dropped his pen, threw out his hand and caught hers.

"You know I was about to chuck it?" he asked, with a look towards the hearth.

Her strong fingers twined themselves about his.

"I'm glad you did chuck it," she returned, with a laugh that had a catch in it." "What should I have done, if you hadn't?"

For a minute their steady glances held each other passionately. Then he raised her hand to his lips, which twitched convulsively. Then:

"Now, write," said she, with a tearful smile, and dropped into a seat beside him.

A GLIMPSE OF BOHEMIA.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

PANSY straightened up from her drawing board and contemplated her half finished work thoughtfully. Presently she clasped her hands behind her head and bent backward until her eyes were directed to the ceiling and her muscles had been gratified by the needed tension. Then she swung about in her revolving chair, put her feet comfortably on a little stool, and, selecting a tiny cigarette from the things on her drawing table, lit it and smoked —daintily, as a woman smokes—but with satisfaction. The fair-haired young man lounging in the window-seat opposite also smoked while he regarded the girl through half-closed lids. For a time both were silent. Then the young man spoke.

"Pansy, you little imp, I love you," he said.

Perhaps there was just the least twitching of an eyelid, but the girl's voice was undisturbed.

"No, that isn't true," she said quietly. "If it were you would say it differently."

"Oh, pshaw, Pansy, I wouldn't either. You know what I mean. You know I say that because you are so—so bewitching and know everything in the world about everything—art and people, I mean—and are

"Pansy, you little imp, I love you," he said.

not bound down by a lot of silly, simpering conventions——"

"Yes, I know," Pansy interrupted calmly, "but you'll prefer that the woman you love, when you find her, doesn't know everything about everything, and that she's shackled to her very eyes with conventions. I mean, of course, the woman you decide to marry," she concluded, with perhaps just a breath of difference in the quality of her voice. The young man sat up.

"It's no such thing," he began hotly. "You know I always said——"

"That artists, writers, too, I mean, should never marry. We agreed about that from the beginning. I suppose you were afraid that I would fall in love with you because I had your stories to illustrate and wanted to warn me in time."

"Pansy!"

"But why not? It was the proper thing to do. It made me feel quite free to let you come here, and we've done such a lot of stuff together, and good stuff, too—at least it went, and that's the main thing. Now you see if it hadn't been for the clear understanding at the start——"

The young man half rose.

"Oh, nonsense, Pansy! There wasn't any understanding. At least not on my part. If I said that, it was only as a general principle. There are exceptions, of course."

Pansy dropped the half-smoked little cigarette into an ash tray and lit a fresh one.

"It's hardly safe to count on the exceptions," she mused, "your general principle is one to rely on. I believe as much as you do that artists should not marry. You see——"

"Oh, well, Pansy, we're not artists, anyway," laughed the other. "You just draw a little, you know, and I——"

"The editor of *Childhood* doesn't think so," interrupted Pansy. "I'm to have the frontispiece and two stories in the Christmas number. Fifteen drawings in all. And you're to have a story and a poem. The editor says we'll own the magazine inside of a year if we keep on." The young man also lit a fresh cigarette and leaned back in the seat.

"Yes, I know; but that's just magazine stuff. I mean the real thing—you know what I mean. By the way, Pansy, what would the editors of *Childhood* say to see us smoking here comfortably together over their things, I wonder?" The girl's eyes let out a scarcely perceptible spark.

"The girl that you marry will not do anything that the editor of *Childhood* or any one else might not see."

"Forgive me, Pansy." The young man walked over and dropped into a rattan chair facing her. "I only meant that they were so very proper, you know, and——"

"And I meant that your wife would be just as proper—provided you have really concluded that artists should marry, meaning yourself, of course."

"And yourself—not one without the other. See here, Pansy, I'm going to make a confession. I did say that when I first came here so that—so that you—that we might feel independent, you know, and free with each other—that is, I didn't want you to——"

"To fall in love with you, of course."

"Don't, Pansy. I didn't want you to be afraid of my falling in love with you, don't you see—it was on your account, really——"

"That's right, put it on to the woman——"

"And you know how pretty you are——"

"Thanks, awfully."

"But I did it, Pansy, all the same. I don't know just when it happened. But by and by when we got to calling each other by our first names, or last names, or any old name that came handy and seemed to fit——"

"Ah, yes, little imp, for instance."

"Now, Pansy, you know——"

"Oh, of course, Jack; don't mind—I like it."

"And then, when I got to coming here every day for a little inspiration, and a smoke, and to talk over our work, then all at once I knew that it was just because you were here and that I loved you and that I couldn't live without you again. And then I thought how fine it would be always to work together, and do the best that's in us, and by and by to make a great success together, don't you see?"

The young man had leaned forward to speak and the words had come eagerly. The girl had been looking steadily at her cigarette as she listened. She

struck away the smoke that had, perhaps, curled up too near her eyes. Her voice was not quite steady when she spoke, but became firmer as she proceeded.

"That's a good plan, Jack," she assented, "but you see the work is the main thing in it after all. The work and maybe the comradeship. It is pleasant to have you drop in here, as you say, and I like your stories (we agree on some things, you see), and it's pleasant to do them. Then we quarrel sometimes, and that's fun, too, as things are. But don't you see if we married it would spoil all? We should quarrel in earnest, then, and maybe be jealous of each other's success, or if our work didn't go you would say it was because I slighted it, and you wouldn't want to be here so much, either, then, and perhaps I wouldn't want you to be, and then, don't you see—both of us would——"

"Pansy, don't! Stop! No, I don't see——"

"Oh, well, being a man, perhaps you don't, but that's how it would be, I'm quite sure; and then, as I was going to say, both of us would suffer more than a good many other people, because the artistic temperament always suffers from a lot of things that other people don't even know exist, and by and by we should hate each other——"

"Pansy!"

"And go off with somebody else——"

"Pansy!"

"Oh, all right, Jack, I won't, if you mind. I just wanted to remind you of some of the reasons why

artists shouldn't marry—some that I've heard you give, you know, and that are really valid, don't you see. I don't blame you, of course; you're impulsive and warm-hearted, and you are ready to spoil good comradeship with marriage, because, being a man, as I say, you think it would be just the same, only more so."

"Oh, Pansy, it would be! I would love you always, Pansy!"

He had leaned over and taken the girl's hand. It was quite cold and he felt that it trembled as she drew it away. Her voice, too, quivered a little and there was a note of tenderness in it.

"We can't take the chances, Jack," she said, and her words fell almost to a whisper. "It would be too—too awful, you know, to fail. It's so pleasant as it is. Let's be satisfied. Sensible—real sensible, you know."

She laughed, a little and laid her hand on his arm. "Go out, now," she commanded cheerfully, "and walk about and get some fresh air. When you come back to-morrow everything will be just the same as before and we'll understand each other better than ever. Go on, now; that's a good boy."

"But you love me, Pansy?"

"Well—oh, why yes, of course I do—I shall always. I—love you—too much to marry you. Go now—oh, please do."

The door of the studio closed gently. The girl rose, all the gayety gone from her manner. With a hasty step she crossed to a wide couch and, flinging herself face down among the pillows, began to sob and moan

softly. She did not hear the light step that stole back across the rugs. Then there came the pressure of an arm about her shoulders. She whirled towards him.

"Jack! oh, Jack—I told you to go away."

"Yes, Pansy; but, being only a man, I came back."

Somehow her arm was about his neck.

"I—oh, I'm so glad, Jack, because—because, you see, even if I am a—a little imp, I—I'm only a woman, too, after all."

FLORA AND HANNAH.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

IT happened a number of years ago, when valentines were made more account of than they are now. Why, in those days some valentines were almost as good as an offer of marriage. I am sure Jonty's was. He meant it for one, and I knew he did. Jonty—his name was Jonathan, but we always called him Jonty, was my husband's youngest brother, and he had lived with me ever since his father died, when he wasn't much more than a baby.

He was twenty years younger than my husband, and we both of us, since we didn't have any children of our own, looked upon him as a son. My husband just set his eyes by his little brother, and he was a pretty boy, the reddest cheeks and the curliest light hair, and he was just as good as he could be, always ready to run errands, get a pail of water, and bring in kindling-wood, starting the minute he was told, and goin' laughin' as if he was tickled to death at havin' a chance to do somethin' for somebody. The way he used to wait on Grandma Page, find her glasses for her, and hold her yarn, was really wonderful in a boy. Grandma Page was his and Caleb's—my husband's,

great grandmother. She was pretty old when Jonty came to live with us, and when that happened about the valentine she was near ninety, but one of the prettiest old ladies you ever saw, cheeks as pink as a girl's, and her white hair all wavy, and she wore the nicest white caps, with lavender ribbons on them. We were proud of Grandma Page, and she was one of those little gentle, delicate, clinging creatures, that everybody loves and pets. People used to say she didn't have much force, and couldn't do anything but knit and look peaceful and pretty, but she wasn't half the care that most old people are. When my husband died, Jonty was most twenty-five years old, and it was the greatest comfort to me that I had him and Grandma Page. Jonty he took hold and run the farm just as smart, and we got along well, and had plenty of everything, though I was sad enough sometimes.

I felt dreadful sober when Jonty came to me that afternoon about the valentine. It made me think of the time when Caleb sent me a valentine, for one thing; and then I couldn't help feeling a little sad that Jonty should be thinkin' of some other woman beside his grandma and me, though I knew it was for the best if he got a good wife, and helpmeet.

But I tried to look as cheerful as I could. Jonty didn't act half as silly and ashamed in asking me, as some boys would have acted. He was always real honest and simple and outspoken, and never seemed to see any reason for being ashamed of anything that was right. He never colored up a mite, though his cheeks

were always like roses, as bright as a girl's, and he laughed kind of sweet and pleasant when he showed me the little sheet of gilt edged paper with a bunch of rose-buds in the corner, that was to go with the handsomest valentine I ever laid my eyes on. There was paper cut somehow so you could lift it up in a sort of spiral twist and see underneath a couple seated in an arbor all covered with roses. What Jonty wanted was a little poem, written on that sheet of paper. "Can't you do it, Aunt Jane?" said he in his coaxing way. He always called me Aunt, though I was really his sister-in-law.

"Why, my land, Jonty, I don't believe I can," said I. "I'm afraid I'll spoil this beautiful paper."

"Oh, no, you won't," said he. "Do, Aunt Jane."

Now I have really had quite a name for writing poetry, and once a piece on the death of Deacon Briggs' wife was published in the paper, but I have written mostly in albums and for people on the deaths of relatives and friends, and then they would keep them in their family Bibles. Why, there was one spell when it seemed to me that nobody died that I wasn't called upon to write a poem about it. But I hadn't never written a valentine in my life, and I was dreadful doubtful. I was afraid of spoiling that handsome paper. But I wrote it all off on a slate first, and finally I wrote quite a good piece, though I do say so, and Jonty he copied it, and signed his name.

"I s'pose I know who it's going to," said I.

"Yes, it's Flora," said Jonty laughing, but just as

honest as if he was a child. Grandma Page was knittin' in the corner, and she hadn't paid any attention to what was going on. She had grown so dreadful hard of hearin' within a year, we had to shout to make her hear anything.

I knew well enough that the valentine was going to Flora before I asked Jonty. She was the prettiest girl in the town, and all the young men were wild about her. Nobody looked at her sister Hannah, though she was a nice girl. Sometimes I used to think maybe she would be full as nice to get along with as Flora, though she did have a dull skin, and dull colored hair, and a homely nose. Hannah hadn't a good feature in her face except her eyes, which were as brown and honest as a good dog's. Flora, beside her, looked all shine and pink and white and gold. She was tall and of a fine shape, too, and Hannah was under size. Both girls used to be in our house a good deal, and grandma and I thought a lot of them. Grandma used to say that Flora was a pretty cretur.

Well, after Jonty's valentine was finished he left it on the sitting room table, and went out to see a man who had come to ask about some wood, and I went out in the kitchen to bake some cake. Pretty soon I saw Grandma Page with her big gray shawl on, and her white hood, kind of rockin' down the front walk in a way she had. She was quite stout. I thought to myself I guessed she was goin' to run into Mrs. Atkins'. She used to do that quite often, it was only a step down the street and she wasn't feeble at all.

In a little while Jonty came through the kitchen on his way to the sitting-room to get his valentine. Then he come runnin' back. "Why, where is it, Aunt Jane?" said he.

"Why, aint it there on the table where you left it?" said I.

"No, it ain't," said he.

"Why, that's dreadful funny," said I. I wiped the flour off my hands, and went in to look, but there was no valentine there. We searched everywhere, but we couldn't find it. When Grandma came back we questioned her, then the mystery was solved, as we supposed. She said in her little soft innocent way, like an old baby's, that she had been down to the postoffice thinking there might be a letter from Edward—Edward was her son out west—and she had posted the valentine. Well, there wasn't anything so strange about it. The postoffice was next door to Mrs. Atkins.' Grandma often went there, and often posted letters, but it did seem a little odd that she should have taken the valentine. However, Jonty thanked her in his sweet way, and we supposed everything was all right.

After supper that night Hannah came in. Grandma had gone to bed, and Jonty had run down to the store on an errand. I saw in a minute that something had happened. Hannah didn't look like herself. Her dull cheeks were pink, her eyes shone, and she looked almost pretty.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," she said—she always called me

Aunt Jane, "I saw him go past and knew he wasn't here, or I wouldn't have come."

"What do you mean, what is the matter, child?" said I, for she was laughing and crying all together.

"I had to tell somebody, I was so happy," said she, "and Flora has got Mark Williams calling on her, and mother is away, and——"

"Why, what is it, what has happened?" said I.

"Oh, don't you, don't you know?" said she.

"No, I don't," said I.

"Jonty has sent me a valentine," she whispered. Then down her head went on my lap, and she cried and cried for pure joy." "Oh, Aunt Jane," she sobbed out, "I never thought anybody would love me. I thought it would always be Flora and now it's me, and —I've always thought Jonty was better than anybody else. Oh, Aunt Jane, I'm not half good enough for him, I wish I was pretty like Flora, but I do love Jonty and I will try to make him happy."

I was so bewildered I didn't know what to do. I put my hand on the girl's head, and tried to hush her, and then I heard a noise, and looked up and there was Jonty standing in the door, and he had heard every word. And Hannah looked up and saw him, and sprang to her feet, and ran straight to him, and was sobbing on his shoulder.

I shall never forget Jonty's face as he looked at me over her head. He was so kind and gentle that in all his bewilderment, his arm had gone 'round the poor little thing, and he was stroking her head as if she had

been a lost kitten. And I shall never forget the sound of my own voice, it was so queer and faint as I said to him:

"Hannah says she's got a valentine from you, Jonty."

Well, Jonty soothed and coaxed her, and took her home, and when he came back his face was as white as a sheet. He sat down opposite me, and looked at me, and I at him.

"What be you goin' to do, Jonty?" said I.

"I ain't goin' to break that poor little thing's heart, and Mark Williams is over there with Flora, and—I don't believe she has ever had much choice betwixt us, and—and—she aint never acted as if she thought so much of me as this."

"You aint goin' to marry Hannah, when it's Flora you want?" said I, for I thought he was carryin' it too far.

"Yes, I be, unless I see that Flora is goin' to be upset over it," said he.

And he did. Mark Williams married Flora, but I always suspected she would full as soon have had Jonty, but she was never a girl to cry for one fiddle when she could get another, and Jonty married Hannah. Hannah has made him a splendid wife, and there aint been a happier family in the village than ours.

But one thing always puzzled Jonty and me, though we never said a word to Hannah about it. We could not understand how Jonty ever happened to direct that

valentine envelope to Hannah instead of Flora. He said he could almost take his Bible oath that he hadn't. He used often to talk to me about it, and say that he knew now that Hannah was the wife for him and made him happier than Flora could ever have done, but he couldn't understand about that valentine. "Hannah has got it and I have seen it," said he, "but she took it out of the envelope and made a little silk case for it with two doves and a sprig of myrtle embroidered on the outside, like one her cousin had, and the envelope is gone, but I must have written Hannah instead of Flora. Sometimes it seems supernatural when I look at Hannah and see what a dear good wife I've got," said Jonty.

Well, we never discovered the mystery of that valentine till Grandma died two years after Jonty and Hannah were married. She had a shock and lost her speech, and lay so five days before she died. One day about a week after the funeral, Jonty was lookin' at her old Bible, the one she always kept in her room on the little stand by her bed, and he gave a great start. "What is it, Jonty?" said I. Hannah was out in the kitchen getting supper, and we were in the sitting-room.

"Look here, Aunt Jane," said Jonty.

And I looked and there in Grandma's Bible pinned to the chapter of Proverbs, where it says that—"The heart of her husband can safely trust in her"—was the envelope of the old valentine directed to Flora.

THE ROSE OF HELL.

BY MRS. GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT.

IT grows near the crater of the volcano of Fuego. The people who live in that region say that Fuego is the door of hell. On its threshold the infernal blossom unfolds as readily as the damask rose blooms in the sunlight which falls warm and golden upon a summer garden. It drinks in the flame-breath of the deadly volcano as the sweet-brier absorbs the gentle dews which fall from heaven.

There Wyngate Harwood found it when he was collecting speciments of lava. He examined it curiously and took it with him down to the village and showed it to Jose.

"Dios keep you from it," said Jose, starting back in dismay. "It is the rose of hell. Its perfume is——"

Wyngate put the flower to his nose and drew a deep breath.

"It has no perfume."

"Not now," said Jose. "There comes a day—midsummer day of every year—when its fragrance is so subtly sweet that it could pierce a stone wall and bring death—worse than death—to you."

"Did you ever smell it?"

"May all the Saints guard me—no!"

"Then how do you know?"

"Eh, Senor—does not the whole village know? She lived in this village."

"She?"

"She was an Indian witch; they said she had lived a thousand years yet her hair was like a storm-cloud and her eyes shone like the stars on a moonless night. Her face was like the autumn twilight, and when she walked it was like the swaying of the willow in the spring winds. None could kill her save her own tribe, and while they were pleased she had the gift of life. Once she led them to battle against a neighboring tribe, and they were defeated. Then they clamored for her life. They took her to the volcano of Fuego, the gateway of hell, and threw her in. With her last breath she cursed them. That was on a midsummer day. On the next midsummer day this flower bloomed at the mouth of Fuego. It was found by an Indian hunter who breathed its odor, and they found him far off in the woods next day, babbling of flames and of demons. And so he died, cursed. Now, the Senor will throw it away?"

"Not by any means. I have a botanist friend in Washington who would never forgive me if I did. This is one of the curiosities of the world. What right have I to retard scientific progress because of a superstition? Superstition is dead. Science is king. I serve him by proxy. My friend shall have the flower and shall rise up and call me blessed."

"Then make him promise not to look at it nor go

"Dios keep you from it," said Jose, starting back in dismay.

into the room where it is from midnight to midnight of midsummer day."

"You do not know my friend. That would be the sure way to keep him bending over it for the full twenty-four hours. He would be consumed with desire to know what would happen."

He put the flower carefully away, feeling somewhat proud of the honor of being the first to make the strange specimen known to the scientific world. Then he drifted about Central America, for a time, and reached home one sultry July day. He had intended to pass through Washington, and stop and see his botanical friend, and give him that rose of infernal suggestions. But the Baltic was due and he must be at home when she arrived. Vervain Ashleigh was one of her passengers. The thought of the rose faded away in view of that wondrous fact.

As he was carefully making his toilet preparatory to calling upon Miss Ashleigh his gaze chanced to fall upon an ornamental calendar, which hung above his dressing table. He casually observed that it was midsummer day—day of dreamy suggestions—poetic fancies, consonant with the beautiful circumstance that he was in a few moments to see Vervain. Suddenly a shadow crept over his meditations. What was there of evil mingled with the thought of midsummer day? Ah, yes; the rose.

He took it from his pocket and it was in a box which closed very tightly. He almost fancied that a faint perfume came through the closed lid. Then he put it

back. What silly fancies he was falling into for an idle tale told by a Mexican peasant. One might fancy that he was growing superstitious.

Once with Vervain he thought no more of the flower. The blue of her wonderful eyes and the gold of her soft hair filled his eyes and heart. If she were less warm in her greeting and less responsive to his word of love it might have been because of their long separation.

"I have been so lonely without you," he said. "Will you not tell me now when our partings will be over and I may have the right to go with you on all your journeys and take you with me on mine?"

"I think that time will not come," she said hesitatingly.

He looked silently at her for a moment. Her gaze was fixed upon the painted cupid on her fan.

"Why?"

"Because,—there is,——"

"Some one you care more for?"

"Yes.'

He looked at her with a cruel insistency.

"It's—it's an artist in Rome. He is wonderful. He paints angels like the angels of Fra Angelico and——"

She crushed the frail fan in her nervous grasp and its fragments fell fluttering to the floor.

"And I am not wonderful. I can't paint angels. I can only grub in the earth for rocks and chip fragments from boulders. Not a work that a young lady would be expected to admire."

"But I—I love him."

"That, of course, is the all-sufficient reason. I do not mention the fact that you need not have professed to love me."

"But I did not know."

"You traveled for information. I have read that Rome is a wise old town. Perhaps I might have done better if I had gone there instead of to Central America. I, too, might have learned something to my advantage."

As he arose to go he chanced to strike his hand against the pocket which held the box.

"I will give you this," he said, taking out the box. "It is one of the wonders of the world. Not all the artists in Rome could give one like it. The natives call it 'the rose of hell.' It will become the rose of heaven, now. Good bye."

After he had gone she sat with unseeing eyes fixed upon the box. Then she began to wonder what might be in the box. Something that no one else could give her? The box was a round one, with a lid that screwed down upon it. She turned the lid slowly, cautiously. As she did so a faint odor stole out. It grew stronger as the lid loosened until it filled the room. It was subtle, sweet, powerful. It seemed to wrap her around in mysterious folds. She yielded herself resistlessly to its strange influence.

She lifted the lid and looked timidly in. A rose-shaped flower of a dark, slumberous red lay within. In its deep heart was a burning coal whence came glit-

tering darts of flame. She drew back, and would have put the box away from her. A strange power seemed to hold her to the flame-lit blossom.

"He said it was the rose of hell," she muttered hoarsely. "See the flames leap out! They burn my hands, they scorch my face, they consume my soul! See, the fiends that sit upon each petal! How they mock me, revile me, threaten me! How the fiery swords pierce me through and through!"

She shrieked and with a mighty effort threw the box upon the floor and fled to the corner of the room, crouching upon the floor, gibbering meaningless words. The clock on a tower near chimed out midnight. In an instant the perfume that had filled the room vanished and the rose lay in its box only a mass of dead broken leaves. Still the girl cowered in the corner and babbled aimlessly.

If you go into the Asylum of Saint Mona and pass down the long corridor of the floor where the hopelessly insane are kept, a woman with wondrous blue eyes and a glory of golden hair will come to you with a look of sympathetic sorrow on her face and ask you, as she asks all comers, in a pathetically eager tone:

"Have you, too, seen the rose of hell?'

PATTY'S FIRST CALL-OUT.

BY JEANNETTE HADERMANN WALWORTH.

PATTY CARUTHERS' first call-out for partner to a Carnival masker created quite a flutter in the family circle. Caruthers *mere* had always known that "the child's beauty would create a sensation as soon as she came out." Caruthers *pere* was of the opinion, that, "the bills for all this carnival tom foolery would create a greater sensation when they came in."

Lucile *soeur* wished that "Patty would hurry up and get married, so that she might take her turn at such chance glimpses of paradise as being called out by an unknown masker to dance at the carnival ball;" while John Caruthers *frere*, the young man of the family, already burdened with a sense of responsibility for a pretty sister in society, had his doubts as to the propriety of "allowing Pat to dance with a fellow in a mask, who might be Beelzebub himself, or a corner grocer for all they knew of his antecedents."

With the gates of Paradise already ajar Patty could afford to be amiably forbearing. She nipped her brother's sprouting anxieties by assuring him that the floor committee would see to it that she danced neither with Beelzebub nor a corner grocer. Then she gave

herself up universally to bliss—and the dressmakers. The intervening days were days of great bedazzlement. Think of it! Her very first season in society, she an unknown country girl from an obscure sugar plantation up the river—and already called out! The possibilities of a future with such a brilliant threshold were not to be computed by commonplace standards.

When she was arrayed for the carnival ball, she stood like some glittering planet surrounded by so many slowly revolving satellites awaiting the family verdict:—Lucile gasped ecstatically into her ears:——

"Oh, Pat, if only Charles Lane could see you now!"

"Charles Lane! Don't mention him."

What was Charles Lane to that radiant creature going to meet her destiny in Masker 99? Charles Lane, a poor drudge of a grub worm, who, as manager of her father's sugar houses, filled his place well enough, and even helped materially, on occasions, to enliven the stupidity incident upon the average family circle of a lonely plantation.

But here was another matter. Life was another matter. She was another matter.

Even at that audacious moment, when, having rescued her from an ignominious death in a molasses vat, her father's manager had recklessly told his love, she had given him flatly to understand that Miss Caruthers of Armandale, was not to be wooed nor won by the man who ran the sugar house engines. He had never transcended the bounds of frigid courtesy since. Upon which she had waxed sorry and remorsefully

kind, but to no purpose. Oh—well—she certainly did wish Lu had not seen fit to introduce his name just as she was about to soar into the seventh heaven of carnival bliss. It gave her a sense of having weights fastened to her new-found wings.

Arrived at the ball, memory and remorse fell away from her promptly, leaving her a palpitating pretty flutterer, joyously alive from the tip of her taper fingers to the toes of the spangled slippers which bore her through the glittering throng with a sense of exaltation above all sublunary conditions.

At last—the magic number was called by the court crier. Number 99—Miss Caruthers of Armandale! She never knew how nor when she left the side of her chaperon. She never knew how she got upon the floor, led there by a tall knight in mediæval costume. She was dizzy with the wonder of it all. But she got there. She was all there, standing in a tremor of delight by the side of her tall knight, through whose vizor she could discern two burning eyes of brown fixed upon her with a disconcerting steadfastness, whenever the exigencies of the dances granted opportunity for speech.

She marveled that such a commanding figure could be found outside of Sir Walter Scott's novels. She was sure Ivanhoe had not been a whit more impressive, at which ecstatic moment Ivanhoe fastened the weights to her wings once more:——

"St. Landry is your parish, I believe, Miss Caruthers?"

She wasted a breathless second, wishing she knew whether she ought to answer just plain "yes," to the question, or "yes, Sir Knight." It was dreadful to be so crude. Sir Knight resumed placidly:——

"I have a friend somewhere in St. Landry. Charles Lane."

"Oh—he——"

"Yes, he is your father's engineer. I doubt if he more than earns his porridge at that calling."

"Papa thinks a great deal of Mr. Lane. So does—so do—mama—and——"

Ivanhoe laughed softly. She blushed furiously. Of course it was her grammar he was jeering at. Mediæval knights should show themselves superior to syntax.

"We think him something of an idiot, at this end of the line," 99 added composedly.

"I assure you he is anything but an idiot. Papa says he is an educated man and John—John is my brother——"

But the band struck up again and Ivanhoe's mailed arm was about her waist, and Charles Lane was wiped off the face of the earth, as far as her consciousness went.

She returned to her chaperon's side after that first winged flight minus a bit of plumage. A pretty pink shoulder knot had been transferred to masculine keeping. Ninety-nine had assured her that it came under the head of an obligation for her to give a favor of some sort to her knight. A bit of ribbon, a handker-

chief or something that had touched her sacred person. After she had danced several times with mere men in ordinary evening coat and trousers her mailed knight came back to her. She had been pondering over a simple act of justice.

"I think," she began bravely, then more shyly: "I am afraid I did not say enough to correct your wrong impression of Mr. Lane. Everybody thinks well of him."

"Yes? I am glad to hear it. He is something of a conundrum to his old friends. Don Quixote being out of date, we don't exactly know where he is 'at'."

"Don Quixote? You don't mean——"

"Not exactly that Charlie is going about with a barber's basin on for a helmet, nor that he is fighting wind mills; but a man who would deliberately relinquish all claim to his paternal estate for the benefit of four sisters, and a few creditors and take himself off to work at anything his hands could find to do, has got some sort of a bee in his bonnet."

"You don't mean——"

"I mean that Charles Lane is just that sort of an idiot."

"I should say just that sort of a hero," said Patty, with a catch in her voice. If only he hadn't spoken of Charles Lane while she was having such a heavenly time, and yet—oh the ways of a maid are past finding out—"Did you go to college with Mr. Lane?" she asked shyly.

"I had that honor."

"What college?"

"Harvard. He was first in everything."

Her voice rose scornfully:

"And yet he can find nothing better to do than run my father's engines?"

"Then you know him personally?"

"Yes, that is, of course one is obliged to know one's own father's employes, living on the same plantation."

"But one is not obliged to apologize for knowing Charles Lane. It is a privilege for man or woman." Ivanhoe spoke decidedly huffily.

"Oh, please, Sir Knight, I am sure you think me —think me——"

"The most charming Miss Caruthers."

Music. A round dance. More speechless ecstasy —and then—the world stood still. Her chaperon was taken faint and then they "must go home at once." As a sinless Eve might have felt when the gates of Paradise slowly shut her out, Patty felt when following her chaperon to the cloak room. It was all over! There was nothing left worth living for.

No, not quite all over. Masker 99 stood at her elbow when she came out of the cloak room, hooded and desolate.

"You will take a message to Charlie Lane for me, will you not, Miss Caruthers?"

"Yes. Who am I to say sent it?"

"Masker 99."

"And the message?"

"Two heads are better than one, even if they do cap two souls that think as one."

She looked at his breast and said plaintively: "I do not see my favor."

"But you will."

Then he put her in the carriage, and vanished out of her life.

Back on the plantation! Fortunately there had been an intermission of several weeks so that the transition from carnival joys to the lower plane of the every day world had not been accompanied with any great sense of shock. She believed she was rather glad to be at home once more.

The daffodils that had blossomed for her coming, nodded a cheery welcome to her; her birds sang as if they had been saving every scrap of melody for her dear ears. The dogs lashed themselves into frenzies of joy and Charles Lane looked at her with a tense gaze that made her think of the burning eyes under the vizor of 99's mask.

"I have a message for you," she said, smiling amiably up into his face, "I will give it to you to-night."

For reasons of her own she preferred to give it to him when he could not look her in the eyes. The low steps of the front veranda, with a full moon to observe the proprieties, answered every purpose.

She told him all about the wonderful carnival; about her "call out," about 99's message, then she leaned back against the great fluted pillar of the veranda with her hands clasped behind her head.

"And to this day, I don't know who he was. Will I ever?"

"Why did you not wait until he unmasked?"

"I wanted to dreadfully. But Mrs. Train was taken sick and I could not."

"I think I can tell you who he was."

"Tell me."

"Fred Laselle, dear old boy."

Patty sat in reflective silence. Then with a note of experience:

"Women are such creatures to be carried away with the excitement of the moment. He told me that ladies always give their true knights a favor of some kind, and I gave him one of my pretty pink shoulder knots. I want it back dreadfully. He said I should see it again, but I don't suppose men ever mind in the least what they say on such occasions."

Something glinted in the moonlight. Something fell upon Patty's lap. She unclasped her hands and sat bold upright to examine it. It was her shoulder knot.

"You—why how——"

"You gave it to me."

"I? Oh, treachery," she laughed scoffingly, "then it was you who found so many fine things to say about Mr. Charles Lane?"

Even in the moonlight she could see an angry flush dying his face.

"No, I only recall dubbing him an idiot. But you are entitled to an explanation, Miss Caruthers."

"I should think I was."

"The breaking of some of my machinery necessitated

my going to the city. I was there the night of the ball. Fred Laselle told me of your 'call out,' and I begged him to let me have the first dance. We are the same size and his rig fitted me as well as it did him. I am ready to be punished for my half hour of stolen bliss."

She punished him by slipping a shy hand into his. "And you—I'll wager anything I owe even my 'call out' to you."

"I wrote to Fred and asked him to see that you had a good time at your first ball."

"I don't deserve it at your hands—but—Charlie," she thought he might help her out a little bit. "If you want the shoulder knot you can keep it."

"There is only one thing in life I more desire."

"And that?"

"Is the hand it lies in now."

Miss Caruthers of Armandale reflected a moment, then she laughed softly:

"Well, since I owe you the very most delicious time I ever had in this world, I might as well give you some slight return. If you want me very much, indeed, Charlie, you can have me. On one condition—that you explain Mr. Laselle's message to you."

"It meant that our two heads encompassed your surrender; also, that his soul and mine thought as one concerning your loveliness."

"Oh, Charlie, between the two of you I certainly had a heavenly time."

THE GENERAL HATRED OF MR. DARBY

BY GEORGE ADE.

OUR boarding house was a peaceful home for all of us until Mr. Darby arrived. The trouble with Mr. Darby was that he held opinions. Rather, he didn't hold them. He threw them at people.

Mrs. Cross, our landlady, a widow of enduring charms, had certain positive convictions which she had laid before us many times, without once arousing a contradiction. This was before Mr. Darby came. She made many assertions which none of us indorsed, but we held our tongues, in the interest of harmony. Mr. Seabury had no wish to argue with her, because he was fully occupied with his consuming passion for Miss Beatty, the music student, who sat directly across the table from him. As for the others, we had no line of controversy to begin with, and, besides, Mrs. Cross was such a superior woman that it would have been folly for any one of us to enter the lists against her.

Therefore, although Mrs. Cross was a woman of resisting fiber and combative skill, our boarding house was a peaceful home for all of us, as I said at the beginning—until Mr. Darby came.

Mr. Darby was past forty, slightly bald with a

The new boarder had dared to contradict Mrs. Cross.

reddish-gray mustache and a square, blocky chin, indicating determination. He was a consulting engineer —an architect or something else so technical that it was beyond our comprehension—and when he gave an opinion he did it in a dry, dictatorial way, after the manner of a college professor. He seemed to believe that his decision always put an end to arguments and was not subject to appeal.

The first evening at dinner, after we had met him and after the dinner had progressed as far as the roast beef, Mrs. Cross had been telling of her shopping experiences that day, and she concluded her narrative with this statement: "Well, any way, the women in the stores have much more tact than the men."

Mr. Darby elevated his eyebrows in surprise, and then said, very coolly, "I don't think so."

We gasped.

Think of it! The new boarder had dared to contradict Mrs. Cross. He had invoked the thunderbolt and seemed quite unconcerned as to the results.

"My opinion is based on several years' experience as a shopper," said Mrs. Cross. "I cannot believe that you have ever done very much shopping, Mr. Darby."

"When I say that women have less tact then men I am merely stating a fact which is proved by any careful observation of the sexes, and is corroborated by all the history of the world," said Mr. Darby. "It may be that here and there you will find an exceptional woman who is more skillful as a tactician than a cer-

tain man exceptionally stupid, with whom she may be compared for the moment. But if we must generalize, then I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that men, both in department stores and elsewhere, are more tactful than women."

With that they locked horns, figuratively speaking. They discussed the sexes from every known standpoint. Mrs. Cross was sharply sarcastic. Mr. Darby was cool and opinionated, seeming to hold his adversary in good-natured contempt.

Our happy little dinner gathering, usually given over to good-natured bantering and frivolity, had become a debating club, in which Mr. Darby and Mrs. Cross were the contending orators, while we sat as awed listeners.

That evening, after four of us had gone up to Martin's room to smoke our evening pipes, we held an indignation meeting, and agreed that Darby was an egotistical nuisance and that the sooner Mrs. Cross got rid of him the better it would be for all concerned.

Martin was especially cut up. Martin was a quiet little man, as gentle and inoffensive as a house cat, and we had long suspected that he was in love with Mrs. Cross, although no one believed that he would ever summon the courage to declare himself. We had twitted him frequently as to his supposed fondness for the landlady, and his blushes had been a virtual confession.

And on this evening, after the first of the many

Cross-Darby debates, his anger at the new boarder showed that he really cared for Mrs. Cross.

"I tell you, no gentleman would sit at a table and contradict a lady as that fellow did this evening," said Martin, with great warmth.

"That's right," we said.

"He is a conceited ninny," said Martin, puffing his pipe with great violence.

We agreed with him.

As I have intimated, the debate as to the tactfulness of women was but the first of many battles in which all the rhetorical and logical weapons were wielded with tremendous violence.

If Mrs. Cross advanced a proposition, Mr. Darby would be sure to take exception to it, either in whole or part, and instanter the duel would begin. It would continue throughout the dinner hour and would be resumed with unabated fury after we had gone into the parlor. Usually the men would excuse themselves and go up to Martin's room to smoke, and say mean things about Darby.

Miss Beatty, the music student, and the two other young women of our strange household would also escape, and usually Mr. Darby and Mrs. Cross would be left together to continue the struggle indefinitely. Of course, these debates ended as all debates must end, with each debater still unconvinced and defiant.

The only satisfaction we derived from witnessing these daily conflicts was in the knowledge that Darby had met his match in Mrs. Cross. She was just as

well-read and just as resourceful and quick-witted as he was, and sometimes she dealt a home thrust that delighted all of us, and even aroused Martin from his quiet melancholy.

Poor Martin! How he hated that man Darby!

One night we were sitting in his room engaged in our usual occupation, that is, we were denouncing Darby.

"Think of it," said Martin, "That infernal scoundrel is simply badgering the life out of Mrs. Cross. He seems to take a fiendish delight in contradicting everything she says. As a self-respecting woman she dare not allow him to walk over her rough-shod, and he has not the gallantry to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and you see the result. They are sitting down in the parlor at this minute, engaged in some argument that will last half the night."

"Why don't you go down there and rescue her?" asked Seabury. "She would be glad to have any one come in and put an end to the dispute."

"I wish I could," said Martin.

"Why not?" I asked. "Just wander into the parlor and ask Mrs. Cross to play something. I'll tell you, Martin, it's your duty to protect her from that man."

"Do you think so?" he asked, seriously.

"Most assuredly."

"Well, I believe I will go down for a little while."

He went out of the room, and in less than a minute he was back again, very pale and holding to the door-knob.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"I didn't go in," he said, in a whisper. "I looked in first. It was quiet in there. I walked in—and—and—he had his arm around her!"

"What!" exclaimed Seabury.

"It's a fact. They were both on the sofa, and he had his arm around her."

"Why, I thought she despised him." said Seabury. "They're always in argument."

"That's the way some people enjoy themselves," I suggested. "We'll tell Miss Beatty what Martin saw and have her find out all about it."

Miss Beatty at once confronted Mrs. Cross with the convicting evidence.

"It is true," said Mrs. Cross. "I regard Mr. Darby as the most brilliant man I have met since my first husband died. He is a strong man—a man of intellectual power and deep convictions."

Mr. Darby told Miss Beatty that he had always wanted to marry a woman of brains, and not a mere doll. The landlady was his kind of a wife.

And so they were married after a courtship marked by numerous fierce and entertaining controversies.

And Martin—our dear, old Martin, who had worshiped her from afar all these years—was quite unconsidered.

Poor Martin!

SHE WHO LISTENED.

BY MRS. WADE HAMPTON, JR.

MILES pushed his papers away moodily. Miss Austin had not been in the office and it was almost five o'clock. She would not come. For that matter she had not promised to bring in anything. It was just because she brightened the office so that he wanted to see her.

The night editor came in at five and Miles put on his hat and hurried up town. He stuffed the 'Last Edition' into his pocket and swung along Broadway with his shoulders well back, breathing in the ozone with half sigh and half content.

The sigh was at the certainty of the inevitable boarding house dinner and the content was having it bettered by the presence of Anita Austin. As he reached Fourteenth street a figure just ahead of him detached itself from the motley crowd going to and fro and he hastened his steps with evident pleasure. As he noticed the pricelessly simple tailor gown he could not keep back the quick thought of wondering how many people he saw could have been clothed and fed with the equivalent of that tailor gown and Paris hat? It was the idle thought of a man used to drawing comparisons.

He was quite up to her now and took off his hat.

"Oh," she said, "how glad I am to see you." A little rose-flush came to her cheeks, and she drew her hand from the tiny muff and gave it to him.

Miles had always liked Lance Sheppard and felt that she liked him. She was far ahead of him in one way —she was one of the rich, unspoiled girls of New York. Since he had first met her, her dainty notes had often found him out and in spite of all protest had drawn him into the inner circle where pockets had golden linings and happy, careless minds and hearts knew nothing of the dark side of a journalist's life. He was really very grateful to this beautiful girl for her charming grace to him.

"I was just going to send you a message," she said as they walked along together."

"Is it forbidden me to take it?" he asked. It must be for some theater party or social function, he thought, and then he wondered, man-like, if Anita Austin would miss him.

"I want to talk to you about a friend of mine." She said with some embarrassment.

"With the greatest pleasure," Miles answered. He thought grimly that this meant another hopeless manuscript to read or a position to secure for an inexperienced applicant. Lance was a philanthropist to her finger tips. He was entirely taken off his guard when she said, looking up at him seriously, without a bit of a smile.

"I want you to help me do something for her."

"Well?" as she hesitated.

"I want you to propose to me."

"Propose to you?" he repeated blankly.

A deep flush came to her cheeks and crept to her forehead. Miss Sheppard had fully considered what it would mean to marry a struggling journalist, but she felt that Jack Miles was not like other men, and she had frankly confessed to herself that she loved him, and but for her wealth felt that he would long ago have told her of his love. She understood his pride and honored him all the more for it.

She smiled now and went on. "Yes, I really do. The girl I am trying to help out never heard a man propose, and she can't make it come right."

"My dear, Miss Sheppard, you'll have to make the situation clearer. What can't she make come right?"

"The proposal—in her story."

"Oh!" said Miles. It struck him as a new idea.

—"So I promised that I would get a man to propose to me, and let her listen behind—behind the curtain, you know."

"But this is preposterous," he exclaimed. "No man could propose to a girl when he knew some one was listening behind a curtain.

Lance made a little despairing gesture. "But it must be done. If you knew how hopelessly she had worked over her story! Three times she had written the proposal scene, and when I came—when I saw her this afternoon she had given up. She had buried her face in her arms. I did not know how to help her, so

I told her that some one was coming to see me, and that he might—and that she should sit behind the portière and listen. And she said she wouldn't and all that—but I showed her that if she wanted to succeed in her writing she must do some things that one doesn't do ordinarily. Oh, I talked an hour."

"And your part? When I propose to you do you accept me, or reject me?"

"I—it really doesn't matter," she said, "does it?"

"No—no," he said, reluctantly. But if you reject me, you won't need to explain to her afterwards that it was make-believe."

"Poor fellow," mused Lance to herself, "is it that he can't bear the idea of being accepted in jest?"

"Well," said Miles as he hailed a cab for her, "I'll try it, Miss Sheppard, but you could have chosen a better man for this sort of thing among your dancing friends. I'll call this evening, then, at nine o'clock; but feel very nervous."

"I'm sure," said she, "that everything will come out beautifully." And she nodded from the cab window with a happy face.

Miss Austin was not at dinner. His neighbor remarked that Miss Austin was dining out. Her name was constantly in Miles' thought. It repeated itself musically to him, although it could hardly have been considered a musical name. And the more insistently it repeated itself, the less it seemed possible for him to propose to Lance Sheppard with a girl listening behing the curtain.

And yet—what if he dared make this mock proposal into a real one: What if he dared snatch this golden prize from all others.

A butler in knee breeches showed him into the drawing-room. Anita Austin was there reading a book. She was often there, but Miles hurried in now with an eager exclamation. He was glad in his heart to see her and then he felt that he was indeed saved from a most absurd situation.

"I didn't know you were here!"

"You came to see Lance? she will be down in a minute. She has just gone up stairs." There was a slight stiffness in the girl's manner. It reacted on him and yet he had never seen her look prettier than to-night.

"I came to tell her—well, I made her a promise, and——"

"Ah! don't let me interrupt you. I'm going in a minute, as soon as Lance comes down." She looked away from him.

"No—yes—don't go," urged Miles. "I have come to tell her I couldn't fulfill the promise I made her." I would rather you stayed. I will take you back, if you will let me after I see Miss Sheppard. Don't go," and stronger than ever grew the conviction that he could not associate the idea of a proposal of marriage from himself with any one but Anita Austin. It was an unconscionably long time before either of them spoke again. Miles felt vaguely how much more the beautiful surroundings fitted Anita than the boarding house

had ever done. He dismissed the idea of finding companionable men to live with him in a flat, and every other idea that was not of Anita Austin alone.

"Anita?" He laid his hand on the arm of her chair. She drew away from him. "Anita, I am going away." She drew in her breath quickly, and he saw the color die out and leave her pale.

"Away?" she said listlessly, not looking at him.

"Yes, the *Big Daily's* wanting to send me—to the Transvaal. "Are you sorry?"

"That you have such a chance?" she laughed uneasily.

"No, that I am going. Must I go?"

"To become a Uitlander or a British subject?" She smiled wearily and it encouraged him.

He felt that it mattered not in what part of the universe fate should carry him, if it but carried Anita Austin with him.

"Anita?" He brought his face near and laid his hand over her's, "won't you try to love me a little, dear? Don't you understand, darling?"

She tried to draw her hand away, but he held it close. "Can't you love me a little, dear?" he almost whispered.

She was afraid to look up and let him read her eyes. But he took her troubled face in his free hand and turned it so that she could read his plainly. "Do you want me to say, 'Will you marry me, as they do in books?"

She nodded and looked straight into his happy eyes.

"And will you say, 'yes?'" He put his arm around her and she tried to release herself, but she could not summon the indignation she had always believed a girl must feel when a man proposed to her.

"Ought I?—Right at once?"

"Certainly. It's now or never," he said gravely.

"Then I suppose I do." He bent his head and kissed her lips.

The heavy brocaded portière shook like a crimson wave, unnoticed. Anita looked up with eyes sadder than tears. "Please let me go."

"Why, dear?"

"I—I'm afraid I ought not to have stayed—except behind the curtain."

A queer looked crossed Miles' face. It had not occurred to him that Anita was the girl Lance was going to help. He repeated his question several times before she answered, and then it was a very incoherent answer.

"Because," she said.

"Because why?" She looked so pretty and so utterly at a loss.

"Because," she said with a little wan smile and an effort—"you—you—didn't go on your knees."

"That's out of fashion. Dearest, are you very, very sure you love me?"

Lance sobbed behind the heavy portière and between her sobs murmured: "What a proposal!——" But none ever knew the cost of that proposal. And it was with a bright smile that she welcomed Jack.

HALF DEVIL; HALF CHILD.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

THE street car was armored against the missiles of the lighter and clumsier brand by heavily woven strips of wire. The platform had two policemen, the car only three passengers, all men, whose eyes were all over the street and whose heads wagged portentously when, after a slow lurch around a corner, the huge yellow car body gave a sentient quiver, settled back and stopped.

"In for it now!" from one of the passengers expressed the universal feeling. The commercial traveler, a large man who perspired freely, took a precautious reconnaissance and announced that the track was blocked.

"Damn strikes!" groaned the stouter of the two policemen, "it'll take half an hour to get that truck off the track."

" 'Tain't our business to move it, anyhow," replied his companion. "Let the scabs wrestle with their own job!"

Meanwhile the conductor and motorman were consulting. They did not muster an entire uniform between them, one showing only a blue coat and the other a blue cap; but their bronzed faces and the air

of habit in their motions revealed that they were not novices in their work. The conductor was a tall man with a big mustache, the motorman was a little, nimble, undersized fellow of sandy hair and reddish freckles. They stood together on the platform and studied the pile of iron girders, boards, shutters and rubbish blocking the rails. The sidewalks of the mean street through which they were passing had not a foot of plank to be seen, for the swarm of men, women and children that was wriggling upon them. Most of the crowd were women and boys. There was only a sprinkling of sullen-faced men. The crowd jeered and hooted and screamed "scab," their voices swelling with each second of delay. Out of the narrow windows of the thin brick houses with their peaked roofs, heads and menacing fists emerged. The crowd surged up closer to the passive car.

"They killed a man here yesterday," said the stout commercial traveler in the corner of the car, mopping his hot face, "and they nearly killed a woman—tore her clothes to bits. I wonder why the devil I couldn't have waited for a wagon, if I did lose my train."

"Look at those women," the thin man in the black alpaca coat with a book bulging his pocket muttered to his neighbor. "Don't they make you think of Carlyle's furies of the French Revolution? Urr! Hark to that!"

The yell of the crowd was venomous. It was shrill with women's voices and the high pipe of children. "Scabs! Kill the scabs! Stone 'em! Tear 'em off the

cars! They ain't no right there, the dirty, murdering scabs!" screamed the crowd.

"Guess we'll have to get off and tackle that pile of truck," said the motorman.

"You fellers got to stand by us," said the conductor, wheeling on the policemen.

The legal defenders of order exchanged glances; there was no relish for the job in either face. "Say, you got to——" reiterated the conductor.

"Well, git off and tackle it, then," grumbled the older of the policemen, "stand off, men; we got to keep order here. You kid up there, drop your rock; I see you. Stand back, lady; can't allow no swiping."

The lady was a robust newsdealer in a battered bonnet and ragged gown; she had gathered a handful of mud and threw it straight in the conductor's face. The other women shrieked with laughter. The children piped in the chorus, and a man bellowed, "That's what you git, you —— traitor!"

The two policemen lifted gentle hands of remonstrance. "We don't want to use you rough, but you'll make us," expostulated the older man. And the crowd bellowed defiance and abuse and surged closer to the track.

"Now'll come the rocks," said the young man of the passengers. He was a bright-eyed, clean-shaven youngster in white duck trousers, who looked like a college lad. "Say, who'll help the trainmen to clear the track?"

The big conductor had wiped his face; he turned it,

absurdly streaked, on the policemen, and informed them that if they let much of that stuff go on he was going to shoot, he was. He added his personal opinion in regard to the courage of the force. It was not of a nature to please, hence may have excused the irritation of the younger policeman, who bade him go to a place that is to be inferred rather than mentioned.

The little motorman jumped on the ground, instantly followed by the college man; and in a second —only to give him time to stow away his book—by the reader of Carlyle. The crowd hailed them with a furious yell and a shower of mud, stones and vegetables from a neighboring stall. Nearest the car were the lads in their teens and disheveled women. One of these stood in the roadway, in the forefront of the mob, shaking a black mat of cabbage stalk in the motorman's face. Her frowsy, gray hair, her savage, red face, her waving, bare arms, her unkempt figure in its scanty, household garb, were blazoned by the sun against the black wreckage on the road. She had burst the hooks of her thin bodice and her white flesh showed unheeded. The ferocious abandonment of her rage had unsexed her. She was no longer a woman, she was a sexless fury. "Kill the scabs!" she bellowed, "kill 'em all! Kill 'em before we starve!"

"Git up, you bloody idiot," commanded the older policeman between his teeth, grabbing at the motorman's collar, "we can't fight all them people; they've got guns, too. Git back and we'll back off and git some help——"

A bark of a revolver stopped his words and set the crowd wild; it might come from the crowd or from a window; and it hit no one, but it was like a signal for a horrible deepening of the roar. Then, as a dog draws back before he springs, a kind of lull came and the rear of the writhing mass pushed forward the front. A brick struck the college lad on the shoulder, and as he staggered, a policeman lifted him bodily up the steps. Half-stunned he struggled with them.

All at once the crowd, which was closing in on them, menacing, howling like wolves with the taste of blood on their tongues, all at once, this crowd turned its myriad heads and was split into little fleeing groups, as if by a charge of dynamite; it plunged into shop doors and down the side streets, and cowered back on to the sidewalks before a new cry in a woman's shriek, "Mad dog! mad dog!" Another cry and another, a wail of pure horror and fright. "The baby! the baby, he'll get her!" and the huge mastiff that had roused terror dove, like an arrow head, into the vacant space, after a flying child.

The dog's huge frame had the tense, shrunken look of his awful state, his great head was lower than his shoulders, painted with his own blood from a futile shot, the eyes glared, the dreadful jaws spattered flecks of foam from a wrinkled black grin of hate and fear. He was driven by a wilder and crueller impulse than ruled the crowd, and they shrank before it. Paralyzed for a second, not one lifted a hand. The policemen fumbled for their revolvers. Then there was a groan; the dog was on the child.

The woman leader uttered a cry; she flung herself barehanded on the beast. She was a woman again, a woman with a baby grandchild at home; and her wits were quicker to escape their trance than those of the boys or the men. But one man was before her. A gasp of excitement went like a low moan through the pale faces at windows and doors; the motorman had pulled the child's skirts out of the dog's teeth and was clutching his collar with a death grip. "Get off," he called to the woman who had seized the creature's tail; "get off! let 'em shoot! Shoot, you d— fools, can't you; don't mind me! Put your pops at his head!"

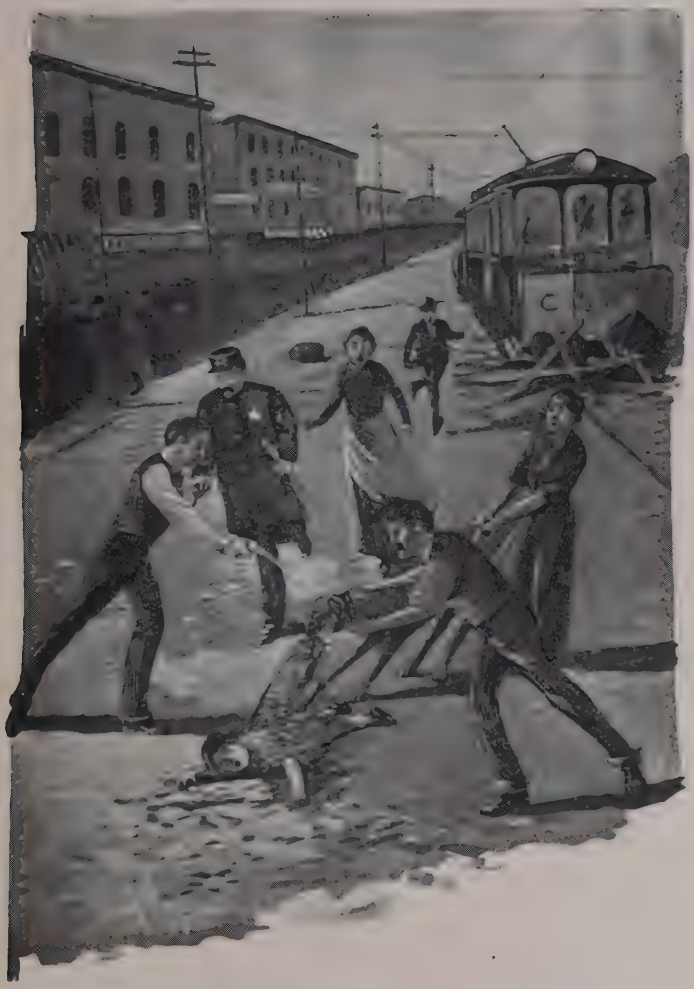
The college lad caught a revolver out of the speaker's own pocket and fired before the conductor and the two policemen, who volleyed in chorus. The lad's aim was true whatever the others, and with a sob the huge head sank and the woman released her hold. She had been tugging at the dog's tail.

"Don't waste your shots, Billy," said the motorman quietly, "he's done for. Say, is the kid hurted?"

He dropped the head and stood beside the dead terror and looked over the crowd, which with amazing celerity had closed again. "She's all right," a woman's voice called back, "good for you."

"And how are you, grandma?" said the motorman, cheerfully.

The woman was rubbing her hands on the sides of her hips. She looked at him and a kind of smile broke over her face. "I didn't know if I could hold him," said she. "You're a mighty brave feller."



The college lad caught a revolver * * * and fired.

"I got a baby like her to home," said he.

"I had once," said she

"I lost a baby once," he said, nodding his head; "my goodness, ain't it tough?"

In her turn she acquiesced. She looked at him, and for the first time she became aware of the disorder of her toilet. Seeing his torn clothing and the smears of dust all over him, with a rapid motion she adjusted the gap in her bodice and hastily pinned it. Directly she smoothed her gray head. "I got all mussed up, must git home," said she. "Look here——" she half turned, the crowd was watching her; they were curiously quiet, "how did sech a decent man as you ever come to be a scab?"

The street was so still now that most of them heard his answer, given with no excitement, but in a steady, rather melancholy, voice: "I was where those fellers are"—pointing his thumb at the sidewalk—"hollering 'scab' as loud as they are, in the Cleveland strike; but the strike failed; I held out long's anybody; but it was off; and then there was no more strike benefits or nothing; and I got a wife and two children; and I got tired of seeing my wife feed us all by washing. The union's left me high and dry; and I'm taking the best job I can git, without any back talk. I'd ruther be a scab than starve; and that's the size of it."

The woman looked at the boy listening, no longer furious; her eyes passed then to the little silent group of tan-faced men. "God knows," she muttered, "I can't make out the rights of it, maybe it'll come our turn next. Say, you boys, what you standing here

for, blocking up the street? Go home and help your mothers if you ain't got no better to do; and I'd like to know why that there dog ain't moved, with two cops, all ready. I'm going home."

The boys laughed good-naturedly enough. Some of them joined the policeman and offered their help to carry away the dead dog, eventually roisted onto the street car. The others imperceptibly disappeared, as did the women, and at last the few men. The motorman followed the woman a few steps. His face was working under a jaunty air; his hand stole back to his pocket; he sidled up to her as he muttered, "Say, grandma, if you got kids at home, what's the harm you taking a——"

He was stopped by her quick "No, you don't; I don't need it; I got plenty laid by; you git back and git your truck clear while you got the chance!"

He went back to a placid street, almost deserted, and the passengers helped with the conductor until assistance came. No one could have believed that such a storm had raged over so tame a scene. The saloon-keeper, after a while, came out, and proffered beer and talked about mad dogs, and a small group of children drank in, with delighted shivers, divers ghastly tales. When the car moved on two boys waved their hands, and the saloon-keeper and the green grocer and an Italian fruit woman all nodded cordially.

"Well," remarked the thin man with the book, "how a mob can change! Half devil and half child!"

"If we only knew how to get hold of the child," said the college lad.

ON THE WOODBROOK ACCOMMODATION.

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

"IS this the Woodbrook accommodation?" He was tall, muscular and in a desperate hurry. It was an accommodation train he was after, but he spoke in limited express time.

"Time's up," was the reply, and the man began to close the gate. He began to close it—but that was all. An arm like steel grasped the iron and pushing back both gate and keeper made a path, and the young man did not tarry to hear the unpleasant words the gate-keeper said, but started in a full run down the platform. The train was beginning to move, but with a fine jump he caught the rail, and then in continuance of his haste, he threw himself against the door and moved quickly and intently down the aisles of the cars, going from one to the other in feverish intensity. It was the first train after the fashionable hours of business and society—the twilight train that carries people who have and who make money to their suburban homes.

He met the conductor.

"Captain," he said very rapidly, "is Miss Marting-

ham of Woodbrook on this train," and before the conductor could reply the young man had darted forward and was standing by an old lady whose generous lap was as full of bundles as a Friday bargain counter—it happened to be a Friday, too. In the same seat next to the window sat a beautiful and placid young woman.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Faraday?"

He took off his hat, but his speech was all directed to the elderly lady with the numerous spoils of shopping. "Madame," he said, "I'm very sorry to disturb you—very sorry—but I have something of extreme importance to say to this lady and I must have the seat you are occupying."

"Sir?"

"Allow me to move your bundles to the seat opposite. Thank you very much for your kindness Just give them to me. That's it. Thank you! Be quick, please, as I must get off at the station after the next one."

"Sir?"

Before the bewildered matron could know what was happening, she found herself escorted—driven—to the other seat, and the bundles were falling back into her lap in heaps, and in the midst of it all the largest one broke and oranges rolled wildly forth. Then the young man dived after them. He could hardly do less—and it was a lot more than he wanted to do. In a few minutes he had the fruit, and, with more apologies, he jumped around, and took the seat beside the young lady.

She was greatly amused.

"Don't laugh," he said. "Don't speak. Just listen," and with deadly seriousness he went on. "I'm expected to make the principal speech at to-night's meeting. Must get off station after next so as to get back in time. Ten minutes ago I found that Dick Thompson is going out to your house to-night, and I know he is going to propose. Now all I ask is a fair show—just——"

"Young man," said a voice on the other side of the aisle, "please git up and see if you're not a-setting on my handkercher."

He arose and found the lost article.

"A fair show—that's all I ask," he repeated earnestly. "You know what I mean and what I feel—I've put off saying anything because I wanted to get up a little higher in my work. Of course, Dick may love you just as much as I do—he may think he does—but he don't, and——"

"Tickets."

"Great Scott, I haven't any. Here, captain, take it out of this," extending a dollar bill to the conductor, and he turned to the blue eyes once more.

"My speech to-night will be the greatest opportunity of my life. It will lead——"

"Where to?" asked the solemn train man.

"Oh, anywhere—station just beyond this. Yes, that's it—station just beyond the next one," and he began again:

"It's no place to tell you all I mean. But it's life or death. It's everything. I'ts——"

"Your check," said the conductor. "I'll bring the change in a minute."

"I can't talk love here—nobody can," he whispered desperately. "I don't want to——"

"Well, Mr. Faraday, what do you want?" and the blue eyes danced.

"I want——"

"Young man, I want my other orange," demanded the solemn voice from the other side of the aisle. "There were six in that bundle, and there's only five here."

"Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed, rising and addressing the stately lady, "I haven't time to look for it. Please, as a favor to me, take this quarter and buy another one when you get home—yes, you must take it—it was all my fault," and the piece of silver was in her lap, while he returned to his task.

"Miss Martingham—Nellie—it's just this way. All I ask is that you hold out until I can have my say. If I know that I'm to have equal chances with Dick—it's downright mean of him to take advantage of me when he knows I must make that speech—oh, yes, we've been good friends and all that sort of thing—but it's just this way—why, don't you see I can never——"

"Change," said the conductor.

"I can never," he went on, putting the money in his pocket without looking at it, "make that speech unless I know that you won't promise Dick to-night.

If you do you'll ruin the meeting and the meeting will ruin the party and your father won't be elected and everything will go to smash. I'm not asking much—just wait until I can tell you all I want to say."

"Really, Mr. Faraday, I've not the slightest idea that Mr. Thompson——"

"I didn't say that you had, but I have and I know what I am talking about. Now, Nellie, don't throw a fellow down. Hold your heart back for twenty-four hours. That's it—that's what I'm coming to."

"Next station, Dover," sang out the brakeman.

"Give me your answer. I think I hear it now. Dear——"

"Young man," said the aged voice, "I don't believe this quarter's any good. It looks like lead."

"Madame, I assure you—"

"And I don't want it, anyhow, 'cause I've found the other orange."

Faraday wiped the large drops of perspiration from his troubled forehead, but his purpose was still strong within him. He turned for the promise.

"Will you ruin that speech?" he asked, "or will you give me hope—something to build on and work for? If, when I am before that great audience, I can see your smile and feel your interest, I know I shall do something that is worthy—but if it's all up, then——"

"I beg your pardon," said the conductor, as he stopped at the seat. "Did I give you the right change?"

"Too much?"

"No, too little."

"Then keep it and let me alone. Go away—please go away."

"All out for Dover," sang the brakeman.

"Nellie," he whispered, "stop laughing and tell me whether or not that speech is going to be a failure or a success—tell me enough to keep me from——"

"Dover—all off," sang the voice, and Faraday arose.

"Tell me," he asked.

"I am sure your speech will be a great success, and I shall be glad to have you tell me all about it to-morrow night," she said very sweetly.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he ran down the aisle, and he did not hear—he did not care to hear—the kind old lady asking him if he would like to have an orange or the conductor calling for him to take the rest of his change.

As the car passed he saw two gloved hands beating in applause for the speech he was to make. And you should have heard that speech! And the cheering thousands and the wild enthusiasm that sealed his fame! It was the finest of his life—except one—but that was the next night—and the public was not present.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

BY WALKER KENNEDY.

THE third act of Carmen had been finished, and the last notes of the Toreador's fanfare seemed still to linger, like fateful echoes, in the mountain distance. Behind the scenes Carmen was carrying on an artistic little flirtation with the handsome Don Jose and the magnificent Escamillo, her two lovers in the opera.

"Carmen was a fool," said Don Jose with a sort of studied indifference, as he reclined to a bench.

"That isn't very nice to say I play the fool's part," said Carmen, looking down critically at the toe of her small slipper peeping from her gipsy dress.

"We all do that," said Don Jose. "It would be hard to find a bigger fool than Don Jose, unless it is the peacocky Toreador. What I mean is that Carmen was a fool to prefer Escamillo to Don Jose."

"I don't see why," said the Toreador, inflating his stately chest and rolling his eye, as if it were a sort of personal matter with him, and he challenged any one to find fault with his appearance.

"If she hadn't," said Carmen, "then the rarest of all operas would never have been, and we to-night

would probably be howling ourselves hoarse in Wagner."

"It is very plain," said Don Jose, and a faint touch of longing came into his beautiful tenor voice as he spoke. "I do not speak of the music, but of life. Don Jose loved the little wretch, made every sacrifice for her, gave up his career in the army, and threw away his honor in order to follow her to the mountains."

"Escamillo loved her, too, and dared all dangers for her," said the Toreador in his grandiose way.

"So you really think it is a question as to which loved her the better?" said Carmen with a tiny yawn manufactured for the occasion.

In spite of that small indication of *ennui*, Leonora Davidson was very much interested in his discussion, because she knew perfectly well what lay beneath it. She was wise enough in her generation to be aware that both of the young singers were in love with her, and this knowledge was by no means distasteful to her. Although still under twenty-five, she was pronounced by some of the ablest critics to be not only the best Carmen, but the best Marguerite on the stage. Of course, the cheerful band of inspired idiots who think that the musical world is made up of Wagner and that all else is an aching void, had little tolerance for Miss Davidson, because she did not attempt to sing the music of the future; but she was a sensible young woman, as beautiful as her glass told her she was, had splendid health and vitality, and a soul

"Escamillo loved her, too, and dared all dangers for her"
said the Toreador.

attuned to harmony; and so it happened she did not care what the Sweitzercase school of musical criticism thought of her. With eyes like hers what mattered Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, the Twilight of the Gods and all the rest? She was a dream of dark beauty, a marvelous singer and a thorough artist. She could ask no more save the blessed privilege of loving some fine fellow who loved her.

Francis Annandale, the Don Jose of this little comedy between the acts, was a tenor who had first won fame in a church choir in Boston, where he had been discovered by a pilgrim impressario after the manner of all operatic tradition. No well regulated tenor is ever revealed in any other way. Annandale was a tall, finely drawn figure of a man, with frank blue eyes, and a certain bashful tenderness of demeanor which had not yet worn off on the stage and which set the matinees wild with perfumed enthusiasm, even though it militated against his acting. He was, however, a very level-headed fellow and cared nothing for the adoration he awakened. Tomaso Belladonna—or whatever his plaguey stage name was—was a native of sunny Kansas, but nature had endowed him with a magnificent physique, a dark complexion, and the finest barytone voice that ever rolled out upon the delighted air; and so he was able to "disremember" his native State, and people were at liberty to attribute him to Milan, Naples or Florence as they pleased. He was an excellent actor, and made an ideal Toreador. These singers were recognized members of the

swellest operatic society, and as they were all young, the glamour of the stage and the spell of the music was still upon them.

"My point is this," resumed Don Jose. "This infatuated Don Jose loved Carmen wholly. That you cannot dispute. His entire course shows it. He gave up everything for her. But the best proof of it is his jealousy. Don Jose is the type of an absolute love made mad at the end by jealousy. He means nothing else."

"The Toreador," said Escamillo in his best theatrical manner, "gave every proof of his love for Carmen. He was a man who lived in the public eye, and he had none of the sullen hatreds of Don Jose. Everything went along triumphantly for him. When he meets Carmen, she is from that time forth the one woman in the world for him. He wooes her under the eyes of her lover. He, too, follows her to the mountains at the risk of his life. He is ready to fight Don Jose for her. He, too, loved her wholly."

"Not wholly," said Don Jose. "The Toreador is never jealous. He is a theatrical nature, and he loves her in a theatrical way. But most of all, he loves himself. He is partly bewitched by Carmen, but never wholly so, like Don Jose. Partly out of love, partly for the gratification of his vanity, he wishes to take Carmen away from Don Jose."

"Yet Jose kills her," said Escamillo.

"As Othello killed the woman he loved," said Jose.

"No one pretended that Iago loved Desdemona."

"What do you think of it, Miss Davidson?" asked the Toreador. "You have played the part so often and have the dramatic temperament so entirely that you must feel every emotion of the part and divine every emotion of the others."

"Tell me exactly what you wish me to decide," said Carmen.

"As you are playing the part of Carmen, which of your lovers do you feel loves you the more?"

"There can be no dispute about that," she said, sending a message from her eyes to those of Don Jose by wireless telegraphy. "It is Don Jose, of course."

Don Jose had barely time to receive the message on that instrument known as the heart when word was sent that the orchestra had concluded its interview with a neighboring saloon, and that Escamillo and Carmen would better retire to their respective dressing rooms and get ready for the elaborate last act. The Toreador hastened away at once, all things forgotten in the consideration of his splendid make-up. Carmen rose rather reluctantly, and as she stood there the warmth and color of her beauty almost dazzled poor Don Jose. He felt that he was indeed the role he played in the opera, and that this beautiful creature had made up her mind to pass him by. It seemed to him impossible that one so radiantly lovely could ever entertain in her princess heart an affection for him. But a smile from her gave him nerve, and bending down toward her, he said softly:

"Don Jose does love Carmen better than Escamillo

or any other man could love her, and he would like to ask her another question."

"And what is that?" she asked as she toyed rather nervously with the cards from which in the preceding act she had read her fate.

"Which does Carmen love the more—Don Jose or Escamillo?"

A lovely blush blossomed for a moment in her cheeks, and then with a mischievous light in her eyes she said, "It is no longer a play?"

"No, Carmen. It is a reality on which depends the life happiness of Don Jose."

"Then you shall have my answer in the last act," and she was off like a flash.

That last act was one which those who saw it never forgot and never will. Leonora Davidson captivated the audience as she had never done before. She revolutionized the last act until the audience generally said it was heavenly, and the gruff old opera habitues said it wasn't Carmen. In some subtle way every one felt that though won by Escamillo, Carmen's heart still remained with the lover whom she scorned. How she did this no one could tell, nor why. Fierce and fateful as the quarrel between her and Don Jose was, it was still a lovers' quarrel. A delicious expectancy filled the soul of Don Jose. What would her answer be to his question, and how would she give it?

The climax approached. He drew his knife to slay the woman he loved. His eyes held hers as by a sort of fascination, and there was an exultant feeling in

him that though he was to slay her and she knew it, her love could not break away from him. Even as his knife gleamed in the light, Carmen tossed her head with an air of fatal disdain. Then the weapon descended, and Jose wondered how her answer was to come. Instead of falling upon the stage as was customary, Carmen grasped his arm, staggered, writhed; and then a last impulse seized her even as the death light appeared in her face. A wan smile hovered for a moment about her mouth, as she steadied herself on the arm of Don Jose, who watched her fascinated and not knowing what to do. The audience was deliciously chilled into silence. A wonder was upon every one.

Carmen seemed to struggle an almost imperceptible instant with herself, then lifted her face toward Don Jose and kissed him. That was his answer, for it was not a stage kiss. The audience saw in it only a daring piece of "new business" and stormed the house with applause. They did not know until some time afterwards that they had been witnesses of the crucial scene in the love story of Leonora Davidson and Francis Annandale, and then they understood why Carmen had been revolutionized.

EASTER DAY.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

DR. ORDWAY, the celebrated psychologist, regarded me with interest, nodding intelligently as I concluded.

"A plain case of auto-hypnosis, my dear madam," he remarked. "Kindly run over the facts again, and then, if you are willing, I will send you into the hypnotic trance and see what happens."

"I must tell you, doctor," I began, amplifying my former narration a little, in order that the great man might enter fully into the circumstances of the case, "that Easter Day has always been a peculiarly significant occasion in my life. On that day I was born, on that day I first met my husband, on that day we were married and on that day this tragic event which has clouded my whole existence first threw its ominous shadow over it. And now on Easter comes this regular experience, which, while I do not in the least understand it, I am yet convinced implies that recovered happiness still awaits me around some mysterious corner, and it is to you I look for safe-conduct around that corner."

"My husband and I," I went on, "had been married two years when I lost him. I cannot describe to you how absolutely happy our marriage was. In all those months I cannot recall one single moment of inharmony, one instant of estrangement, one hint of disagreement. Ours was an actual union of hearts, souls and temperaments. And I, because no present trouble disturbed it, must needs, woman-like, reach out into the future and borrow apprehensions therefrom, fretting myself and sometimes Robert, too—though he discouraged my tendency to dwell upon the thought and rarely permitted himself to discuss it with me,—with the presumption that one of us two must die before the other, and worrying over the miserable lot of the survivor when the anticipated time of bereavement should come. It was during one of those infrequent conversations upon this topic which Robert occasionally permitted himself to be led into, that we made a compact that whichever of us died first should return and appear, if it were possible, to the other.

"We talked the matter out at length that night, agreed that neither should be terrified at the other's reappearance, that the survivor should, immediately death had supervened, bend all his will-power to the purpose of summoning back the departed spirit, and that the re-visitation, if it could be accomplished at all, should be anticipated and performed upon the anniversary that had grown so dear to us. Easter, the day of Resurrection, seemed especially appropriate to the occasion.

"On the second Easter Sunday after our marriage, my husband was summoned to New York by an imperative business engagement which demanded his presence in that city at an early hour Monday morning. In order to meet it, notwithstanding my lamentations at having our anniversary broken in upon, he set out by the afternoon train for Fall River, intending to take the night boat for New York. From the moment when, with wet eyes, I watched him disappear around the corner of our street, I never again have laid eyes upon him unless indeed the occurrence of last night were an actual vision.

"It is unnecessary to weary you with the methods employed by the police and myself for my husband's discovery. His was one of those mysterious disappearances which are by no means uncommon, and which baffle all attempts at investigation. We were able to trace him as far as Fall River, and then the clue snapped short off. He seemed not to have taken the boat, or at all events, not to have occupied his stateroom. It was as if the earth had opened like a great jaw when he descended from the train, and swallowed him up. We never learned a word of him since.

"He is not dead. I know it. That form I saw last night was not the ghostly spectre of a dead man, but the disembodied semblance of one living. If he were dead, would he not come to me according to his promise, when I have so persistently called and called and called to him? He would. I know it. Why? Because he loved me as I love him, and not all the powers

of heaven or earth could have hindered me, had I died first, from coming back to comfort and reassure him. However," I interrupted myself, seeing a slightly cynical smile creep about the corners of the scientist's mouth, "that is of no consequence. Now, as to last night.

"Easter Day, since my husband's loss, has always been a day of strict sacrament to me. Recollecting the terms of our compact, although unbelieving in his death, I have especially consecrated it to the effort of invoking his spirit to manifest itself to me.

"I should tell you, perhaps, doctor, that I have made unusually severe Lent this year, and have perhaps rather over-exhausted my nervous system. I scarcely tasted food yesterday indeed, hoping by abstinence to subdue my material to my spiritual nature in order to secure easier conditions for the rapport of a disembodied spirit with my own. All day long I sought in vain to evoke that dear shape I so mourn, and when evening came I was in an almost fainting condition between physical exhaustion and disappointment. As night drew on, I abandoned all further hope, and deciding to go to bed, seated myself about ten o'clock before my long cheval-glass for the purpose of arranging my hair for the night.

"The house was very quiet, almost solemnly still; the chamber heavy with the perfume of the Annunciation lilies I had placed in a tall vase before Robert's portrait. I felt too languid for exertion, and instead of taking down my hair, fell into a state of idle self-

contemplation before my mirror. Although my eyes clung to the glass I do not remember that I was occupied in studying my own image, any more than I remarked the reflection of other objects in the room. I seemed to be rather in a state of complete mental abstraction, seeming to find the contemplation of the mirror soothing and quieting. Yet, presently, I did become conscious that my own image had faded from the glass, and that the bright surface I gazed at was becoming clouded by a strange sort of revolving haze, which moved round and round with a certain peculiar sluggish restlessness, as if guided by a presently-to-be-defined purpose. I cannot describe to you, Dr. Ordway, how exquisite was the languor I experienced as I sat there engaged in curious contemplation, nor can I expect to make you understand in any degree the passionate ecstasy that took possession of me when I saw that drifting cloud slowly, gradually, resolve itself into distinct proportions, take shape, and realize before my longing eyes, the beloved form of my husband."

I paused, so overcome by the mere memory that I could not go on. The great man nodded.

"Precisely," he assented kindly, and in an encouraging tone; "and then?"

"There is little more," I replied. "It seemed to me that Robert held out his hand to me, that I rose and clasped it joyfully—I could see our two shapes quite plainly, standing side by side in the mirror—then I knew no more until my maid awoke me at nine

o'clock, expressing surprise that I should have slept all night in my chair. But had I slept all night in my chair? Or had I, as I have a vague memory of having done, made a journey with my husband, and had strange experiences, experiences which, if I could lay definite hold on them and realize them thoroughly, would clear up this awful, horrible mystery which enshrouds my life? This, is what I have come to you to learn. This, Dr. Ordway, is what you must clear up for me, or I shall go mad."

The great man nodded again, kindly and sympathetically.

"You have acted wisely, my dear lady," he said. "I have no doubt whatever but that I can help you, as to last night's events, at least. What seems to you so mysterious was a perfectly natural phenonenon. By undue fasting you had so reduced your material resistance as to render yourself peculiarly susceptible to auto-hypnosis, a condition easily induced by the concentration of your attention upon the bright surface of your mirror. What may have transpired to your subconsciousness after you had passed into the hypnotic state, can only be determined by again reducing you to that state and subjecting your subliminal self to an interrogation. If you are willing, this I will proceed to do. It is a very simple experiment, and one which you may submit to with perfect safety, I assure you."

When I emerged from the trance into which the doctor threw me, he related to me what information he had gained from my last night's experiences. He

assured me that my husband was still living and that my spirit had indeed communed with his upon the previous night. That my unconscious self had been able, by mere force of will, to summon that of my husband, and that guided by the latter I had visited subjectively the environment in which Robert was now situated. So distinctly did Dr. Ordway describe this, according to my own unconscious narration of events, that upon the following day, I set out with a private detective for Fall River, took a cab at the station there and directed the driver to a large mill situated on the outskirts of the town. Having arrived there, I entered the office and requested permission to visit a certain department of the great establishment which I precisely located, and there, standing before a huge loom, tending the shuttle as it passed swiftly to and fro through the warp, I came upon a wan, aged, weary-looking man, with the face of a patient waiter upon Destiny, who was my husband.

It was an awful moment, that on which we came together again. For an instant my heart sank as those dull, strange eyes fell unrecognizingly upon mine. Then there came a sudden sharp, suppressed cry, and a heavy fall. Ah! and then my husband was mine again, mercifully restored to complete consciousness by the sharp shock of meeting.

Later, I learned what happened, or learned enough (for Robert could not recall all the details) to explain the singular occurrence which had separated us for three years. He remembered that he had met with

some sort of accident after descending from the train. He could not say just what had happened or why he had not gone at once on board the boat, but he remembered that he had been knocked down while crossing the street, that some good Samaritan, observing the accident had sent out and had him brought into her house, where he had shortly regained consciousness, but with the loss of all memory of former events. His wallet, containing means of identification, had been either lost or stolen during the accident, and he was ashamed to confess either to his entertainer or to the physician whom she had summoned the fact that he could not identify himself. Hoping every day to awake to renewed memory, he continued to live on the amount of money which he had in his pockets, and when this became exhausted he had settled down to the conviction that he should never be able to rehabilitate himself in his former position. Then he had sought and found employment in the great mill where I had so miraculously discovered him.

And so, Easter Day has become another blessed anniversary to us. Ah, happy Easter Day, which first gave us each other, separated us for awhile, only to restore us to a closer and deeper union than before! What day is like to thee? Flowers cannot bloom too profusely, birds carol too joyously, nor bells ring out too sweetly to celebrate this day of Resurrection and Restitution!—this, the blessedest anniversary of all the year!

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

MY brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite along in years. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben and Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelors' hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at first, but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a housekeeper, they wouldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange women round in ma's place, nohow. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin', and Lemuel, he was the youngest, next to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pies beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in that they did.

Well, they seemed to get along so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was astonished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years,

too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel ever got the courage to ask her to have him, he was always a kind of mild-spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears runnin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been terrible fond of Lemuel. "That poor boy would never have got in sech a fix ef that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swallered hard.

Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so, of course, Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitable's house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see everything that was goin' on. It wa'n't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that lives with us and teaches school, that I believed Lemuel was henpecked, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. "I'v always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her."

"Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. He's always been such a good, mild, willin' boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode over rough-shod,

and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a five-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was set against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he'd set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real downtrod. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what 'tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no

go ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please me, but it don't seem as if he had grit enough even for that. Sometimes I think he ain't well, but I dunno what ails him. I've been real careful of him. He's worn thick flannels, and he's had wholesome victuals; I ain't never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," said I. I felt kind of sorry, for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pies, and what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I vetoed that. I wasn't goin' to have a man messin' round makin' pies, and I wasn't goin' to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I dunno what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him to-day I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."

Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She always did think a good deal of Lemuel in spite of everything.

The next day was New Year's, and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her sewin' as she generally did; she was a very industrious woman. She jest sat down and begun twisting the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was puckered up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, kind of scared.

"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's goin' to keep it."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"I dunno," said she.

"Well, if it's a good one you don't care, do you?" said I, "and it couldn't be anythin' but a good one if my brother made it."

"I dunno what it is," said she.

"Won't he tell?"

"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It begun to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more'n ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit jest as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store collars and shirts, and he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down to the store nights, an' talkin' politics with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was Lemuel.

Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year's day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her then.

He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him.

I'd got most as curious as Mehitable myself by that time, and New Year's mornin' I run over real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't till he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishing up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"S'pose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.

"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to act too eager, but I showed out jest what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbit, what was it?" said I.

Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said, in his gentle, drawlin' way. "I didn't make no resolution, really."

"What, Lemuel Babbit!" cried Mehitable.

"No," said he; "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."

THE SHERIDAN ROMANCE.

BY GEN. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

FOR even a troop ship may have one. Ours did. By the time the Sheridan was half way over the ocean en route to Manila, Mr. Walton Blair, first lieutenant of the Fiftieth Foot, was much more than half way in love with the daughter of the lieutenant-colonel commanding. What is more, everybody aboard ship knew it, including, of course, the damsel herself, who was only eighteen and just out of school. What nobody knew was whether she cared for Blair in return; she herself didn't know. She had had a most romantic parting with the brother of her pet schoolmate and chum. The girls had cried their eyes out, and Brother Fred had looked woebegone. Kate Logan supposed, of course, that pretty Maud Layton was fascinated with Fred and would never think of wedding another. Yet by the time they stopped at Gibraltar, Maudie was the picture of health and happiness as she trotted about the rock on the arm of Mr. Blair. At Suez she saw he wouldn't go ashore because she didn't. At Singapore she knew his story by heart, and was full of pity, which, being akin to love, well nigh settled the matter, and the night they reached

Manila and heard that there had been sharp fighting and the Fiftieth was needed at the front without delay, there was banished the last shadow of doubt, only she hadn't the vestige of a chance to say so, for with the very first load for shore went Lieutenant Blair—a shrewd move that on the part of the colonel —and not for six months thereafter laid she eyes on him again.

Meantime came lots of Logan letters—Fred's and Kate's both, and if ever a girl was torn by conflicting emotions, it was Maud Layton throughout that first summer in Luzon.

It rained torrents almost every day—the skies wept and so did she. What with having father and all the other officers away up country wading waist deep through swamps and rice fields or clambering slippery mountain trails in pursuit of still more slippery natives, what with having nowhere to go and nothing to do but listen to the plaints of a dozen other womenfolk, old and young, all similarly bereaved, she took to writing long letters "home," that told perhaps a flattering tale to the Logans. Many women found, and gave, blessed comfort in visiting the sick and wounded in hospital, but Maud's mother forbade that. Blair didn't write. He hadn't been asked to in the first place, and hadn't a dry scrap on which to pen a line if he had been. The colonel kept that boy "on the jump" day and night, sent him on every kind of scout, chase, and expedition. If he had hoped to get rid of him, the chances were in his favor, for the duty was

perilous. But somehow luck favored Blair. He came scatheless from scout after scout, lost much flesh, but gained confidence, reputation, and the praise of General Lawton, a thing worth having, for that hard fighting, hard working soldier found need of an additional officer on his staff and offered the berth to Blair.

Then in her sisterly loyalty and jealousy, Kate Logan did an unwise and mischievous thing. She wrote to army friends that Fred and Maudie were engaged, at least as good as engaged, and big as was the distance the fib was bigger, and bad news, you know, travels fast even across trackless seas. Lieutenant Blair had reason to hope, at least, Maud Layton loved him when they parted so hurriedly that April night. He rejoiced when his general spoke of sending him into Manila with dispatches late in August, but later declined in favor of a comrade who had been ailing, for men showed him their home letters, saying the engagement was announced. They said, moreover, that Colonel Layton would not deny it. The Logans had wealth and position. Why should he?

And waiting hungrily in Manila for word or sight of her bonny lover of the forty days aboard ship, Maud Layton heard of his having had the chance to come in, a most deserved chance, too, and wouldn't take it, so there they were at loggerheads.

Now, a good story might be made out of this episode, old as is the situation, but it is founded on fact and has to be told as it told itself, which was in a very queer way.

Mrs. Layton found Manila life unendurable. They were huddled together, a lot of army women, in very primitive quarters in the Ermita suburb, with poor attendance and a scant market. A brilliant member of their circle, who knew whereof she spoke, suggested a move to Nagasaki. A transport took five of them thither, Maud and her mother inclusive, and there were they in clover and chrysanthemums. There were they joined by Fred Logan just out from San Francisco, and then came the climax. He, of course, had not yet heard of Blair's devotions. Kate had, but kept them to hold over Maud in days to come. Everything for the present had to be done to smooth the road for Fred, for the first thing Maud felt at sight of him was wonder that she could ever have thought him good looking. He landed from the Doric, his sampan sculling him straight for the big hotel. All he went ashore for was a change from ship diet and a chance to stretch his legs, and there on the broad veranda sat Maudie, the girl he thought to meet in Manila. The Doric went on to Hong Kong without him, but before he could "find how he stood," as he expressed it, the Scandia steamed in with invalids and news—Colonel Layton among the invalids, Captain Blair among the news. The latter had been shot through both thighs in the dash on Bacolor the very day deserved promotion reached him, and that evening Maud did not come down to dinner and later would not come down to Logan.

So he wandered about disconsolate. Finally, sitting

in gloom and a shadowy nook, looking out at the lights of that wondrous land-locked bay, he heard two women talking close at hand. Listeners seldom hear good of themselves, but he was amazed to hear ill of Maud.

"Well, she gave him every encouragement anyhow. They were inseparable from the day we sighted the Azores, and all the time she must have been engaged to this Mr. Logan. I saw his sister's letter to Mrs. Brent."

"And that," said the other voice, "was the reason Mr. Blair wouldn't come into Manila when he had the chance—went out and got shot instead. Now she's crying herself sick over it. Her mother as much as told me so—an engaged girl, too!" The speaker betrayed all proper and womanly scorn of the girl who would cry for one man when pledged to another. Logan couldn't stand it.

"You mentioned my name," said he, rising, "and may I ask if you are speaking of Miss Layton?"

"Heavens, Mr. Logan! were you there? I wouldn't for worlds have—"

"I know you wouldn't, but all the same you did, and said she must have been engaged to me all the time. She isn't—she wasn't!"

"Well, your sister wrote so, and her father wouldn't deny it," interposed the angel in pink pina.

"Possibly because he thought it nobody's business, as I do. Goodnight, ladies. If you hear anybody else slandering Miss Layton in that same way, say for me

that she was never engaged to Fred Logan." And very heart sore, very mad, Mr. Logan went off to the club, consumed a peg and an hour in reflection, then penned a blizzard to his sister, a line to Maud, and another to Blair. He had met him, liked him, and entertained him in Gotham before the transport sailed. He had always himself longed to be a soldier, but they wouldn't take him because of weak eyes. He had been deeply smitten by Maud Layton's grace and beauty and had a competence to back his aspirations, but from the moment he set eyes on her pretty face on the veranda the day of his sudden advent at Nagasaki, he saw that a change had come and his chance had gone.

What he wrote to his sister spoiled her Christmas; what he wrote to Maud spoiled her breakfast, and what he wrote to Blair made the surgeon in charge of the "First Reserve" hospital at Manila say unpublishable things about a patient who would insist on finding his legs when still in danger of losing them. Blair got a month's leave as soon as he could toddle about on crutches, and turned up at Nagasaki before Colonel Lawton scented danger. Logan, meanwhile, had gone to Hong Kong and caught a P. & O. liner for India and home. Foreign travel had become a bore. The lady in pink pina happened to be on the veranda the evening Blair hobbled up from the landing stage. She had been *persona non grata* with Maud ever since Logan left, but here was her opportunity. Tapping at that damsel's door she blithely paraphrased, very low—

"The captain on his crutches
Is waiting, dear, for thee."

And so it happened that in the same dark corner where Fred Logan heard the knell of his hopes, the lady in pink pina held Blair in ambush until Maud shyly appeared, then discreetly vanished and left them to their explanations, which, if we can accept Miss Layton's word for it, were not too speedy, though apparently satisfactory.

"When they showed me Miss Logan's letter to Mrs. Brent I had to believe," said Blair, his heart thumping the while. "I—couldn't be expected to want to come in—to congratulate."

"You might have come in to—find out," pouted she, not too forgivingly.

"I never found out until he—until Logan wrote. That fellow's a—man, every inch of him!" said the captain, stoutly.

"He's—splendid!" assented Miss Layton, her eyes on the toe of her tiny slipper. Then, uplifting, "I might have telegraphed him to—to come back if—if—"

"If what, Maudie?" demanded the soldier, possessing himself of a wandering little hand that looked very white and lonesome at the railing.

"Well—if—you hadn't come just when you did."

"And now that I have come?"

No answer, but another hand, the mate to the first, hanging irresolute, was likewise captured, and a crutch let go.

"And now that I have come?" he repeated.

No verbal response, only a shy, swift, upward glance, then a tremendous clatter of the crutch, abandoned by an arm that had other work to do, went unheeded to the floor, and the lady in pink pina, hovering at the hallway beyond, smiled swift approval and scurried away upstairs to be the first to tell the climax of their Sheridan romance.